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The public are therefore urged to give for the sake of their own purses—if not for that of charity.

The following are all highly recommended.

Index to Charities subjoined to the Appeal:—

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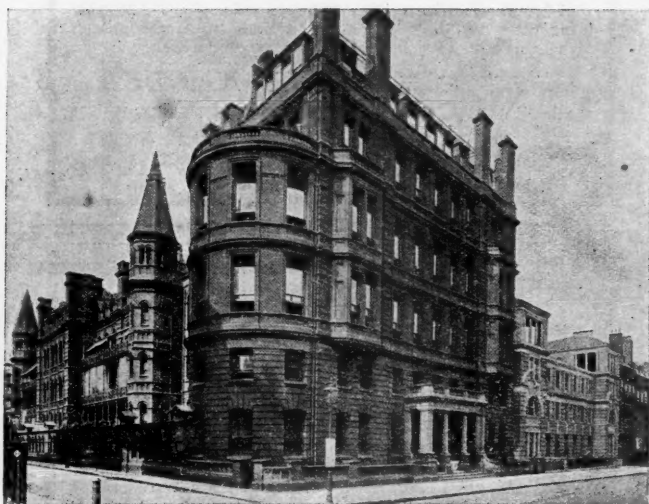
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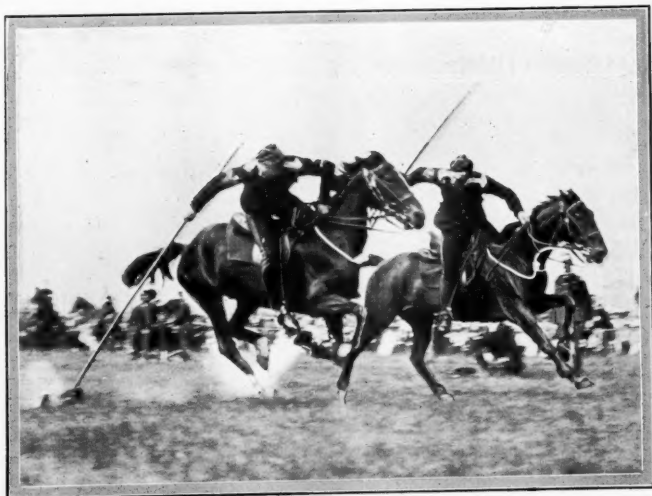
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DARWIN AND HIS MODERN CRITICS 19

Granted that the progressive modification of the limb-bones of the horse caused progressive improvement in the power of evading enemies and obtaining food, how can we expect the fossils of any particular horizon to demonstrate a higher rate of extinction in the individuals which were below the average in this respect? All we can expect to find, as regards any character that exhibits progressive improvement, is evidence consistent with the belief that the individuals of each horizon were, upon the whole, descended from the more highly endowed and not from the less highly endowed individuals of the horizon immediately preceding it in order of time. And this is precisely what we do find when the record is complete. Any larger expectation appears to be based on a misconception of the criteria which lead to success or failure in the struggle for existence. A crude and extreme form of this misconception, published in the 'North American Review' for April 1860, was referred to by Darwin in a letter to Sir Joseph Hooker: *

'Asa Gray has sent me an article from the United States, clever, and dead against me. But one argument is funny. The reviewer says, that if the doctrine were true, geological strata would be full of monsters which have failed. A very clear view this writer had of the struggle for existence!'

We may set beside the wonderful series of American vertebrate fossils the evidence afforded by the study of invertebrate fossils from the zones of a rich European formation. Such records preserved in the white chalk of this country have been investigated with extraordinary minuteness and accuracy by Dr Arthur W. Rowe, who has kindly prepared for me the following brief account of the general conclusions to which his labours have led.

The white chalk of England offers an almost unique field for observations of the kind, on account of its thickness (considerably over 1000 ft.), its slow, uniform, and continuous deposition in a sea of moderate depth, with no closely adjacent land, the abundance and the wonderful state of preservation of its fossils, together with the facility with which they can be cleared of the chalky

* 'Life and Letters of Charles Darwin,' ii, 304. The letter is dated April 18, 1860. 'By Professor Bowen' is written on Darwin's copy of the review.

matrix. Among the commonest of chalk fossils are flattened heart-shaped sea-urchins of the genus *Micraster*. These are first found as thin-walled, sparsely ornamented forms from which spring, as we ascend the zones, all the other species of the genus. The progression is unbroken and minute in the last degree. We can connect together into a continuous series each minute variation and each species by gradations of structure so insensible that not a link in the chain of evidence is wanting. In the other common sea-urchins of the chalk, *Echinocorys* and *Conulus*, although evidence derived from the details of structure is not equally available, that afforded by the gradual variations in shape as we ascend through the zones of the formation is convincing and complete. Equally clear proof of continuous evolution is provided by the study of the belemnite *Actinocamax*. Although 'this genus reaches at definite zonal levels a sufficiently accentuated degree of variation in its intrinsic characters as to warrant, for purely stratigraphical purposes, a trivial title, the fact remains that these so-called species are but landmarks in the progressive and unbroken evolution of a single though somewhat plastic genus.* The bearing of this evidence upon the question of continuity or discontinuity in evolution is of paramount importance. Nowhere has the evidence been collected so fully as in the case of the white chalk; nowhere have such conclusive proofs of continuity in evolution been established.

The bearing of the fossil record upon this question was from the first appreciated by Darwin, who, in giving to Asa Gray an account of the arguments by which he had been led to maintain the gradual as against the sudden evolution of species, points to the following evidence: 'Look at the fineness of gradation in the shells of successive *sub-stages* of the same great formation.'† In a letter to the Marquis de Saporta, he wrote: 'Nothing can be more important, in my opinion, than your evidence of the extremely slow and gradual manner in which specific forms change.'‡

* 'Proc. Geol. Soc.,' vol. xviii, pt. 4 (1904), pp. 274, 275.

† To Asa Gray, August 11, 1860. ('Life and Letters,' ii, 334.) The whole passage, which is of great importance, is quoted above on pp. 11, 12.

‡ Referring to Saporta's 'Études sur la Végétation,' etc., May 30, 1874. ('Life and Letters,' iii, 188.)

In this as in many other directions the laborious and detailed studies of recent years only serve to confirm the conclusions which the genius of Darwin inferred from the scanty data available half a century ago.

Evolution by Mutation is not evident where Natural Selection is least active.

The opinion has been sometimes expressed that the new mutations which arise spontaneously have no chance of establishing themselves, because of the repressive power of natural selection; and that, if this power were in abeyance, an evolution by mutation would ensue. Thus Mr R. H. Lock, speaking of plants, has argued as follows:

'that natural conditions lead to the obliteration of a host of mutations, is as fair a deduction from the fact that such mutations appear under cultivation as the current deduction that the conditions of cultivation actually cause the occurrence of this kind of variation.' ('Nature,' lxxvi, 616.)

But, as Darwin recognised long ago, it is precisely where natural selection is most actively at work that rapid evolution occurs, and where natural selection is least operative that ancestral forms persist with little change. For instance, as regards the *Platanistidæ* or freshwater porpoises of the Indus, Ganges, and Amazons, which occupy an intermediate, and probably ancestral, position among the toothed whales, Darwin wrote to Sir J. Hooker:

'I cannot doubt we here have a good instance, precisely like that of ganoid fishes, of a large ancient marine group, preserved exclusively in fresh-water, where there has been less competition, and consequently little modification.'*

When we study the records of life and its changes preserved for us in the archives of palæontology and geographical distribution, we fail to find any evidence of an evolution urged from within the organism by the periodic mutations suggested to de Vries by his experience with a single problematic form—*Enothera lamarckiana*. Wherever, as on the floor of the deep ocean, conditions have been stereotyped for the longest periods of time, precisely there have the organisms themselves been longest stereotyped. Yet the relatively simple conditions

* February 3, 1868, 'More Letters,' ii, 8.

of such scantily-peopled areas are just those which would admit of an evolution by mutation without selection, if such evolution were ever possible.

Not only do we find long persistence of organisms in the less crowded areas, but we also encounter the long persistence of organs, or of the arrangement of organs, which are farthest withdrawn from the active life of the possessor, and are therefore the least likely to be acted on by natural selection. For this reason such structures are especially valuable in classification. The modification and growth of Darwin's opinion on this subject is shown in two of his letters to Sir Joseph Hooker:

'Whilst looking for notes on the variability of the divisions of the ovarium, position of the ovules, aestivation, etc., I found remarks written fifteen or twenty years ago, showing that I then supposed that characters which were nearly uniform throughout whole groups must be of high vital importance to the plants themselves; consequently I was greatly puzzled how, with organisms having very different habits of life, this uniformity could have been acquired through Natural Selection. Now, I am much inclined to believe, in accordance with the view given towards the close of my MS., that the near approach to uniformity in such structures depends on their not being of vital importance, and therefore not being acted on by Natural Selection.'*

It is evident that Sir Joseph agreed with the later interpretation; and Darwin replied as follows:

'It is very true what you say about unimportant characters being so important systematically; yet it is hardly paradoxical, bearing in mind that the natural system is genetic, and that we have to discover the genealogies anyhow. Hence such parts as organs of generation are so useful for classification though not concerned with the manner of life. Hence use for same purpose of rudimentary organs, etc. You cannot think what a relief it is that you do not object to this view, for it removes *partly* a heavy burden from my shoulders.'†

If mutations at all freely established themselves in those parts of the organism where the structural arrangements are the heritage of a long past, and where we have

* January 16, 1869. 'More Letters,' ii, 378, 379,

† January 22, 1869. 'More Letters,' ii, 379.

no reason to suppose that natural selection would intervene, the basis of classification and the determinations of homology and affinity would not be nearly as secure as we now find them to be.

The Causes of the great Variability of Cultivated Plants.

The great variability of cultivated species of plants is assumed by de Vries (pp. 65, 66) to be due to an original multiformity. He holds that the more variable species were often deliberately chosen by man because of their greater promise. Further, speaking of the improvement of cultivated plants both older and newer, he says (p. 92):

'In either case the starting-point is as important as the improvement; or rather the results depend in a far higher degree on the adequate choice of the initial material than on the methodical and careful treatment of the chosen varieties.'

These conclusions are entirely the reverse of those arrived at by Darwin, Asa Gray, Sir Joseph Hooker, and Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer. The last-named authority, in an important letter * entitled 'Specific Stability and Mutation,' comes to the following conclusions, for which he brings forward much evidence:

'While specific stability under constant conditions appears to be the rule in nature, it is widely different in cultivation. When a plant is brought under cultural conditions it maintains its type for some time unaltered, then gives way and becomes practically plastic' (p. 78).

Not only do the above-quoted words sum up the long experience of the author as Director of the Kew Gardens, but I have been informed by him that they equally express the opinion of his illustrious predecessor, Sir Joseph Hooker, and the conclusions of the existing staff. In the letter itself, Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer quotes the concordant views of Asa Gray, in 'Darwiniana' (pp. 338-347), and of Charles Darwin, in 'Animals and Plants under Domestication' (vol. ii, p. 261). To the latter

* 'Nature,' (November 28, 1907), lxxvii, 77-79. The letter is a reply to the conclusions published by R. H. Lock in 'Nature,' lxxvi, 616. Mr Lock's main contention is quoted on p. 21 of the present article.

reference may be added the following passage written nearly fifty years ago to Sir Joseph Hooker :

'Two great classes of facts make me think that all variability is due to change in the conditions of life: firstly, that there is more variability and more monstrosities (and these graduate into each other) under unnatural domestic conditions than under nature; and, secondly, that changed conditions affect in an especial manner the reproductive organs.'*

De Vries himself admits that the plants now growing in the Nile Valley are precisely the same as those represented in the tombs and on the monuments of the earlier dynasties. Now, according to Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer, plants such as these, if removed from the uniform conditions under which they have grown for unknown thousands of years in this most fixed and stable portion of the earth's surface, and cultivated for a few generations in new and strange surroundings of climate, soil, manure, etc., will at once exhibit the most marked variation in many directions.

It is indeed probable that the plant, fixed to the spot where the seed germinates, has been given by natural selection a susceptible constitution which is influenced in the direction of variation by new conditions. Thus the adverse circumstances of the fixed mode of life may be compensated; for a plant may be stimulated by a strange environment to produce a highly variable offspring, thus greatly increasing the chance of successfully meeting that environment with an advantageous variation.

Natural Selection Creative.

De Vries concludes his volume of Californian lectures with the following quotation from Arthur Harris: 'Natural selection may explain the survival of the fittest, but it cannot explain the arrival of the fittest.' It is not surprising to find that the above-stated conclusion is accompanied by a very inadequate appreciation of the relative importance of the struggle for existence with the organic environment. Darwin, after long reflection on the conditions of existence, felt 'inclined to swear at the North Pole and . . . to speak disrespectfully of the

* March 18, 1862. 'More Letters,' i, 198, 2

Equator,'* because the struggle with living foes seemed to him of so much greater importance than soil, climate, etc. De Vries, as we see in the following sentence (p. 120), returns to the pre-Darwinian order of importance: 'Of course, next to the climate and soil in importance, come ecological conditions, the vegetable and animal enemies of the plants, and other influences of the same nature.'

The criticism that natural selection is not creative is by no means new. It has been urged from time to time by various writers ever since the first appearance of the 'Origin of Species.' One of the most striking forms of the criticism is to be found in the following passage in an article by the Duke of Argyll:

'Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr Darwin's theory is not a theory on the Origin of Species at all, but only a theory on the causes which lead to the relative success and failure of such new forms as may be born into the world.'†

In this case we have the advantage of knowing precisely what Darwin thought of the criticism, for he wrote to Sir Charles Lyell:

'I demur also to the Duke's expression of "new births." That may be a very good theory, but it is not mine, unless indeed he calls a bird born with a beak one hundredth of an inch longer than usual "a new birth"; but this is not the sense in which the term would usually be understood. The more I work, the more I feel convinced that it is by the accumulation of such extremely slight variations that new species arise. I do not plead guilty to the Duke's charge, that I forget that natural selection means only the preservation of variations which independently arise. I have expressed this in as strong language as I could use, but it would have been infinitely tedious had I on every occasion thus guarded myself. I will cry "peccavi" when I hear of the Duke or you attacking breeders for saying that man has *made* his improved shorthorns, or pouter pigeons, or bantams. And I could quote still stronger expressions used by agriculturists. Man does *make* his artificial breeds, for his selective power is of much importance relatively to that of the slight spontaneous variations. But no one will attack breeders for

* To Sir Charles Lyell, October 11, 1859. 'Life and Letters,' ii, 212.

† 'Scotsman,' December 6, 1864. Quoted in 'Life and Letters of Charles Darwin,' iii, 33, *note*.

using such expressions, and the rising generation will not blame me.*

Further, it must be remembered that Darwin believed that these latter variations selected by man were much larger than the minute differences selected by nature. If this conclusion be admitted, it follows that there is far more justification for saying that Nature 'makes' her species than that man 'makes' his artificial breeds.

The creative power of natural selection, due to the accumulation and combination by it of small useful variations, is also clearly set forth in a letter written by Darwin to Asa Gray a few days after the publication of the 'Origin' on November 24, 1859:

'I had not thought of your objection of my using the term "natural selection" as an agent. I use it much as a geologist does the word denudation—for an agent, expressing the result of several combined actions. I will take care to explain, not merely by inference, what I mean by the term; for I must use it, otherwise I should incessantly have to expand it into some such (here miserably expressed) formula as the following: "The tendency to the preservation (owing to the severe struggle for life to which all organic beings at some time or generation are exposed) of any, the slightest, variation in any part, which is of the slightest use or favourable to the life of the individual which has thus varied; together with the tendency to its inheritance." Any variation, which was of no use whatever to the individual, would not be preserved by this process of "natural selection."'

Natural selection, as above set forth by Darwin himself, has a great deal to do with 'the arrival' or building up of the fittest.

We have considered de Vries' hypothesis of evolution by mutation at some length, because its establishment would mean a profound change in the ideas received from Darwin. The survival of the fittest among a crowd of fresh elementary species or sub-species offered ready-made by mutation is a very different conception from that of the progressive building-up of the fittest types by the improvement through selection of existing characters

* Jan. 22, 1865. 'Life and Letters,' iii, 33.

† November 29, 1859. 'More Letters,' i, 126, 127.

and qualities, and the gradual addition of a unit here and a unit there to the complex structure of a species.

Mendel's Law.

On the other hand, the epoch-making researches of Mendel do not greatly affect the Darwinian position. They enable us to trace the history and fate of the germs of certain single characters, just as the microscope has enabled us to trace the history and fate of the germ of the whole individual. Characters which follow Mendel's law behave as if they were separate units each represented in the germ-cell by its own minute germ or determinant. When the germ-nuclei unite in fertilisation, the representatives of characters also unite; so that each unit-character in the offspring develops from a double determinant, of which half was contributed by the germ-cell of one parent and half by the germ-cell of the other. This double composition of every individual animal or plant produced from a fertilised germ-cell is well emphasised by Prof. Bateson in his Inaugural Lecture:

'Simple though the fact is, I have noticed that to many it is difficult to assimilate as a working idea. We are accustomed to think of a man, a butterfly, or an apple tree as each *one* thing. In order to understand the significance of Mendelism, we must get thoroughly familiar with the fact that they are each *two* things, double throughout every part of their composition' (p. 6).

Mendel's law was established by breeding together individuals in which a character appeared in two alternate forms, or in which a character in one parent was represented by a different character in the other. The double character in the next generation was thus compelled by its origin to possess a cross-bred constitution, composed, as it inevitably was, of a pair of dissimilar units.

It must be remembered that such a Mendelian (or allelomorphic) pair may be made up of a character derived from one parent and the want of it derived from the other. In fact Prof. Bateson, in his latest work, maintains that,

'... as knowledge of Mendelian cases has increased, the applicability of what is here spoken of as the "presence and absence" hypothesis becomes more and more clear' (p. 286).

The double composition of every character, due to its double parentage, has been insisted on. From this consideration it follows that the parental germ-cells which unite in fertilisation contain half and not whole, or single and not double, determinants of characters. If the determinants were not thus halved, they would after fertilisation be doubled in size and would be doubled again in each succeeding generation. As it is, the double determinants can maintain a uniform size. By tracing the history, in the succeeding inbred generations, of the alternative characters which he compelled (in the first generation) to pair, Mendel found that the determinants (or allelomorphs) were not merely halved in size but split into single determinants similar to those received from the two original parents. Such characters are said to obey Mendel's law.

'This phenomenon, the dissociation of characters from each other in the course of the formation of the germs, we speak of as *segregation*; and the characters which segregate from each other are described as *allelomorphic*, i.e. alternative to each other in the constitution of the gametes.' (Bateson, p. 11.)

The fact of segregation—according to Prof. Bateson (p. 13), the essential discovery made by Mendel—leads naturally to the broader inference that all characters are represented by parental halves, but that in non-Mendelian characters their union is so complete that the splitting for the germ-cells of the next generation does not follow the line of original fusion. Of course, the expression 'line of fusion' is only used metaphorically; what is not metaphorical is the conception that each half is, in the first case, withdrawn pure from the other, but that, in the second, mutual interpenetration is so complete that such withdrawal is no longer possible. We thus arrive at a conception of double determinants and a double composition for every character of the organism, whether subject or not subject to the Mendelian principle.

A full account of the details of Mendel's experiments will be found in the works of Prof. A. Thomson and Mr R. H. Lock; while Prof. Bateson's recently published volume contains a valuable summary of the researches conducted on Mendelian lines up to the present date, and includes a translation of Mendel's original memoir.

How far does Mendel's Law apply in Crosses of various kinds?

The relationship of the Mendelian principle to crosses of different kinds is of such great importance that it is necessary to consider it in some detail, even though we may agree with Prof. Bateson (p. 285) that any safe conclusion is still far off. De Vries holds strongly that 'the difference between elementary species, or, as they are often called, smaller or sub-species,* on the one hand, and varieties on the other, is quite a marked one' (p. 128). Among other points of distinction, he maintains that a cross between a species and its variety obeys Mendel's law, while a cross between one sub-species and another does not. Before dealing with this important distinction it is convenient to give some account of the other differences which de Vries recognises between varieties and elementary species. He tells us that the latter 'arise by the acquisition of entirely new characters'; while varieties arise

'by the loss of existing qualities or by the gain of such peculiarities as may already be seen in closely allied species' (p. 141). 'In nearly every instance, where true varieties and not elementary species are concerned, a single term expresses the whole character. . . . On the contrary we find elementary species in different genera based on the greatest possible diversity of features' (p. 126).

Thus de Vries says that his new mutations or large and sudden variations of *Oenothera lamarckiana*,

'*gigas* and *rubrinervis*, *oblonga* and *albida*, obviously bear the characters of progressive elementary species. They are not differentiated from [the parent] *lamarckiana* by one or two main features. They diverge from it in nearly all organs, and in all in a definite though small degree' (p. 565).

Comparing these mutations with the two hundred 'elementary species of *Draba* and other similar instances . . .

* It must be borne in mind that de Vries' 'elementary species' are not the same as the 'sub-species' or 'geographical varieties' recognised by zoologists in general. De Vries splits up the well-known Linnean species of plants into numerous elementary species which commonly occur intermixed together, freely interbreeding in the same locality. The zoologist applies the term 'sub-species' to a local race occupying a different geographical area from that of allied sub-species (see p. 15).

we find the same main feature, the minute differences in nearly all points' (pp. 565, 566). De Vries' varieties are of two kinds, negative or retrograde, formed by the loss of an old character; positive or progressive, formed by the addition of a new one; 'And as it is more easy to lose what one has than to obtain something new, negative varieties are much more common than are positive ones' (p. 130). Whether this interpretation be valid or not, de Vries finds that 'the negative form is the one which prevails nearly everywhere; . . . positive aberrations are in a general sense so rare that they might even be taken for exceptions to the rule' (p. 134).

Examples of the single characters by which such negative or retrograde varieties are distinguished are whiteness in place of colour in flowers, smoothness in place of hairiness, etc. Two or more such single characters may be combined in cultivation, such as the dwarf habit and the whiteness of flowers. Elementary species, on the other hand, have already been stated to diverge from the parent species in a multiplicity of features. De Vries finds in their respective behaviour when hybridised

'the means of a still better distinction between elementary species and varieties. I will try to show that these two contrasting groups behave in quite a different manner, when subjected to crossing experiments; and that the hope is justified that some day crosses may become the means of deciding, in any given instance, what is to be called species, and what variety, on physiological grounds' (p. 251).

When, however, this distinguished botanist proceeds to explain the different results produced by such crossings, we are met at the outset with a painful inconsistency. In spite of all that de Vries has said about elementary species differing 'in nearly all points,' he introduces his account of hybridising as follows (pp. 252, 253):

'Elementary species differ from their nearest allies by progressive changes, that is, by the acquirement of some new character. *The derivative species has one unit more than the parent. All other qualities are the same as in the parent.*'

The words I have italicised entirely contradict every statement previously made by de Vries on the same subject. The further development of de Vries' hybrid-

isation test is consistent with the above contradiction and not with the original statements. For, when a new elementary species is mated with the unaltered parent, the additional unit is said to be present in one parent, but not in the other. 'While all other units are paired in the hybrid, this one is not. It meets with no mate, and must therefore remain unpaired. The hybrid of two such elementary species is in some way incomplete and unnatural' (p. 253). Offspring in general, as we have already seen, owe their characters to both parents; every character is made up of two units, one from each parent. 'No unpaired qualities occur in normal offspring; these constitute the essential features of the hybrids of species and are at the same time the cause of their wide deviations from the ordinary rules' (p. 254).

In crosses between species and varieties, on the other hand, the differentiating character is not unpaired, being, as de Vries brings much evidence to show, present, although in a latent state, in the variety. In the common form of variety, distinguished by the loss of a character, de Vries infers that this latter, which 'is present and active in the species,' is also 'present but dormant in the variety' (p. 254). He therefore concludes 'that in the crossing of varieties no unpaired remainder is left, all units combining in pairs exactly as in ordinary fertilisation' (p. 255). 'Summarising this discussion, we may conclude that in normal fertilisation and in the intercrossing of varieties all characters are paired, while in crosses between elementary species the differentiating marks are not mated' (p. 255).

For these two types the terms 'balanced' and 'unbalanced crosses' are proposed. Unbalanced crosses (between elementary species) commonly show a diminution of fertility, 'the sterility being,' broadly speaking, 'the greater, the less the affinity between the parents' (p. 261). Such crosses also lead to 'a constant offspring, as far as experience now goes' (p. 275). Balanced crosses (between a species and its variety), on the other hand, never show any tendency to diminished fertility. 'Hence there can be little doubt that the unpaired units are the cause of this decrease in reproductive power' (p. 262).

In the balanced cross between variety and species, on the other hand, 'there is no reason for a diminution

of the fertility, as all characters are paired in the hybrid, and no disturbance whatever ensues in its internal structure' (p. 277). The paired varietal character will, according to de Vries, exhibit the appearance of the active unit of the pair and not the latent; in other words, the hybrid formed by the first cross will resemble the species and not the retrograde variety. In Mendelian terminology the active unit of the species is 'dominant,' while the corresponding latent unit in the variety is 'recessive.' When the hybrids of the first filial generation (F. 1) are interbred, the offspring do not exhibit the constancy of those produced by the unbalanced crosses, but split up into the well-known Mendelian proportions—one-fourth pure recessive, one-fourth pure dominant, and one-half hybrid like their parents, and therefore bearing the same appearance as the pure dominants and as the parent species.

We may note that Prof. Bateson, in his latest work, comes to the following conclusion about dominance:

'The *dominance* of certain characters is often an important but never an essential feature of Mendelian heredity. Those who first treated of Mendel's work most unfortunately fell into the error of enunciating a "Law of Dominance" as a proposition comparable with the discovery of segregation. Mendel himself enunciates no such law . . . it is only a subordinate incident of special cases; and Mendel's principles of inheritance apply equally to cases where there is no dominance and the heterozygous [hybrid] type is intermediate in character between the two pure types' (pp. 13, 14).

A good deal of unnecessary discussion has been raised about the *progressive* quality which has been supposed to characterise Mendelian dominance. Progress, if it means anything, means onward evolution; and this is determined by the relationship at the moment between the organism and its environment, especially its organic environment. The acquisition of a new structure may be progress in one environment; its loss may equally be progress in a different environment. The loss of limbs by snakes and snake-like lizards was progress, as also was the reduction of digits in the ancestors of the horse, and the endless simplifications of parasitic existence. Omitting reference to progress, which, as shown above, is a question of the environment, we have already seen

(see p. 31) that de Vries concludes—and his conclusion is based on a very broad experience—that the presence of a character in the species is dominant over its loss, or rather latency, in a ‘retrogressive variety.’

Although convinced of the high importance and interest of Mendel's principle, de Vries firmly maintains that it is rigidly limited in its application.

‘It is only of late years’ (he says) ‘that it has assumed a high place in scientific literature, and attained the first rank as an investigation on fundamental questions of heredity. Read in the light of modern ideas on unit-characters it is now one of the most important works on heredity and has already widespread and abiding influence on the philosophy of hybridism in general. But from its very nature and from the choice of the material made by Mendel, it is restricted to balanced or varietal crosses’ (pp. 293, 294). ‘Ordinary species . . . differ from each other partly in specific, partly in varietal characters. As to the first, they give in their hybrids stable peculiarities, while as to the latter, they split up according to Mendel's law’ (p. 307).

Although Prof. Bateson, probably rightly, looks upon these conclusions as incautious (p. 285), it is only fair to point out that they have been also reached by Correns, another of the rediscoverers of the Mendelian principle. De Vries is also supported by the extensive researches of L. B. Prout and A. Bacot, who, between 1906 and 1908, bred between 5000 and 6000 specimens in ten generations of a cross between two geographical races of the moth *Acidalia virgularia*—the one a dark London form, the other a white form from the south of France.

‘The results were entirely negative so far as Mendelian segregation is concerned. . . . The authors consider that the behaviour of this hybridization is confirmatory of that of certain races of *Lasiocampa quercus*, on which Mr Bacot had earlier experimented (“Entomologist's Record,” vol. 13); namely, that the bringing together of geographically separated races may be expected to result in the production of blends, and that it will therefore be necessary, in order to obtain [Mendelian] segregation of the parental forms in a hybrid race, to pair aberrations inhabiting the same geographical area, where it may be assumed that natural selection has, for some reason, virtually eliminated the intermediates. All the recorded instances of this Mendelian segre-

gation with which the authors are acquainted among the Lepidoptera are of this latter class, the forms whose pairing [with the parent strain] has produced it being well-defined "aberrations" in the sense in which that word is used by Staudinger.*

The entire results of this exhaustive experiment are now always available for the use of the student of heredity, having been generously presented by the authors to the Hope Collection in the Oxford University Museum.

It is probable that Prout's and Bacot's conclusions hold for the geographical races of man. This at least seems to be the safest inference to be drawn from the effects of interbreeding between the European and the Negro in America. Omitting the consideration of rare and occasional elements such as those due to aboriginal North American or to Mongolian influence, the whole of the mixed European and African population was of course originally derived from the union of white unmixed with black, and black unmixed with white. The term mulatto in its strict sense should, I believe, apply to the offspring of such unions and no other. The Mendelian method has then been applied in numberless cases to the production of F. 1—the first filial generation. Not only is this obvious, but it is equally clear that in many thousands of cases, to use the most temperate language, the members of F. 1 generation, mulattos in the strict sense, have interbred, leading to the production of F. 2. Now the Mendelian expectation for F. 2 thus produced is, as regards any and every character that obeys the law, a quarter of the offspring pure white like two of the grandparents, a quarter pure black like the other two grandparents, and half mulatto, like the parents.†

If such a result happened even rarely, it is certain that it would be well known; more than this, it is highly probable that the Mendelian discovery of double characters represented by paired determinants in the fertilised germ and segregating in the germ-cells of the resulting individual, would have been made long before Mendel

* 'Provisional Report of the Royal Society' for February 25, 1909, pp. 2, 3. See also 'Proc. Roy. Soc.,' B., vol. 81 (1909), p. 133.

† In the above statement the phenomenon of dominance is neglected. If black were dominant three-fourths of the offspring would of course appear black; if white were dominant three-fourths white.

was born. Any one of the three prominent characters, skin-colour, eye-colour, or hair-structure, would have been alone sufficient to arrest attention. If, on the average, one-fourth of the children of true mulatto parentage possessed a European skin-colour, one-fourth the negro colour, and one-half mulatto, the fact could not have escaped notice.*

It is safe to conclude that the Mendelian law does not hold in such combinations of human races. But some considerable evidence has been recently brought forward by Prof. C. B. Davenport in America and Mr C. C. Hurst in England in favour of the conclusion that the eye-colour and hair-structure of European man does follow the Mendelian law. Hence, so far as the evidence goes, we seem to witness a result similar to that obtained by de Vries in plants and by Prout and Bacot in moths—Mendelian segregation between the race and the varieties that appear in its midst; true fusion leading to persistent intermediate forms when one race or elementary species is combined with another. The contrast is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as the very same character, e.g. eye-colour or hair-structure in man, apparently behaves in a different manner according as the fusions are between race and variety or between race and race.

The careful working out of the inbred lines of descent from a single pair of parents was necessary in order to reveal the Mendelian principle and to gain the light shed thereby upon unit-characters and their double representation in the individual, together with the behaviour of their determinants in and before fertilisation. Mendel's genius led him to this method and to the brilliant results which it gave; but we shall do well to bear in mind that it is a method specially prevented, by endless adaptations, from becoming predominant in nature. The innumerable methods by which cross-fertilisation is effected in plants are all aimed at that very process which alone makes the Mendelian principle evident, and led to its discovery. At the same time, however obscured by cross-fertilisation, the principle remains in operation, and preserves segregating characters from the 'swamping effect of intercrossing.'

* See, however, the preceding footnote.

'Self-adaptation.'

Want of space forbids further consideration of Mendel's inspiring discovery ; but, before concluding this article, it is necessary to say a few words upon so-called 'self-adaptation,' not uncommonly proposed at the present day as a substitute for natural selection. Many animals and plants possess the power of adjustment to two or more environments. In such cases the stimulus provided by one environment will cause an individual of the appropriate age to respond by the production of certain adaptive modifications, while the stimulus of a different environment will evoke in the same individual an entirely different and equally adaptive response. Many interesting examples of such individual adaptive responses in plants will be found excellently figured in the plates of the Rev. George Henslow's recently published work. The author adopts the Lamarckian and Nägelian interpretation of the phenomena, an interpretation also defended with much vigour by Prof. J. M. Coulter at the recent Darwin commemoration of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

This Lamarckian conclusion, that the adaptive response has been caused and not merely evoked by environmental stimuli, is well criticised by de Vries, who refers to Holtermann's observations on certain desert plants in Ceylon. The desert of Kaits, in north Ceylon, supports a number of annual plants which, except for their diminutive size, exhibit none of the well-known characteristics of a desert flora. They are evidently the descendants of the plants which existed on the area in question before the establishment of desert conditions. 'During the many centuries that these plants must have existed in the desert in annual generations, no single feature in the anatomical structure has become changed' (p. 450). Hence de Vries concludes that in other cases 'all the long range of characteristics of typical desert-plants are not a simple result of the influence of climate and soil' (p. 451). Moreover, the desert-plants of Kaits, when raised from seed in gardens, at once lose their only desert peculiarity. 'In the desert they attain a height of a few centimeters, but in the garden they attain half a meter or more in height. Nothing in the way of stability

has resulted from the action of the dry soil, not even in such a minor point as the height of the stems' (p. 451).

De Vries furthermore shows that the characters of the inner shaded foliage and of the outer exposed foliage of the same tree may be determined 'in extreme youth, often even during the previous summer, at the time of the very first evolution of the young organs within the buds. . . . As the definitive decision must be made in these cases long before the direct influence of the conditions which would make the change useful is felt, it is hardly conceivable how they could be ascribed to this cause' (pp. 455, 456).

In addition to the evidence adduced above, certain weighty considerations of a more general kind strongly support the conclusion that, in such individual powers of adjustment to alternative environments, the ordinary operations of natural selection have been replaced or suspended by higher powers conferred by the same agency. In such cases natural selection acts so as to build up a plastic adaptable individual which, by producing the appropriate modification, can meet any of the various forces to which it is likely to be exposed; and this, it is claimed, is in many instances more valuable than the more perfect, but more rigid, adjustment of inherent variations to a fixed set of conditions.

If this view of individual adaptability as due to natural selection be not accepted, it may be supposed that the individual modifications are due either to the direct action of the external forces or to the internal tendencies of the organism. But it is impossible to understand how the mechanical operation of such forces as pressure, friction, stress, etc., continued through a lifetime, could evoke useful responses, or why the response should just attain and then be arrested at a level of maximum efficiency. The other supposition—that organisms are so constituted that they *must* react under external stimuli by the production of new useful characters, or the useful modification of old ones, closely resembles the old idea of an 'innate tendency towards perfection' as the motive cause of evolution—a conception not much more satisfactory than that of special creation itself. The inadequacy of these views is clearly shown when we consider that the external forces which awake response in an organism generally belong to its inorganic (physical

or chemical) environment, while the usefulness of the response has relation to its organic environment (enemies, prey, etc.). Thus one set of forces supplies the stimuli which evoke a response to another and very different set of forces. We can therefore accept neither of the suggestions which have been offered. Useful individual modifications are directly due neither to external forces nor to the inherent constitution of the organism.

The only remaining hypothesis is that which we have already mentioned—the view that, whenever organisms react adaptively under external forces, they do so because of special powers accumulated by natural selection.

In the introductory pages of this article the attempt is made to show the powerlessness of the earlier attacks on Darwinism. In its later pages we have endeavoured to set forth—necessarily with brevity—the chief results of those modern investigations which, after fifty years, are now believed to be charged with menace for the Darwin-Wallace hypothesis. The inspiration of these investigations has attracted a numerous band of enthusiastic and devoted labourers, who have achieved and are achieving results of the highest interest and importance. No one of these, it is here maintained, can be reasonably held to make good the claims of the modern opponent of natural selection and evolution as conceived by Darwin. The only fundamental changes in the doctrine given to us in 1858 and 1859 are those brought about by the researches and the thoughts of Weismann; and these have given to the great theory which will ever be associated with the names of the two illustrious English naturalists a position far higher than that ever assigned to it by Darwin himself.

E. B. POULTON.

Art. 2.—THE MAKING OF AN EPIC: FIRDAUSI AND HOMER.

1. *A Literary History of Persia*. By E. G. Browne, Sir Thomas Adams' Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. Two vols. London: Fisher Unwin, 1902-1906.
2. *The Sháhnáma of Firdausí, done into English by A. G. Warner and E. Warner*. In progress: three vols. published. London: Kegan Paul, 1905-1908.
3. *The Shahnameh*. By Turner Macan. Four vols. Calcutta, 1829.
4. *Le Livre des Rois*. Publié, traduit et commenté par Jules Mohl. Seven vols. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, 1838-1878.
5. *Das Iranische Nationalepos*. By Theodor Nöldeke. Strassburg: Trübner, 1896.

THE modern Persian is deprived of at least one fascinating intellectual amusement which seems destined to offer unending and ever-varying stimulus to the imagination of the Western. He cannot, poor man, speculate indefinitely as to the origin of his Homer. He can give no reins to his constructive fancy without the painful necessity of taking into account historical facts duly attested and comprehensive enough to make the exercise almost wholly unprofitable. It is not too much to say that the Persian epic is the only national epic in the world of which the growth from first to last can be traced with something like certainty. Much indeed of the romantic detail with which the story of the Shahnama is told in the land of its birth is probably or demonstrably fictitious; but Firdausi himself, as garrulous about his sources and methods as Homer is reticent, has left us a large number of facts whose authenticity is above dispute; and these, when confronted with the literary histories of which Persia is so prolific, enable the severest critic to construct a history of which the main outlines are unquestionable.

The story has of course been a more or less familiar one to students of the East for more than a century. We recur to it now for various reasons. In the first

place it is a matter for national congratulation that England, whose scholars were the first to bring Firdausi to the knowledge of the West, and which claims one of the two complete printed editions of the *Shahnama*, should be in a fair way to claim as well one of the two complete metrical translations.* Mr A. G. Warner, whom his brother describes as the senior partner in the task, unhappily died before the publication of the first volume; but Mr Edmond Warner appears to be eminently capable of carrying the work through. It is one which needs a hero to complete; and it is with great satisfaction that we note that the translator's scholarly qualifications are not inferior to his courage.

We propose in this article to confine ourselves to the historical side of the Persian epic. Some comparatively recent discoveries have thrown fresh light on the tradition. The veteran Orientalist Theodor Nöldeke has applied his unequalled learning to sifting the truth out of the fanciful legends which have grown up about Firdausi's name. Prof. Browne's luminous and vigorous pages have brought the whole question within the purview of the English reader. And finally, wide apart though Homer and Firdausi stand, it is not impossible that a comparison of the Greek and Persian epics in the making may afford interesting analogies, and serve in some degree to illuminate a problem which lies at the very foundations of literary criticism.

One thing at least they have in common. Each is in the fullest sense a national epic. The *Shahnama*, now just nine hundred years old, still lives, not only in the studies of the learned, but in the ears of the people, recited, as was the *Iliad* 2500 years ago, by wandering rhapsodists, and everywhere welcomed as the fullest and truest expression of the national spirit, the very voice of the native mythology, the flower of Persian literary genius. In this respect Homer and Firdausi stand divided by a clear gulf from the literary epic—from Virgil, Dante, and Milton. A vigorous life of nine centuries must be accounted as at least a respectable bid for immortality; and the *Shahnama* can hardly be omitted

* The other is in Italian, by Signor Pizzi. Mohl's translation is in prose.

from any enquiry into the conditions which make literary work what we call, in our rather impudent fashion, immortal. The history of the *Shahnama* goes back, in fact, a good deal more than nine hundred years; its literary birth took place some four centuries earlier, near the end of the great Sasanian empire—that Persian empire which maintained itself so long on terms of proud equality with the Roman, till it withered and crumbled, in the second quarter of the seventh century A.D., before the onslaught of new-born Islam.

It was, according to tradition, in the reign of the very last of the Sasanian kings, Yazdagird III, that the first complete *corpus* of Persian history was compiled. This began with the very dawn of mythology, and was continued down to date; actual history taking, of course, a larger place in later times, but always leaving room for myth. Materials in literary form already existed. The *Avesta* itself was authority for much in the beginning of things; official court-chronicles seem to have been assiduously kept; and there existed what have been called 'historical novels,' dealing with short episodes of national history. Two of these, in fact, have survived; and with them we shall have to deal later. The fusion of the materials into a continuous prose narrative is ascribed to 'the *dihqan* Danishwar.*' Whether the name is right or not, such a compilation was certainly made; and probability points to the date as the correct one. The work was called the '*Khodainamak*,' or Book of Kings, and was written in Pahlavi, the official and literary language of western Persia.

Hardly, however, was the work completed when the Arab invasion swept away both the Sasanian dynasty and Persian literature. For four centuries every Persian man of letters—and Prof. Browne tells how numerous and distinguished they were—wrote in Arabic only. The ancient Pahlavi became a dead language, learnt and written only for ecclesiastical purposes by the Magian priests, who carefully preserved the theological works written in it, and neglected all others. The *Khodainamak*,

* The title '*dihqan*,' literally 'village lord' or squire, was given to the landed gentry or *petite noblesse*, the main repositories of ancient tradition. Hence the word came in time to be almost synonymous with 'bard' or 'historian.'

however, was of such general interest that it was translated into Arabic during the eighth century, and was used as a mine of historical material by the able and voluminous writers who recorded the past glories of Persia. No doubt much of this translation is preserved *verbatim* in the existing works of Tabari and others; but the original text, like that of the *Khodainamak* itself, is irrecoverably lost. To the orthodox Moslem a book which proclaimed the glories of heathen fire-worshippers was an abomination; and thus the Persian epic never won popularity till a national spirit arose with force sufficient to overcome religious prejudice.

The Persian renaissance took place about the middle of the tenth century. With the decay of the Abbasid Caliphate at Baghdad, adventurers on the northern and eastern borders began to set up semi-independent principalities. At their small courts the national movement gathered head; and the vernacular Persian, a near relative, though not a direct descendant, of the ancient Pahlavi, was raised to the dignity of a literary language. Among the princes who encouraged the new literature, evidently for political reasons, was a certain Muhammad Abu Mansur, prince of Tus in Khurasan. We are told that he had a commission of four* appointed to collect the remains of the Pahlavi chronicle and compile a Persian Book of Kings; and, though Firdausi does not name Abu Mansur, he directly confirms the tradition in his introduction. The passage is perhaps worth translating.

‘A book there was, writ down in days of eld;
Exceeding wealth of olden tales it held.
Scattered among the Magians was its lore;
Each sage grew rich upon its hidden store.

A prince there was, a lord of noble birth,†
Puissant in might, in courage, mind and worth;
Curious of things long overpast and gone,
He sought out memories of all deeds done.

* This oddly recalls Tzetzes' mythical story of the commission of four appointed by Pisistratus to compile Homer; to complete the coincidence, one of the four names in the Persian list, as in the Greek, has come down in a mutilated form.

† Literally ‘of *dihqan* birth.’ This is a courtier's flattery, for we are told that Abu Mansur had to order a fictitious genealogy.

From every land the Magians hoar he sought;
 And thus the book unto one place was brought.
 He questioned them of all the royal race
 And bygone heroes—sought their time and place. . . .
 The Magians told him one by one their lore,
 The gests of kings and paladins of yore;
 And, as he hearkened to the words they said,
 The famous book's foundations there he spread;
 That book his monument on earth became,
 Mid small and great the glory of his name.'

The old Khodainamak was certainly the main source of the new Book of Kings; in no other way can we explain the identity, often verbal, of whole passages of the Arab historians with the Shahnama. But in all probability a great deal of fresh matter was introduced, including the substance of some of the historical novels already mentioned.

This new Book of Kings was, like its Pahlavi predecessor, in prose. But the national movement had created Persian poetry; and a metrical version was evidently called for in the nature of things. It was taken in hand by a young poet whose pen-name was Daqiqi; his reputation was already established, and some lyrical work of his has survived. He began the great task, not at the beginning, but at the coming of Zoroaster in the reign of Gushtasp; he had completed only a thousand couplets when he died—assassinated, we are told, by a Turkish slave. This was in the year 975 A.D.

Daqiqi was a native of Tus, where the prose Book of Kings was compiled; and it was by another native of the same town that the poetical completion of the Shahnama was achieved. Firdausi* was born, apparently, in 935 or 936 A.D. From the numerous statements he himself makes about his age in different parts of the Shahnama, it seems that he took up the task at over forty years of age, and worked at it for over thirty-five years. The completion of the whole took place, according to his own epilogue, on February 25, 1010 A.D., when he was not far short of eighty, reckoning by Mohammedan lunar years.†

* The common form Firdusi is a purely European mistake.

† He still had the energy to write, during the remaining ten years of his life, another epic, 'Joseph and Zulaikha,' about as long as the Iliad,

There appears to have been an earlier publication; for the poem contains a dedication to a certain Ahmad of Khanlanjan, dated in our reckoning, Jan. 17, 999. But the final dedication was to the upstart Turkish conqueror Mahmud of Ghazni, 'Allah-breathing Lord,' to whom Firdausi brought the poem in hope of generous recompense from a prince who posed as a patron of literature. The tale of his disappointment, of the bitter lampoon on Mahmud which it called forth, and of Firdausi's consequent persecution and exile, is too familiar to need repeating here, where we are concerned only with the methods of his composition.

The Shahnama, like its source, comprises the whole of Persian history, from the earliest mythical times, when kings reigned for over a thousand years each, to the Arab invasion and the death of Yazdagird III in 652 A.D. It consists of nearly sixty thousand couplets; that is to say, it is about four times as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey together; but the variation between different copies is so great that the exact length of the poem as it left Firdausi's hands is uncertain. It is written in rhyming couplets, all in one metre, u — — | u — — | u — — | u —

' Binám-i khudáwand-i ján u khirad,
Kazin bartar andisha bar nagzurad.'

So it begins; and so, without the variation of a single syllable, it continues to the end. Short as the life of Persian poetry was when Firdausi began to write, this metre was already stereotyped for epic poetry. And we have singular evidence to show that not only the epic metre but the epic style was fixed before Firdausi. Though we possess, indeed, hardly any fragments of the earliest epic poetry, there is one remarkable exception—the thousand couplets of Daqiqi, which Firdausi has incorporated in the Shahnama. This he did, he tells us, at the request of Daqiqi's spirit, which appeared to him in a dream. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that we have this fragment unaltered; for Firdausi takes pains, ungenerously enough, to contrast it with his own work, much to the advantage of the latter.* Nöldeke,

* It is only fair to add that in another place, while deploring Daqiqi's dissolute life, Firdausi speaks with high praise of his poetical gifts.

who has given special attention to this point, feels no doubt that, even when all allowance is made for our necessarily inferior appreciation of verbal delicacies, Firdausi's depreciation of his predecessor is exaggerated. Had it not been, he says, for Firdausi's own statement, it would never have occurred to anybody that Daqiqi's lines were the work of another hand. The fact being known, Nöldeke can detect certain differences in style. Daqiqi is more prosaic and less skilful in arrangement; he has a fondness for certain mannerisms of expression; but these differences hardly exceed those between different parts of Firdausi's own work. It may, we think, be confidently added that none of these inequalities approach in magnitude those between the better and worse parts of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The style of the *Shahnama* is, like the metre, uniform even to monotony.

It is, moreover, in one respect at least, an artificial and conventional style. The four centuries of Arabic literary domination had naturally affected in a profound degree the literary, and even the vernacular Persian. To this day a large proportion of the Persian vocabulary consists of Arabic words, at most very slightly disguised. It was the same in the tenth century; and the lyric poetry which has survived from that age shows as large a proportion as modern Persian of Arabic words—not far from fifty per cent. of the whole. This foreign element was plainly discordant in literature designed to glorify the national history during the millennia preceding the rise of Mohammedanism. The epic vocabulary was therefore consciously archaized, and the Arabic intruders as far as possible expelled. Many Arabic words had indeed struck root too deep to permit excision; but Daqiqi, and after him Firdausi, succeeded in reducing the proportion to about five or six per cent., using, so far as possible, old Persian words which were doubtless more than half forgotten nine hundred years ago. A native copy of the *Shahnama* is often followed, like our Chaucers, by a glossary of obsolete expressions. A modern Persian gentleman will, it is said, follow with intense delight the sonorous rhythm of a reciter; but, if pressed as to the meaning of a particular phrase, he is as likely as not to say, 'Well, I don't know exactly what it means; but isn't it beautiful?' It must be confessed that the

Persian, with his exquisitely musical ear for rhythm, is too apt to be carried away by the sounds, and to let the sense take care of itself; and Prof. Browne, whose literary taste is attested by the admirable translations which adorn his book, plainly expresses his opinion that the *Shahnama* owes its reputation more to the sensuous majesty of the lines than to the variety or imagination of the ideas which they express.

The fact is that Firdausi, unlike any Greek poet, felt slavishly bound to reproduce his text in all its details, and suffered by this limitation. His close adherence to his sources is proved by the fortunate discovery, among the few remains of Pahlavi secular literature, of two historical novels, both, by a happy coincidence, dealing with episodes included in the *Shahnama*. They must have been incorporated in the prose *Book of Kings*, and so reached Firdausi at second-hand, for it is extremely unlikely that he could read Pahlavi; yet such is the fidelity with which the tradition was handed down that every sentence is reproduced in the poem with a minimum of poetical adornment. Here is a brief specimen from the 'Karnamak' or 'Gests of Ardashir.*' King Papak (Pers. Babak) has had dreams which are interpreted by the sages to mean that his chief herdsman, Sasan, or one of his children, will attain to the lordship of the world.

'When Papak heard this speech, he dismissed every one, summoned Sasan before him, and asked him, "Of what family and stock art thou? Was any of thy fathers or forbears a ruler or a sovereign?" Then Sasan prayed Papak for indulgence and safety with the words, "Inflict not on me hurt nor harm." Papak agreed to this; and thereupon Sasan revealed to him his secret and who he was. Then Papak was glad, and said, "I will promote thee." Whereupon, at his bidding, a full royal dress was brought to him and given to Sasan, and he bade him put it on. Sasan did so, and at Papak's command he then strengthened himself with good and proper meals. Later, he gave him his daughter in marriage; and, when the time (according to the predestination of fate) was in accord, the girl forthwith conceived, and from her Artakshir was born.'

* Browne, i, 139. The *Karnamak* is supposed to have been written about 600 A.D.

This episode appears in the Shahnama as follows : *

'Babak let call the shepherd from the fold
 Unto his presence through the fog and cold ;
 In haste he came, wrapped in his plaid of wool ;
 Of frost his plaid, of fear his heart was full.
 Then Babak bade his folk forth from the hall ;
 Forth fared the counsellors, the servants all.
 With gracious greeting Sasan then he met,
 And called him nigh, and close beside him set.
 Of birth, of parentage he asked the herd ;
 But he for fear sat still nor answered word.
 At last he spake : " O King, ah well-a-day !
 Beware lest thou thy herd to death betray !
 Yet will I tell thee all at thy command,
 If thou wilt swear, and pledge me hand in hand,
 No evil and no ill despite to wreak,
 Open nor secret, for the words I speak."

Thereat did Babak loose his tongue to swear,
 And called on God the Bountiful to hear ;
 " No deed of ill, no despite shall be wrought ;
 To weal and great estate shalt thou be brought."

Then spake the youth and answered, " Verily,
 Sasan, O King, and Sasan's son am I ;
 My grandsire Ardashir imperial,
 Whom Bahman Long-arm † men by surname call,
 The glorious son of Lord Isfandiyar,
 Who Gushtasp's fame blazed through the world afar."

When Babak heard, with tears began to stream
 His eyes that saw the vision of the dream.
 Straightway he brought a princely garment forth,
 A steed betrayed with gear of royal worth.
 " Betake thee to the bath," he cried, " and wait
 That they bring vesture fit for thy estate."
 A palace rich bedizened builded he,
 (So high he raised the lowly hind's degree),
 And therewithin ordained his dwelling-place,
 With store of thralls to wait before his face,
 And all the pomp of royal state bestowed,
 With fair revenues bounteously endowed.

* Prof. Browne gives an ingenious and interesting translation in alliterative verse ; but in his second volume he expresses his dissatisfaction with it. We have therefore ventured on an experiment in the ordinary heroic couplet, which lends itself admirably to line-for-line translation.

† Artaxerxes Longimanus.

Last, his own daughter gave he him to wed,
His heart's delight, crown of his kinglihead.
When o'er the lovely bride nine moons had run,
Was born, bright as the shining moon, a son.'

So far as the shepherd story is concerned, we are evidently dealing with pure fable, a fresh edition of the tale of Cyrus and Astyages. But the son mentioned in the last line is a real historical person; he succeeded Babak in 226 A.D. as Artakshir (Artaxerxes) Babakan; he is known to us from his coins and inscriptions; he waged war on equal terms with Alexander Severus; and he was father of the Shapur (Saporus) who defeated and captured the Emperor Valerian in 260 A.D.

This extract will show how Firdausi clothed the dry bones of the old chronicles. That he invented any episodes himself is extremely improbable; all tends to prove that his treatment of the historical material was the same throughout. What he added of his own consists chiefly of the personal part—his account of himself, including a remarkable passage of elegy on the death of his son, his moral reflections on the mutability of earthly things, and his eulogies on King Mahmud, which in the end were so disastrously wasted.

It might be supposed that a work thus composed would show no inconsistencies in structure. This is, however, not entirely the case; and Nöldeke has pointed out several joints not unlike those which are to be found in Homer. One of these is particularly instructive. A cardinal point in the legendary history of the strife between Iran and Turan is the murder of the Persian prince, Siyawush, in Turan, and the revenge taken for it. According to the *Shahnama*, the hero, Rustam, exacts the penalty; he marches to Turan, conquers and lays it waste up to the frontier of China, rules it for seven years, and then departs. But in the sequel all this is forgotten. The royal armies of Persia wage a long series of wars of vengeance, all of which assume that no penalty has been yet exacted, and that Afrasiyab has reigned undisturbed. The explanation is obvious. According to the old Pahlavi *Khodainamak*, the vengeance was taken by the kings of Persia, Káús and Kai Khusrau, in the long wars. But the later compilers introduced into the chronicle what was originally quite extraneous matter, the story

of the family of Rustam, and with it a version in which the whole credit of the avenging of Siyawush was given to this new hero. Both versions were duly incorporated in the Persian Book of Kings, where they stood side by side, to be poeticised by Firdausi. It was, in fact, this incorporation of the stories of the house of Sám, his son Zál, and his grandson Rustam, which raised the Book of Kings to the level of an epic, such as the Khodainamak, in the main a court-chronicle, can only in small measure have afforded. It is from this part that come the passages best known to Western readers, and to our taste the most poetical—the wooing of Rudába by Zál and the tragedy of Rustam and Suhrab.

In another considerable portion of the epic the old tradition has been entirely suppressed in favour of a foreign intruder. The conquest of Alexander was too humiliating to be related, and too notorious to be suppressed, in the national records. The Persians therefore boldly made Alexander a Persian. This end they attained by an adaptation of the Alexander romance commonly known as the 'pseudo-Callisthenes.' This curious tale had a wide vogue in the East, and exists, so Prof. Browne tells us (i, 118), 'in Syriac, Egyptian, Abyssinian, and Arabic, as well as modern Persian, versions.' As told in the Shahnama, it opens thus. Darab (Darius I) makes war on Failiqus of Rum (Philip of Macedon) and defeats him. As a condition of peace he demands the hand of Philip's daughter, and takes her back with him to Persia; but after a short time he is disgusted with her, and returns her to her father's house, where she gives birth to a son. In order to conceal the slight, Philip gives out that the son is his own by one of his own wives. Thus, when Alexander invades Persia, it is a merely domestic affair; the rightful heir has come to claim the crown from his half-brother Dara (Darius II), son of Darab by another wife. The rest of Alexander's career is pure romance; his pilgrimage to Mecca to worship at the Ka'ba shows that the legend came through Muslim sources, and was certainly not in the Pahlavi book. Whether it was in the Persian Book of Kings, or was introduced by Firdausi himself, may remain doubtful. Within such narrow limits as these is speculation on the sources of the Shahnama confined.

With the completion of the Shahnama the Persian national epic may be said to have come to an end. Persian epics have indeed been written ever since in amazing profusion; but none of them has any claim to be national. Firdausi's success raised up a host of imitators. Their first impulse was to extend the Shahnama. It might be presumed that they would have a large amount of popular tradition at hand, exactly like that which had been worked up into the Book of Kings; for that compilation can hardly have been exhaustive. There is, however, no reason to suppose that any such genuine material underlies the epics which still exist; they seem to be the outcome of the poets' imagination, or rather of their imitative power—mere *rifacimenti* of the Shahnama itself. Such at least is Nöldeke's opinion. Some portion of the longest of them, the Burzonama, has been printed by Macan. It relates the adventures of Burzo, a son of Rustam, of whom the Shahnama knows nothing. The external imitation of Firdausi, says Nöldeke, is pretty good. In spite of many verses which are not so bad, the poem, as a whole, is far below its original. It is probable that we should speak in identical terms, did we possess it, of the Telegonia, which told, in continuation of the Odyssey, the story of Telegonos, Odysseus' son by Circe.

For our present purpose, however, it is more to the point that not all of these excrescences on Firdausi were independent poems; many of them were merely episodes or extensions of episodes in the Shahnama itself, designed for incorporation in it, and in many cases actually incorporated. Firdausi's text is, critically speaking, in a shocking state; it swarms with interpolations. Manuscripts are numerous, and all are at variance with one another. Of some thirty manuscripts of which the lines have been counted, one contains as many as 61,266 couplets, another as few as 39,851, the majority between 48,000 and 52,000. Macan's edition has an appendix of some 5000 couplets—nearly as much as the Odyssey—'which,' in the editor's words, 'are found in some manuscripts, but are not certainly from the pen of Firdausi, and indeed are probably not by him.'

Firdausi is in fact still awaiting his Aristarchus, and most probably will never find him. The task has

grown too gigantic. The oldest manuscripts are not greatly, if at all, superior to the later in respect of interpolations. The papyri of Homer show that the same process of interpolation had begun with the Greek text; but it had never reached any such proportions as these. The additions to Homer, of which we have evidence, never amounted to more than a few lines here and there; the task of restoring the official text was comparatively trifling. Yet with Firdausi we can say, what cannot be said of Homer, that the author's authentic copy was once in existence, and that there is a fixed text of a fixed date, a text which the critic must aim at restoring. It is indeed possible that some of the variations may come from the author himself; for, as we have seen, there are two dedications of the poem, differently dated and probably implying a recension. This would be a matter to consider, if things had got far enough to give any hope of finding traces of alteration. But, while the manuscripts vary to such an extent that it is apparently impossible even to begin the work of classifying them into families, the very critical principles on which enquiry must be based are incapable of expression.

Let us suppose for a moment that all the existing manuscripts had descended from one of the interpolated copies, the one which contains over 60,000 couplets; and that we had, as in the case of Homer, no independent manuscripts or contemporary literary history by which to check it. If we endeavoured, from internal evidence alone, to reconstruct the history of the work, it is possible that we might arrive at the conclusion that it was the work of many hands expanding an earlier poem; and we should of course be right. But who can doubt that a large number of critics would be found to cry out at such blasphemy, and to be ready to suffer all for the faith that whatever is 'between the twa boords of the buik' must be Firdausi's? It would be useless to point out to them, without the fuller knowledge which we actually possess, that the very existence of a poem of large compass and vast popularity, written in a uniform style and metre, is certain to invite expansion, and expansion of a sort which renders detection by internal evidence extremely difficult and at times impossible.

Every nation that has created a national epic has done it in its own fashion; and no direct deduction can be made from the methods of one country as to those of another. Lachmann signally failed when he tried to explain the genesis of the *Odyssey* by that of the *Nibelungenlied*. Thus any idea that the known history of the origin of the *Shahnama* can cast a demonstrative light on the genesis of the Greek epic may be at once abandoned. The mere fact that the *Shahnama* sprang from a prose work places it at once leagues away from Homer. No one has ventured to suggest that the *Iliad* ever existed in a prose form out of which it was versified; and all that we know of it renders such an hypothesis hardly conceivable. M. Bérard, indeed, maintains that in certain passages of the *Odyssey* he has found traces of direct translation from a Phenician 'Mediterranean Pilot'; and that certain glaring discrepancies between his Island of Calypso and Homer's description of it can be traced to a misunderstanding of certain Semitic expressions. But most people have held that this is the weakest point of a generally brilliant book; and, in any case, this prose original can have been followed nowhere but in the short passages of description of landscape, and can have no bearing on the *Odyssey* as a literary creation. We may in theory go back to an *Odyssey* told without metrical form over the winter fire; but that lies as far behind the hexameter of Homer as the old Persian folk-tale behind the *Book of Kings* to which it gave rise.

Prose implies a literary age; and the age which gave birth to the *Shahnama* was not only literary, but it was in the full middle-life of literature; it was scientific and critical of all things, literature included. While Firdausi was composing, his contemporaries were busily engaged in translating and commenting upon Plato and Aristotle, Galen and Ptolemy. The great Persian Abu Ali Ibn Sina, the Avicenna who was to embody for medieval Europe and Asia alike the very spirit of science and philosophy, was a contemporary of Firdausi—a considerably younger contemporary, it is true, though he outlived the aged poet by only some twelve or fifteen years. Daqiqi was murdered some five years before Avicenna was born. This one fact alone is sufficient to show the

abyss that lies between the influences surrounding the cradles of the Greek epic and the Persian.

Yet the history of the *Shahnama* is not without instructive sidelights illustrating tendencies which have their importance for the endless problem of the Homeric poems. Not the least interesting of these is the proof which is given us of the speed with which a conventional epic language is formed; a language so conventional that imitators without number can acquire it and use it in a way which makes detection extremely difficult. We have seen, not only that Daqiqi's work was incorporated by Firdausi without any conspicuous difference in style, but that later interpolators have inserted episodes for the discovery of which we are driven to means which in the case of Homer are entirely absent—manuscript authority and literary history. The conventional style is deliberately archaic; it is not the contemporary language either of speech or of literature. We must add that the archæology of the epic seems to be also deliberately archaic, at least so far as Firdausi is concerned. It was doubtless taken into the epic armoury from the old Pahlavi chronicles, and was the more easily used with consistency because Firdausi seems to have had no actual experience of fighting, and evolved his battles, like his sea-stories, entirely out of his inner consciousness.

A few cases of anachronism have been noticed. That he should speak of Alexander as a Christian is perhaps hardly to be counted among these, for in Firdausi's day 'Greek' and 'Christian' were almost convertible terms. It is more serious that he should make Kai Khusrau acquainted with the Avesta, though the *Shahnama* itself relates the coming of Zoroaster a hundred and fifty years later. And he certainly makes a historical slip when he mentions in the course of his narrative the city of Baghdad, a purely Muslim foundation dating from a century later than the Arab conquest, the last event related in the *Shahnama*.

Whether his archaism be fully consistent or not there is perhaps, at least at present, insufficient material for judgment. Orientalists will have to study the question with something like the loving labour which has been lavished upon Greek poetry and antiquities before a definite decision can be pronounced. But, whatever

Firdausi's success in attaining accuracy in his archæology, we can hardly be asked to decide *a priori* on the conceivability of an epic poet writing deliberately as a literary antiquary without recalling the fact that one great epic poet at least has done so. It is therefore not inconceivable that Homer may have done the like; it is a question of such evidence as we can find.

More interesting, however, is a comparison of the way in which the two epics were put together. For the actual compilation of the *Shahnama*, Firdausi, as we have seen, was not responsible; the work was done before his time by the commission of four which composed the prose *Book of Kings* for Abu Mansur. We have seen too that this work was part of a national movement, a Persian renaissance. Persian intellectual activity had long been enlisted under Arabic influences and concentrated at Baghdad, where Arabian and Persian races marched, forming a mixed population which religious unity had fused into a more or less homogeneous mass. Persian statesmen and men of letters had almost lost the sense of nationality, and contented themselves with directing the affairs of an Arabian Caliphate, and glorifying the beauties of the Arabic tongue. It was in the far east of Persia, in the province of Khorasan, that the national revolt took place. The rebellion was at once political and literary; the leaders of the revolt, as a matter of statesmanship, encouraged the vernacular literature; and the composition of the *Book of Kings* was clearly a step meant to consolidate popular feeling in resistance to Arab domination. However much the fanatically religious Moslems of Ghazni might hate the religion of the heathen fire-worshippers, yet they did not hesitate, surely at some cost to their consciences, to vivify by all means in their power the old Zoroastrian legends, and recall to the minds of their subjects the glories of ancient Persia.

Fifteen hundred years before Abu Mansur the Hellenic world had found itself in a not dissimilar position. Greek intellect had its home, not in the centre of Greece, but on the eastern frontier, in the Asiatic Ionia; and there it was becoming rapidly orientalised. Persia was exercising over Greece much the same domination as she had afterwards to undergo from Arabia. Many Greek states had

already learnt to regard themselves as integral parts of the Persian empire. Greek statesmen took office under Persian satraps—even under the Great King himself—and ruled for him almost as the Persian Barmecides ruled for Harun. The Greeks of the motherland had fallen sadly behind in the race; it seemed only too likely that Greece might ‘medise’ in the mass, and become absorbed into an Oriental empire. From this fate she was saved by the Athenian renaissance under Pisistratus and the ‘tyrants’ of the mainland, as Persia was afterwards saved by her petty dynasties, Samanid, Buwayhid, and Ghaznavi. What more likely than that Pisistratus should have recourse to like means in aid of his national movement, and seek to bring before the Greeks their old treasures of national legend, duly consolidated and issued under the sanction of the State, just as the minister of the Samanids collected and issued the legends of Persia?

Dr Verrall, in a recent number of this Review (July 1908), has strikingly pointed out how the Athenians practically invented the idea of national education as a condition of empire. Persia, it is true, was in no need of education; learning in every form was at its height when the *Shahnama* was in the birth. But the problem was not essentially different, for it was imperative that education should take a Persian dress instead of an Arabian; that those who wished to learn in the language of their fathers should have more solid material provided for them than the lyric poems which were the main outcome of the single century during which the tender plant of national literature had taken growth.* The old saying about the songs of a people was justified by the opinion of the statesmen of Bukhara and Khorasan, as we have little doubt it was by the statesmen of Athens.

That Persia succeeded in completing its epic cycle in a homogeneous form was largely due to accident. Had Daqiqi lived a few years longer, and had Firdausi possessed a less devouring energy of composition, it seems likely enough that instead of one *Shahnama* we might have had what the Greeks had—two poems of genius dealing with portions of the national history, and

* Firdausi himself says that before his time there was no Persian poem of more than three thousand couplets.

gaps filled up by inferior hands, such as those which, after Firdausi, endeavoured to extend the compass of his gigantic work. But in one respect the two main poems would never have resembled the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; there would have been no sutures in them, no confusion of motive or forgetfulness of the conditions of the story. That was ensured by the conditions of the compilation. The prose form of the *Book of Kings* made it easy as well as necessary to avoid them. The compilers were under no obligation to retain the actual words in which the stories were collected; their aim was to give a continuous tale in the barest outline, where no glamour of poetry could excuse or hide any want of evenness in the narrative. Their concern was solely with the matter and not with the form; it was the work of the later poet to invest with artistic merit what was before him, not, like the Greek, to create the form in indissoluble union with the substance. It is only in such points as the repetition of large episodes differing in treatment, and presumably differing in antiquity, that we can hope to find any traces of sutures in the work; and, as has been pointed out, a few such repetitions are to be found in the *Shahnama*. If it were ever possible to scrutinise the whole work with such minuteness as has been applied in the dissection of the *Iliad*, others might be found; but the magnitude of the task is such that it may never be carried out. It is not likely that, among Western scholars at least, the *Shahnama* will arouse such loving devotion as Homer; and without a host of devotees the task could not be carried through. But it is at least certain that Firdausi has composed an epic of enormous length without any such slips of forgetfulness or carelessness such as some Homeric critics seem to look upon as necessary incidents of composition, if they do not actually defend them as beauties.

WALTER LEAF.

Art. 3.—A JOURNAL OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

1. *A Journal of Occurrences at the Temple, during the Confinement of Louis XVI, King of France.* By M. Cléry. Translated by R. C. Dallas. London, 1798.
2. *Journal de ce qui s'est passé à la Tour du Temple, pendant la Captivité de Louis XVI, Roi de France.* Par M. Cléry. London, 1798.
3. *La Captivité et la Mort de Marie Antoinette . . . d'après des Relations de Témoins Oculaires et des Documents Inédits.* Par G. Lenotre. Paris, 1897.
4. *The Last Days of Marie Antoinette.* From the French of G. Lenotre. By Mrs Rodolph Stawell. London: Heinemann, 1907.

FOR the last few years there has been a marked renewal of interest in the little group of royal personages who, having sought shelter with the French Legislative Assembly, were, on the 13th of August, 1792, consigned by that body to the tender mercies of the Paris Commune. Much of this reawakened curiosity is no doubt owing to the persistence of modern research among revolutionary archives, and particularly to the indefatigable labours of M. G. Lenotre in connexion with Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI, with Madame Royale, and with other members of the party. Translations of M. Lenotre's fast-following volumes have appeared successively in England; and to these again must be attributed a corresponding and independent activity on the subject in this country. Within short space we have had, not only a version of M. Lenotre's latest effort, a volume on the Duchesse d'Angoulême (Madame Royale), but an exceedingly lucid and readable account of 'The Little Dauphin' (Louis XVII) by Miss Catharine Welch, and an excellently illustrated monograph, by Miss B. C. Hardy, on the Princesse de Lamballe. In this abundance of new and newly published material we may perhaps be pardoned if, acting on a well-worn precept, we revert to an elder classic in this kind, the once famous—and deservedly famous—'Journal of Occurrences at the Temple, during the Confinement of Louis XVI, King of France, by M. Cléry, the King's Valet de Chambre.' There is the better justification for taking this course, in

that many of the recent investigators not only make mention of Cléry's record, but materially confirm and complete what, since the date of its appearance, has always been regarded as a most trustworthy historical document, emanating from an eye-witness who recounts only what he saw, and, in his own words, had 'neither the talent nor the pretension to compose Memoirs.'

Concerning its author, Jean-Baptiste-Cant Hanet, surnamed Cléry, not much, previous to the 'Occurrences' which he chronicles, can or need be said; but of his subsequent doings we may perhaps later add a few little-known particulars. Born in May 1759, at Jardy, in the Park of Versailles, he was, at the period of the 'Journal,' a married man, holding the position of *valet de chambre* to the Prince Royal, or Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVII. On the memorable 10th of August, when the mob from the faubourgs attacked the Tuileries, and the royal family had quitted the palace for the Legislative Assembly, then sitting in the neighbouring riding school, Cléry contrived to escape by jumping from a window, and eventually made his way over the corpse-strewn Pont Louis Seize, and through an unguarded breach in the city walls, to Versailles. Here he soon learned that Pétion, the mayor of Paris, and head of the newly constituted revolutionary Commune, was casting about for persons to attend the prisoners in the Temple; and he at once volunteered his services. With the King's concurrence, he was accepted by the municipal authorities; and on August 26, when the royal family had already been thirteen days in the Little Tower, where they were at first housed, he entered upon his duties. At this date the prisoners consisted of Louis XVI, the Queen, their daughter, Madame Royale, the little Dauphin, a boy of seven, the King's sister, the Princesse Elizabeth, and M. Hue, the King's valet, a great favourite with the family, who, however, was speedily withdrawn from his post by the suspicious Commune. The Dauphin's governess, Mme de Tourzel, and the hapless Princesse de Lamballe, who, in her capacity of superintendent of the Queen's household, originally accompanied the fugitives from the Tuileries, had already, before Cléry's arrival, been transferred to the prison of La Force at the end of the Rue du Roi de Sicile.

As may be anticipated, it is chiefly with those episodes

of Cléry's story which can be supported or supplemented by later testimonies that we are here concerned ; and we do not profess to follow that well-known narrative in detail. But, as it happens, the tragedy of the Princesse de Lamballe comes among the first of Cléry's experiences, as the September massacres in the prisons took place only a few days after he had taken up his abode at the Temple. At one o'clock on the 3rd, the royal family, disturbed by the continual beating of drums and the cries of the populace, had hurriedly assembled in the Queen's apartment. Cléry meanwhile went down to the lower storey to have his dinner with the two prison attendants, Pierre Tison and his wife. They were scarcely seated before a head on the point of a pike was presented at the window. It was that of Madame de Lamballe, which some of the mob, who had penetrated into the enclosure of the Tower, had brought to show the Queen. 'Though bleeding,' says Cléry, '[it] was not disfigured, and her fine light hair, still curling, waved round the pike.'*

At this ghastly sight Tison's wife shrieked dismally ; and the wretches below, concluding the voice to be that of the Queen, were heard to laugh savagely. Cléry, horrified, at once mounted to the upper room, hoping that the Queen had been spared the sight. By this time, however, a deputation of the Septembriseurs had arrived to satisfy themselves by personal inspection that the royal family were really in the Tower ; and one of them, in answer to enquiries, brutally told the Queen, whom the officers of the Commune had charitably kept back from the window, that they 'wanted to prevent her from seeing de Lamballe's head, which had been brought her that she might know how the people avenged themselves upon tyrants.' At this Marie Antoinette fainted ; and the King said firmly, 'We are prepared for everything, Sir, but you might have dispensed with relating this horrible disaster to the Queen.' Between the blinds ('à travers les stores') Cléry could still see the swaying trophy which the bearer,

* We quote, here and hereafter, the English version of Cléry published in London in 1798. Apparently Cléry did not know that, according to a story accepted by Bertin, Lescure, and others, the mob, fiendishly determined that the Queen should recognise her friend, had caused the head to be washed, curled, powdered, and generally *accommodée* by a *perruquier* in the Place de la Bastille.

who had clambered on the *débris* of some demolished houses, was struggling to raise to the upper windows; and he could also clearly distinguish the voice of one of the municipal officers on duty, who, by an artful appeal to the vanity of his audience, was endeavouring to dissuade the main body of the mob from forcing an entrance. 'The head of Antoinette,' Cléry heard him say, 'does not belong to you; the Departments have their respective rights to it; France has confided these great culprits to the care of the City of Paris; and it is your part to assist in securing them, until the national justice takes vengeance for the people.' After an hour of similar rodomontade, they were induced to retire; and Louis XVI, through Cléry, was thoughtfully mulcted in the sum of five and forty sous for a tricoloured sash which, as a sacred and inviolable symbol, had been hung for a barrier across the principal gate.

The above is Cléry's narrative from within; the story from without is supplied by the municipal officer above referred to, in a document which formed part of the autographs of the late Victorien Sardou, and was printed for the first time in its entirety by M. Lenotre.* Daujon, as he is rightly called by Cléry—though he seems for some years to have been confused with an unfrocked priest and schoolmaster named Danjou—was a sculptor by profession, a commissioner of the Commune, and for the nonce an acting member of the Provisional Council of the Temple charged with the safe custody of the prisoners. A revolutionary by conviction, he was hard and unsympathetic, but 'neither wicked nor cruel.' After describing the events which preceded Cléry's Lamballe episode, he relates how the tricoloured sash was hung across the main entrance, behind which, mounted on a chair, he awaited the Septembriseurs, of whose approach and intentions the Temple authorities had been forewarned by an orderly. At first he made an impassioned appeal against violence, as a result of which a limited number of them, 'bearing their spoils,' were admitted into the enclosure, round which they paraded triumphantly, the municipal officers at their head. But the

* 'Last Days of Marie Antoinette,' by G. Lenotre (1907), translated by Mrs Rodolph Stawell, pp. 33-58.

situation speedily became acute, especially as the intruders were at once reinforced by the workmen engaged in clearing away the buildings about the Tower. Voices began to clamour for Marie Antoinette. She must show herself at the window; she must be made to kiss the head of the Lamballe. The municipal officers strove in vain to calm the tumult, and one of the ruffians turned furiously on Daujon with his pike. He was saved from sudden death only by his presence of mind and the intervention of a bystander, who pointed out that he was doing no more than his duty.

'In the meantime' (Daujon proceeds) 'two commissioners had thrown themselves in front of the first inner door of the Tower, and prepared to defend the approaches with devoted courage; whereupon the others, seeing they could not win us over, broke into horrible imprecations, pouring out the most disgusting obscenities, mingled with fearful yells. This was the final gust of the storm, and we waited for it to blow over. Fearing, however, lest the scene should lead to some climax worthy of the actors, I decided to make them another speech. But what could I say? How could I find the way to such degraded hearts? I attracted their attention by gestures; they looked at me and listened. I praised their courage and their exploits, and made heroes of them; then, seeing they were calming down, I gradually mingled reproach with praise. I told them the trophies they were carrying were common property. "By what right," I added, "do you alone enjoy the fruits of your victory? Do they not belong to the whole of Paris? Night is coming on. Do not delay, then, to leave these precincts, which are so much too narrow for your glory. It is in the Palais Royal, or in the garden of the Tuileries, where the sovereignty of the people has so often been trodden under foot, that you should plant this trophy as an everlasting memorial of the victory you have just won."'

This 'ridiculous harangue,' in Daujon's own words, must have been that of which Cléry overheard an imperfect fragment. It produced the desired effect of diverting the attention of the mob elsewhere. Daujon confirms Cléry by saying that the King subsequently thanked him for his opportune intervention. 'I shall never forget how you risked your life to save ours,' his Majesty said. And it was truly 'risking his life.' 'If I had failed,' says Daujon in a note, 'I should have snatched the sabre of

a National Guard and killed the first man who had dared to come forward.' In which case he would assuredly have been massacred himself.

There are no more discrepancies in the above narratives than might reasonably have been expected from narrators writing at different times, from different points of view, and relying on memories coloured or modified by subsequent events. It is but fair, however, to observe that Daujon and Cléry differ essentially as to the behaviour and bearing of the King, whom Cléry describes, here and elsewhere, as uniformly restrained, dignified, and resigned. To Daujon he did not so present himself. At the outset of the massacres he describes him as 'pale and trembling, with his eyes swollen with tears,' and seeming 'touched by nothing but concern for his own safety.' 'Far from remembering that he had been a king, he forgot that he was a man; he had all the cowardice of a disarmed tyrant, and all the servility of a convicted criminal.' M. Lenotre naturally finds this disquieting record a little difficult, since, looking to the general credibility of Daujon's narrative, it is impossible to doubt the good faith of the picture. He points out, nevertheless, that the 'moral collapse and unreasoning fear' it indicates, are incompatible with the conduct of Louis on other occasions; and he even builds upon it the theory that his Majesty must have habitually succeeded in exercising more self-control than he displayed in this particular juncture. This, as it seems to us, is to protest too much. Daujon, however truthful, was (where 'the tyrant' was concerned) a thoroughly unsympathetic and contemptuous spectator; and it is unnecessary, even if his words be accepted literally, to attribute the King's condition in this instance to more than 'a mere momentary weakness' in presence of the unexpected. The fortitude of the man who, according to Cléry watching by his bedside, slept to the morning of his execution as soundly as Argyll, is not to be discredited for a passing *crise nerveuse*.

Of the daily round of the prisoners in the Little Tower, Cléry has given a sufficiently familiar account, showing the methodical way in which they parcelled out their time in reading, recreation, needlework, instructing the children, and so forth. They must however, in addition

to the street-crier who, by contrivance of Mme Cléry, daily bawled the news outside the eastern side of the Tower, have been fairly posted up by other means in the course of events. Cléry, who refers to these things only incidentally, admits that much aid in obtaining intelligence was given by Jean François Turgy, a humble groom of the kitchen at the Tuileries, who, with two companions, had managed to insinuate himself into the service of the Temple. From a narrative by Turgy, first given to the world in 1818, and reproduced by M. Lenotre, there would seem to have been a most elaborate and ingenious code of private signals invented by the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth for the discomfiture of the municipal officers; and this again was supplemented by secret expedients. While their suspicious warders were probing the rolls, unfolding the napkins, testing the dishes, and looking under the beds, messages written in lemon-juice or gall-nut were freely exchanged under their very noses, or posted in prearranged hiding-places.

'In spite of the vigilance of eight or ten persons, hardly a day passed' (says Turgy) 'during the fourteen months that I was in the Temple, without my delivering some notes or other to the royal family, either by means of the devices already mentioned, or while I was giving them the objects connected with my duties, or receiving them from their hands. Or else I would put the note in a ball of thread or cotton, and hide it in a corner of a cupboard, or under the marble table, or in the hot-air holes of the stove, or even in the basket in which the sweepings were carried away. A movement of my hand or eyes indicated the spot where I had succeeded in hiding the ball. In this way the King and the princesses were nearly always kept informed of the progress of events. . . . Strange to say' (he adds elsewhere) 'not one of our notes was ever discovered! Every day I thank Heaven for it.' (Lenotre, pp. 65, 75).

It is to Turgy that we owe a story which tends to confirm Cléry's account of the wanton insults inflicted upon the captives by some of the soldiery and municipal officers. From many of the latter, recruited as they were from all ranks of society, ill-informed, ill-educated, and animated by an unreasoning antipathy to their unfortunate charges, rose-water civilities and polite consideration could hardly be expected. But Turgy's anec-

dote is of a man who certainly should have known better, the 'poet' Dorat-Palmezeaux, Chevalier de Cubières, a member of the Commune on duty at the Temple. The Queen had broken her comb, and begged Turgu to get her a new one. 'Buy one of horn,' said Cubières ostentatiously in her hearing; 'box (*buis*) is too good for her'—a recommendation which Turgu silently disregarded in favour of tortoiseshell. Cléry also refers to the insolence of Cubières. It is a comfort to learn from M. Lenotre's note that this man, notwithstanding his abject odes to Marat, Carrier, and Robespierre, only succeeded in being regarded as a coward and a parasite, 'at once (in Madame Roland's words) 'idiotically conceited and servilely polite'; and that he put the crown to his megalomania by re-writing the 'Phèdre' of Racine, and endeavouring to pass off one of his own bad plays as a lost tragedy of Corneille. In this particular connexion a still lower depth of turpitude is disclosed by Turgu, who implies that in the past he had received special marks of favour from the King.

But though there were shameless and cowardly municipal officers such as Cubières, savages like Tison and Simon the cobbler, ribald National Guards who scrawled the masonry with obscene *graffiti* of Louis, and brutal turnkeys who puffed their filthy tobacco smoke in the very face of 'Madame Veto,' there were also some (and more than, from Cléry's 'Journal,' one would guess) who felt from the first, or, if they did not then, soon came to feel, a genuine compassion for their hapless charges. Among the latter was François Toulan, hereafter to be mentioned; among the former, Charles Goret, a *ci-devant* inspector of market supplies, and apparently a man of some intelligence and education, whose 'Testimony with regard to the Confinement of Louis XVI and his Family in the Temple,' first published under the Restoration, M. Lenotre includes in his collection. From the outset Goret forebore to address the King as 'Capet'—a practice which Louis particularly disliked; nor did he, as many did, obtrusively wear his hat in the royal presence. These little distinctions of demeanour were promptly appreciated by the observant prisoners, with whom he was presently on as familiar a footing as was possible to people who were jealously spied upon through every crack and keyhole. Of these relations there is pleasant

evidence in the very earliest of his records. It fell to his duty to accompany the little party on their daily airing in the Temple inclosure, a proceeding, we learn from Cléry, often made intolerably humiliating to the promenaders by the hostile bearing of the bystanders. But on this occasion it was almost idyllic.

'As soon as we were in the shade, the King and Cléry, the *valet de chambre*, amused themselves by giving the young prince some exercise with a little ball. The Queen sat down on a bench, with the princesses, her daughter and Madame Elizabeth, on her right hand. I was on the left. She opened the conversation by pointing to the Tower, which faced us, and asking me what I thought of it. "Alas, Madame," I answered, "there is no such thing as a beautiful prison! This one reminds me of another that I saw when I was young, the one in which Gabrielle de Vergy * was imprisoned." "What!" replied the Queen, "you have seen that other prison?" "Yes, Madame," I answered. "It is a still larger tower than this one that we are looking at, and it is situated at Couci-le-Château, where I lived when I was young." The Queen immediately called her husband, who joined us, and when she had told him what I had just said, the King asked me for various details about the tower in question. I told him what I had noticed there, and he seemed satisfied, giving us at the same time a geographical description of Couci-le-Château, as though he were an expert in geography; and indeed it was well known that his knowledge of that science was profound.'

M. Lenotre gives us a facsimile, from the Bibliothèque Nationale, of a sketch by a National Guard, the architect Lequeux, which enables us in some measure to realise this scene. It shows us the Temple Tower from the south, with the Little Tower to the left of the spectator. To the right is the chestnut avenue, affording the shade of which Goret makes mention. In the foreground are the royal group, the attendant municipal officers, Mathey the porter, with his keys, Cléry, and Tison and his wife. To the King's 'profound' knowledge of geography there

* Coucy-le-Château (Aisne), near Laon, is styled by Augustus Hare 'the finest old castle in France.' The story of the amours of Renaud, or Raoul de Coucy with Gabrielle de Vergy—'la dame du Fayel'—which, among other things, prompted Boccaccio's 'Sigismunda,' need not be retold here. It is more pertinent to observe that this great medieval stronghold passed in 1498 to the crown of France, and that its last lord was Philippe 'Égalité.'

is the testimony of another witness, Lepitre, who says that he knew more geography than many a professor. Being a professor himself, Lepitre should be accounted an expert witness. As to the King's acquaintance with architecture, there is humbler evidence. On one occasion Goret was playing dominoes with Cléry. His Majesty came to them, took possession of the pieces, and built little houses with them so skilfully that it was plain he understood both the principles of architecture and the laws of equilibrium. But Goret is careful to add that he did not seem to be less proficient in science and literature than in those modest mechanics so often cited to his disadvantage. He was a capable scholar, and 'devoted four hours a day to Latin authors.' He was studying and annotating Tacitus up to his death; and Cléry estimates that he must, during the five months of his sojourn in the Temple, have read some 250 volumes.

Another of Goret's anecdotes illustrates that curious touch of apathy—or was it stoicism?—which has so often perplexed his more enthusiastic admirers. It is difficult to doubt the story, which is obviously authentic. During the trial which occupies the latter pages of Cléry's book, Goret frequently saw the venerable Lamoignon de Malesherbes, the King's senior counsel, on his visits to his royal client; and one of the old advocate's utterances sank deeply into the memory of his hearer. 'I cannot,' said Malesherbes, only a few days before the execution, 'make the King pay any attention to his affairs, or give his mind to them. Grave as his position is, he shows the greatest indifference to it.' But, apart from the fact that the anecdote is inconsistent with Cléry's account of the King and his legal advisers, it is surely possible that Louis, like his wife, still at heart clung fondly to the forlorn hope of foreign intervention, or caught vaguely at straws such as the quixotic Batz scheme for a rescue at the scaffold, of which, naturally, Malesherbes could know nothing. And there must have been other projects of the kind yet remaining obscure. 'My dear, good master might have saved himself if he had wished,' said Cléry mournfully to Goret, 'for in this place the windows are only fifteen or sixteen feet above the ground. Everything had been prepared for his escape while he was still here, but he refused because his family could not be saved

with him.' 'Impassibility' (as Goret calls it) should be made of sterner stuff.

A sculptor, a cook, an inspector of provisions, have hitherto been M. Lenotre's corroborative witnesses. Those that follow—or rather those whose experiences cover the period of Cléry's record—are but two in number, and they are scarcely as important as their predecessors. Jacques François Lepitre, who comes first, was a professor of rhetoric; and his account suggests his profession. He is pretentious and egotistic, and, for our purpose, has little to reveal. Much of his recollections refers to the frustrate plan for the escape of the royal family from the Tower after the King's execution—a plan in which he probably exaggerated the value of his personal co-operation, though it seems clear that its eventual failure was in great measure due to the vacillating pusillanimity with which this 'By-ends' of the Terror succeeded in 'saving his face.' The really active agents in the proceedings were the mysteriously converted municipal officer, François Adrien Toulan, and the Chevalier de Jarjayes, a devoted and resourceful adherent of the Bourbons. But the Jarjayes scheme belongs to the history of failures; and it is, moreover, exhaustively treated in M. Paul Gaulot's 'Complot sous la Terreur.' Incidentally we learn from Lepitre that Cléry preserved as a relic the communion cloth which the King had used on the morning of his execution; and that Mme Cléry, who was a musician, set to the harpsichord an indifferent song of Lepitre's composition entitled 'La Piété Filiale,' which he was privileged to hear sung in the Temple by the Dauphin to his sister's accompaniment.

The last person summoned by M. Lenotre is a clerk in the Caisse d'Escompte named Claude Moëlle. He is simple and straightforward, but has not very much to say. He seems to have narrowly escaped denunciation by Tison for his royalist proclivities, but was saved by Cléry's intervention. He gives a pleasant though familiar account of the royal family—the Queen and the princesses in their dimity morning gowns and lawn headdresses, the King in his brown coat and *piqué* waistcoat—going regularly through their programme of artless devices for defying the tedium of their imprisonment; and he too, like Goret, found the daily walk pleasurable.

Especially notable are his references to the Dauphin, not yet the cowed and callous changeling of Simon and Hébert. He shows him in all the vivacity and playfulness of an especially engaging childhood; and he dwells particularly on the personal beauty so manifest in the Versailles portrait by Kocharski.

'This royal child' (he says) 'had the noblest and most lovable face. His figure was perfect, and at that time he enjoyed the most excellent health. His bright, intelligent remarks, and his habitual merriment, bore witness to a charming character. The injury done by his persecutors to his fine natural disposition is perhaps the most terrible of their crimes.' (Lenotre, pp. 142, 143.)

On the whole, the different documents cited above, while they supply some minor details to Cléry's story, and occasionally support it, add little essential to his narrative. Their main value is to show that the municipal officers were not so uniformly truculent, or the gaolers so uniformly ferocious, as the picturesque historian has found it desirable to depict them. At the same time it must be remembered that those by whom these records were prepared were chiefly persons whose attitude to the captives was friendly; and they none of them belonged to the viler components of the Commune whose obtrusive equality straddled across the stove in front of 'Capet' or flung itself in 'extremely dirty garments' on the solitary sofa of Marie Antoinette. If we had *their* version of things, it would doubtless contain passages as unfavourable to the prisoners as those of which we have a foretaste in Daujon. Again, the experiences of Daujon, Goret, Lepitre, and Moëlle have this peculiarity—they are intermittent and occasional. Those of Turgy only are, like Cléry's, continuous; and Turgy was not a resident in the Temple, but simply saw the royal family at meal-time. It is to Cléry, therefore, that we must go, and continue to go, for the canonical account of the King of France's last days in prison, his preparation for trial, his parting from his family, and his demeanour up to the fatal 21st of January, 1793. This Cléry alone can give us accurately and intimately; but the story has been too often told to need repetition here. As, however, we have drawn freely

from other sources, we may quote the last passages of his 'Journal':

'I was standing behind the King, near the fireplace; he turned round to me, and I offered him his great coat. "I don't want it," said he; "give me only my hat." I presented it to him. His hand met mine, which he pressed once more for the last time. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing the municipal officers, "I should be glad that Cléry might stay with my son, as he has been accustomed to be attended by him. I trust that the Commune will grant this request." His Majesty then looked at Santerre, and said, "Lead on!"

'These were the last words he spoke in his apartments. On the top of the stairs he met Mathey, the warden of the Tower, to whom he said, "I spoke with some little quickness to you the day before yesterday; do not take it ill." Mathey made no answer, and even affected to turn from the King while he was speaking.

'I remained alone in the chamber, overwhelmed with sorrow, and almost without sense of feeling. The drums and trumpets proclaimed his Majesty's departure from the Tower. . . . An hour after discharges of artillery and cries of "Vive la Nation! Vive la République!" were heard. . . . The best of kings was no more!'

Verily, this man was a hero to his valet!

With the death of Louis XVI Cléry's record ends abruptly. Of the subsequent executions of the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, and of the long-drawn tragedy of the poor little Dauphin, he had apparently no experiences to relate. But, as promised at the outset of this paper, it may be worth while for a moment to follow his further fortunes. The King, in his will, mentioned him specifically, expressing entire satisfaction with his performance of his duties, and begging the 'Gentlemen of the Commune' to see that certain articles, then lodged with them, were handed to him. According to the Abbé Edgeworth, his Majesty also expressed a desire that Cléry should be transferred to the service of Marie Antoinette. The only appreciable result of these recommendations seems to have been that he was promptly separated from the other prisoners and confined more strictly. After a month, owing to the entreaties of Mme Cléry, he was released by Garat, the Minister of Justice, upon condition that he quitted Paris and remained under police surveil-

lance. He retired to a little country house he had at Juvisy, where he continued to be subjected to periodical denunciation and domiciliary visits. At the beginning of the Terror he was included in the Girondist proscriptions and sent to La Force. When Robespierre fell, a year later, he was released by the Conseil-Général, who recognised his scrupulous fidelity to the Republic, and moreover took into consideration the fact that he had neither claimed nor received any remuneration from his late master. Being practically without means of subsistence, he accepted a precarious place as a clerk in an office, which still left him extremely poor. After the death of the Dauphin in 1795 came the negotiations for the release, in exchange for Lafayette, of Madame Royale, who promptly summoned Cléry to follow her to Austria. He thereupon sold his only remaining property, his Juvisy house, left half the proceeds to his family, and with the balance repaired to his brother's at Strassburg to await the arrival of his young mistress. At Strassburg he stayed three months; and then, having learned that Madame Royale was on her way, contrived, with his brother's aid, to escape from France and join her at Wels, thirty-six leagues from Vienna. Here, at last, he was enabled to fulfil the King's commissions to his family. He also visited the new King, Louis XVIII (the Count de Provence), and by him was speedily employed on divers secret missions.

At what period, under the title of the 'Journal du Temple,' he began to put together the loose memoranda to which he refers in his opening lines, is not quite clear. By one authority it is stated that this constituted his main occupation during his residence at Strassburg.* But from a letter by him in the 'Souvenirs' of the artist, Mme Vigée-Lebrun, dated from Vienna in 1796, it is doubtful whether the manuscript was even then actually ready for the press. This letter, which seems to be little known, is extremely interesting. In the early, happy days, Mme Vigée-Lebrun had painted Marie Antoinette and her three children in a famous picture still at Versailles; and she now desired to perpetuate with her brush some

* M. Lenotre says that he began his recollections at the instigation of the Princess Hohenlohe. This may be so; but it cannot have been (as stated) in 1799, for Cléry's 'Journal' was published in London in 1798.

one of the 'touching and solemn moments' which preceded the Queen's execution. Having ascertained Cléry's whereabouts, she applied to him for information and assistance. His answer, above referred to, is full of minute and intimate directions which supplement, and to some extent complete, his own printed account. He suggested several incidents for treatment; but his preference was for the farewell scene, more especially because an engraving of that scene, which was inaccurate both as regards resemblance and environment, had already appeared in England. He described in detail the rudely-papered, squalid room, about fifteen feet square, in which the parting took place; the single barred and screened window narrowing to its dim aperture in the nine-foot wall; the faience stove blocking up the embrasure and clustered round by the sombre municipal officers; the feeble Argand lamp; the poor King struggling manfully to control himself, but grievously affected by the grief of his family; the Queen—her beautiful hair 'blanchi par les malheurs'—half-fainting on his shoulder; the sorrowing sister and children clinging about his knees.

The letter also gives minute particulars concerning the costume of the figures, but winds up with a request that the information may be regarded as confidential, as it had not yet been given to the public. Mme Vigée-Lebrun, on second thoughts, considered the subject too painful for portrayal, at all events by herself. Two years later, however, she sent from St Petersburg to Madame Royale at Mittau a memory-portrait of Marie Antoinette. This, based no doubt as much on Cléry's indications as her own recollections, was warmly welcomed by its recipient, at this time the Duchesse d'Angoulême, in a letter of which a facsimile is printed by the artist.*

Cléry's letter to Mme Vigée-Lebrun bears date October 27, 1796. But the publication of the 'Journal,' to which

* 'Souvenirs de Madame Vigée-Lebrun' (1835), ii, 342-51. In 1793 the 'Berlin Hogarth,' Daniel Chodowiecki, executed two engravings for the 'Historisch-genealogischer Almanach,' representing the arrest of Louis XVI at St Ménéhould in June 1791, and his subsequent acceptance of the Constitution. Chodowiecki must later have made Cléry's acquaintance, for in 1799 he etched a plate of Cléry's children, then resident in the artist's house in the Behrenstrasse at Berlin. (Engelmann's 'Catalogue of Chodowiecki' (1857), p. 494.)

it refers, did not immediately follow. In 1797 attempts were made to print it in the Austrian capital; but, though there were many subscribers, the chancellery refused the requisite *visa*. The author then determined to carry it to London. Before starting, he went to Blankenburg to submit his manuscript to Louis XVIII, who read it, and added as an epigraph the words of Æneas to Dido—'Animus meminisse horret.' The King also sent to Cléry in England the Order of St Louis, with a holograph letter of commendation. 'You have shown' (he wrote) 'no less courage in the prison of the Temple than the warrior who braves death on the field of honour; and, in awarding to you the decoration which serves him as a recompense, I do no wrong to the spirit of this noble institution.' In London Cléry lodged at 29 Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square, where he speedily found patrons and a publisher. The English version of his book, prepared, as its title-page proclaims, from 'the original manuscript,' was by R. C. Dallas, subsequently the translator of many Revolutionary records, including Hue's 'Memoirs,' but now remembered chiefly by what Moore calls his 'most authentic and trustworthy' 'Recollections' of his relative Lord Byron. The 'Journal' must have appeared in the middle of 1798, as a note to its list of subscribers is dated May 25. There was also a French edition. The subscription list, which is headed by the whole of the English royal family, runs to thirty-two closely-printed columns, and includes many illustrious sympathisers with the Temple captives. Pitt is there, and Dundas; but neither Sheridan nor Fox. 'Scott, Esq.' and 'Rogers, Esq.' may mean Walter Scott and Samuel Rogers. But Scott, who had as yet published nothing, did not pay his first visit to London until 1799. That he then, or later, met Cléry is plain from his 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte':

'Cléry' (he says) 'we have seen and known, and the form and manners of that model of pristine faith and loyalty can never be forgotten. Gentlemanlike and complaisant in his manners, his deep gravity and melancholy features announced that the sad scenes, in which he had acted a part so honourable, were never for a moment out of his memory' (cap. xiii, *note*).

There was another person who undoubtedly saw Cléry in London, and helped him to subscribers, although, by

admitted misadventure, his name does not appear in the roll. This was Mme D'Arblay's father, bustling Dr Charles Burney of St Martin's Street, who at once hurried off an account of his new acquaintance to his daughter and her French husband in Surrey. M. D'Arblay had been adjutant-general to Lafayette, and both he and his clever little wife were naturally ardent Royalists. Shortly afterwards the 'Journal' arrives at Camilla Cottage, and 'half-kills' its readers. 'The deepest tragedy they have yet met with is slight to it.' 'The extreme plainness and simplicity of the style, the clearness of the detail, the unparading yet evident worth and feeling of the writer, make it a thousand times more affecting than if it had been drawn out with the most striking eloquence.' Mme D'Arblay asks for more; she 'wants a second part.' What of the remaining members of the royal family? What of the tokens intended for the Queen and the Dauphin? As to the other prisoners, Cléry, as already explained, at the time of writing, had probably no further particulars to give; but respecting the tokens, which duly reached their destination by other hands, he prints a note at the end of his volume.*

There is little more to say of this emphatically 'léal serviteur.' The 'Journal' was printed secretly in France in 1799, and it was translated into most European languages. As might perhaps have been expected, its authenticity was hotly questioned and defended. Under the Directory, much to its writer's indignation, it was garbled and falsified; and later he was coolly invited, as a preliminary to a fresh French edition, to append a postscript in praise of the existing Government. Napoleon, always anxious to surround himself by the old servants of Louis XVI, offered him the post of senior chamberlain to Josephine; but he declined it, thereby seriously offending the First Consul. Finally, on May 27, 1809, in his fifty-first year, broken by constant jealousies, intrigues, and journeyings to and fro, Cléry died at Hietzing, a suburb of Vienna. Upon his tombstone is the simple inscription, 'Ci-gît le fidèle Cléry.'

AUSTIN DOBSON.

* Mme D'Arblay would have been delighted to know, what she probably died without learning, that 'Camilla' and 'Evelina' were among the books asked for by the Queen and Mme Elizabeth during their imprisonment.

Art. 4.—NEW LIGHT UPON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S
'ARCADIA.'

FROM its first publication in 1590 down to about the middle of the seventeenth century, it is probably safe to say that no book in the English language enjoyed a greater degree of popularity than Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia.' No fewer than thirteen editions were published between 1590 and 1674. If it was ever out of print between these dates, it was only for a short time; and it must always have been easily procurable, a thing which could be said of very few other books of the same period. It was read by all who had any pretensions to literary taste; and nearly every poet, dramatist, and novelist of the time was in some way indebted to it. It is well known that Shakespeare owed much to it and to the other writings of its author; and he probably owed more than has hitherto been suspected.

In 1580 Sir Philip Sidney, having incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure by submitting to her a letter in which he protested against her intended marriage to the Duke of Anjou, was banished from Court and retired to his sister's residence at Wilton. It is generally supposed that it was at this period that he began to write his 'Arcadia'; but, for anything we know to the contrary, he may have begun it a year or two earlier. There can be little doubt, however, that it was his enforced retirement from public affairs at this period which gave him the opportunity of completing his romance. I say 'completing' because, though all the printed editions are more or less imperfect, the work as originally planned was practically completed. The author did indeed, at the close, hint at a continuation; this would, however, have been concerned with the adventures of other heroes and heroines than those who figured in the first part. In the present essay it is my purpose to show that the romance in its original form is still in existence in at least three manuscript copies; and, further, to indicate what relation these manuscripts bear to the various printed editions.

To clear the ground, I will briefly relate the chief facts that are already known as to the history of the romance.

And first, I will quote a part of Sir Philip's dedication of the 'Arcadia' to his sister, as it appears in the first printed edition (1590).

'Here now have you (most deare, and most worthy to be most deare Lady) this idle worke of mine: which I fear (like the Spiders webbe) will be thought fitter to be swept away, then worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very trueth (as the cruell fathers among the Greekes were wont to doo to the babes they would not foster), I could well find in my harte, to cast out in some desert of forgetfulnes this child, which I am loath to father. But you desired me to doo it, and your desire to my hart is an absolute commandement. Now, it is done onelie for you, onely to you: if you keep it to yourselfe, or to such friendes who will weigh errors in the ballaunce of good will, I hope for the father's sake, it will be pardond, perchance made much of, though in itselfe it have deformities. For indeede, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflinglie handled. Your deare selfe can best wittnes the maner, being done in loose sheetes of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest, by sheetes, sent unto you, as fast as they were done.'

A good deal might be said about this dedication; at present I will only draw the reader's attention to the fact that Sir Philip in it speaks of his work as if it were a finished production. He says, 'Now, it is done onely for you, onely to you.' The word 'done' could hardly have been used by the author with reference to the unfinished revision of the book which was first published in 1590, and afterwards in a more complete, though still imperfect form, in 1593 and onwards; and therefore I conclude that it refers to the work in its original form.

Sidney died on October 17, 1586. During his lifetime many copies of the 'Arcadia' in its first form* had been circulated; and immediately after his death one of the printers or publishers of the time attempted to bring out an edition, which would have been printed from one of these manuscripts. We learn this from a letter (preserved in the State Paper Office) from Fulke Greville,

* As three copies at least are still in existence, it may be inferred that there must have been a good many more originally, since manuscripts are even more liable to destruction than printed books. Of the original quarto edition of the romance (1590) not more than eight or ten perfect copies are known to exist. A copy was sold at Sotheby's a short time since for 450l.

Lord Brooke, to Sir Francis Walsingham, Sidney's father-in-law. From this letter, which is endorsed 'November, 1586,' I quote the following passages :

'S^r, this day, one Ponsonby, a booke bynder in Poles Church yard, came to me and told me that ther was one in hand to print S^r Philip Sydney's old arcadia, asking me yf it were done with your honors consent, or any other of his frendes? I told him, to my knowledge, no: then he advised me to give warninge of it, either to the archbishops or doctor Cosen, who have, as he says, a copy to peruse to that end.

'S^r I am loth to renew his memory unto you, but yeat in this I must presume; for I have sent my lady, your daughter, at her request, a correction of that old one, done 4 or 5 years sinse, which he left in trust with me, wherof ther is no more copies, and fitter to be printed then the first, which is so common: notwithstanding even that to be amended by a direction sett downe under his own hand, how and why; so as in many respects, especially the care of printing of it, is to be don with more deliberation.'

From the above passages it is clear that there was an 'old Arcadia' which was common in manuscript form; that the author had been engaged, perhaps up to the time when he went to the Netherlands, in revising it; and that he valued it so much as to leave it in the care of one of his most intimate friends, with particular directions as to the manner in which it was to be dealt with. It is also clear on what account and in what manner the publication of the original version of the romance was prevented. It may also be inferred from some of Lord Brooke's expressions that, though Sir Philip may not have thought the original version worthy of publication, it was yet his intention to publish it in its revised form. It is strange, at any rate, that he should have spent so much time and labour over the work if he did not intend eventually to publish it.

The William Ponsonby who was, as appears from the above letter, instrumental in stopping the publication of an unauthorised edition of the 'Arcadia,' and whom Lord Brooke describes as 'a booke bynder,' was really a publisher of good repute, who probably hoped himself to obtain the privilege of publishing an authorised edition of the work. Somewhat less than two years later, as appears from an entry in the Stationers' Registers,

Ponsonby was authorised to publish the romance; but it was not till 1590 that the work was offered for sale.

The 'Arcadia,' as it was published by Ponsonby, appears to have been issued with the concurrence, and probably under the superintendence of Lord Brooke.* Whether he was the 'overseer of the print' who prefixed the following notice to the work we cannot be certain; but it seems likely that he was.

'The division and summing of the Chapters was not of Sir Philip Sidnei's dooing, but adventured by the over seer of the print, for the more ease of the Readers. He therfore submits himselfe to their judgement, and if his labour answer not the worthines of the booke, desireth pardon for it. As also if any defect be found in the Eclogues, which although they were of Sir Philip Sidnei's writing, yet were they not perused by him, but left till the work had bene finished, that then choise should have bene made, which should have bene taken, and in what manner brought in. At this time they have bene chosen and disposed as the over-seer thought best.'

Whether Lord Brooke was or was not the actual editor of the work, we may, I think, at least conclude that it was printed from the manuscript which the author had entrusted to his friend; and that the directions with which it was accompanied were duly attended to. Upon the whole I am inclined to think that this first edition, though it breaks off in the middle of the third book, and is therefore less complete than the later folio editions, gives us, so far as it goes, quite as authoritative a text as the second edition, that of 1593, which was published under the direction of the Countess of Pembroke. In the latter, the division into chapters and the explanatory headings which had appeared in Lord Brooke's edition were omitted. This was, I think, unfortunate, for they were of very material use to the reader in working his way through the labyrinth of stories of which the work, in its later form, consists.

It is clear that the first (1590) edition of the romance was not issued with the concurrence or assistance of the

* This is proved by a passage in the dedication of a manuscript translation of part of Montemayor's 'Diana' by Thomas Wilson, in which the translator, addressing Lord Brooke, speaks of the 'Arcadia,' 'w^{ch} by yor noble vertue the world so hapily enjoyes.' See Mr W. W. Greg's 'Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama,' p. 148.

Countess of Pembroke; and it looks as though she must have been offended at not having been consulted in the matter. In 1593 the first folio edition was published; and, from the address to the reader by 'H. S.' which it contains, it appears that the Countess was responsible for its arrangement, and for the additions which were made to it. Here, however, it will be best to quote the words of 'H. S.', since, whoever he may have been, he evidently spoke with authority.

'The disfigured face, gentle Reader, wherewith this Worke not long since appeared to the common view, moved that noble Lady, to whose Honour consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away those spotted wherewith the beauties thereof were unworthely blemished. But as often in repairing a ruinous house, the mending of some olde part occasioneth the making of some new: so here her honourable laboure, begonne in correcting the faults, ended in supplying the defectes: by the view of what was ill done guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part, with what advise entred into, with what success it hath beene passed through, most by her doing, all by her directing, if they may be entreated not to define, which are unfurnisht of meanes to discerne, the rest (it is hoped) will favourably censure. But this they shall, for theyr better satisfaction, understand, though they finde not here what might be expected, they shall finde nevertheless as much as was intended, the conclusion, not the perfection of Arcadia: and that no further than the Authour's own writings or knowen determinations could direct.'

The above statement leaves plenty of room for conjecture as to the exact manner in which it is to be interpreted. It is, however, clear enough from it that the Countess allowed herself a good deal of freedom in dealing with her brother's work. I shall be able to show presently that, though she made few (if any) actual additions to the romance, she yet dealt very freely with the latter part of it in the way of rearranging and revising the text, and in suppressing portions of it. I shall also be able to show that the concluding portion of her edition was derived from one of the manuscript copies of the work in its original form.

There is no real justification for the assertion made by 'H. S.' in the above-quoted passage that the first

edition appeared with a 'disfigured face.' In fact the text of the story itself, down to the point where it was left incomplete by the author, is practically the same in both editions, though in the 'Eclogues' interposed between the various books there are some variations both in the prose passages and the verse. One poem which appears in the quarto was omitted in the folios; while in the folios some poems are found which are not in the quarto. Notwithstanding the statements of 'H. S.,' the two texts are of about equal authority; and, now that no fewer than three copies of the romance in its original form have been discovered, we have all the material that is necessary for the construction of an authentic text.

It is unfortunate that in none of the passages that I have quoted do we find a clear statement of the real facts of the case. Had it only been plainly stated that, after the 'first written Arcadia' had been completed, its author became dissatisfied with it, and therefore began to rewrite it in a much enlarged form, but never got further with his revision than the middle of the third book; and that all the matter that follows this in the folios is derived from the first draft of the story as we have it in the manuscripts, the whole matter would have been cleared up, and the relation between the first and second forms of the work made manifest.

Having given all the particulars which are necessary for the reader's guidance, I will now proceed to the special purpose which I have in view, namely, to throw such new light upon the history of the romance as circumstances have enabled me to discover. And first as to the manner in which I became acquainted with the particulars I am about to disclose.

One day early in 1907 there was put up for sale in a well-known London auction-room a manuscript copy of the 'Arcadia,' which was described as being probably a late sixteenth century transcript of one of the printed editions of the romance. A little examination of the volume convinced me that it was of more importance than it had appeared to be to the auctioneer's cataloguer, and I therefore determined to purchase it. It became mine for a very moderate sum. A closer examination of it showed me that, instead of being a copy of any printed edition

of the 'Arcadia,' it was in fact an independent and unknown version of the story. A few months after this another manuscript copy of the 'Arcadia' was offered for sale at Messrs Sotheby's rooms. This, which had formerly been in the Ashburnham collection, wanted the first leaf, and was consequently without a title. On this occasion some idea of the value of the manuscript had been formed, so that, though it had not long before been sold for a quite inconsiderable sum, it now cost me 70*l.* to secure it. I learned afterwards, somewhat to my regret, that my competitor was the British Museum.

That two copies of so important a work, the existence of which had remained unknown and unrecorded for more than three centuries, should have fallen into my hands within a few months was remarkable enough; but that a third copy should soon afterwards come into the market was strange indeed. But so it was. In that wonderful Phillipps collection of manuscripts, towards which almost every written document, from the most insignificant to the most valuable, seems to have gravitated, a third copy of the romance appeared in that portion of the property which was sold by Messrs Sotheby in the early part of last year. This one, instead of bearing the usual title of 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia,' is thus denominated, 'A Treatise made by Sir Phillip Sydney, Knyght, of certeyn accidents in Arcadia, made in the year 1580, and emparted to some few of his friends in his lyfe tyme, and to more since his unfortunat deceasse.' For this copy, though it wants the last leaf, there was a very keen competition; and it cost me 119*l.* to become the possessor of it. Whether there are any more of these manuscript copies* of the romance in existence time only can show. Those who are accustomed to watch the vagaries of the auction-room are well aware of the law or chance which, after many barren years, will bring into the market three or four copies of a very rare book, after which it again becomes unprocurable.

Of the three manuscripts, the one which I will call the Clifford copy—because it has that name written on one of the flyleaves—is certainly the most valuable. It

* Two of them were purchased from me by Messrs Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York, who have since disposed of them to an American collector; the third—the Phillipps copy—is still in my possession.

gives, I believe, not only the best text of the story, but contains in addition 'Dyvers and Sondry Sonetts' at the end. These poems, which are about twenty-five in number, give us not only many variants from the printed text, but also one unprinted poem. It has also the advantage of being quite complete. This manuscript is in size a large quarto, running, I believe, to about 400 pages. The Phillipps copy is a smaller quarto in size, while the Ashburnham is a small folio. Both of these latter copies, though their penmanship is very good, were evidently written by scribes who did not always comprehend the meaning of the text which they copied, and hence made a good many mistakes which obscure or destroy the sense. In both the Ashburnham and Phillipps copies there are some omissions (denoted by blank leaves), which show that some part of the text was wanting in the manuscripts from which they were transcribed. I have no doubt, however, that from a collation of the three manuscripts, and a comparison with the printed editions, a satisfactory text of the work in its original form can be derived; and it is to be hoped that such a text will soon be published.

I will now sum up the conclusions to which I have come as to the relation between the various manuscripts and the printed copies of Sir Philip's romance. The work was originally composed for the entertainment of the author's female friends, and not only for his sister, though no doubt she was first in his thoughts while he was writing it.* As first written it formed a complete and coherent story, with a well-conceived plot, which is unfolded and developed with a skill and effectiveness wanting in the revised version, which alone has hitherto been published. The many independent stories by which the narrative, in its later form, is overlaid and confused have no place in the first draft as shown in the manuscripts, except that two or three of them are briefly related, not in the five books or 'acts' of the main story, but in the intercalated 'Eclogues.' It is to be regretted,

* This is proved by the fact that the author continually introduces into his narrative such expressions as these—'whereof I will repeate you a few [of the shepherd's Eclogues] to ease you, faire ladyes, of the tediousness of this longe discourse'; 'if you remember, faire ladyes,' etc. These expressions are not to be found in the revised portion of the romance.

I think, that Sir Philip did not leave his work in its original state, since in that form it is much better as a work of art, and very much easier to read than it is in the revised version. Even had the author lived to complete his work in its second form, it could never have been made anything more than a series of stories, all of them, it is true, interesting in themselves, but so unskillfully pieced together that it is hard for the reader to understand exactly where he is. All the stories would gain much if related as separate and independent narratives, rather than as parts of a long romance with which they have only a forced connexion.

From the juvenility of style and tone of the 'Arcadia,' I am inclined to think that it was commenced at an earlier date than is usually supposed—perhaps even as early as 1578, though it was probably not finished before 1580. Sir Philip probably began to remodel and revise his work soon after he had completed the first draft; and it seems likely that the work of revision was continued at intervals until he went to the Netherlands. He had got no further at the time of his death than the point at which the work terminates in the first printed edition, namely, about the middle of the third book. He left a copy of this portion in the hands of Lord Brooke, and perhaps sent another copy to the Countess of Pembroke. The first edition of the book was published, from this revised and amplified text, without the concurrence of the Countess, and perhaps against her wishes. However, when it became necessary to publish a second edition, it was evidently desirable to secure her co-operation; and it was also desirable that some sort of conclusion should be given to the story. Therefore, when the Countess took the work in hand, it was quite natural that she should have recourse to the first draft in order to see how this could be utilised in completing the work. As regards the new stories that Sir Philip had introduced into the romance, the Countess could do nothing—for she did not, as has been supposed, introduce any matter of her own beyond a few connecting links into the work—since her brother had left no indications of the manner in which they were to be dealt with. The story of Basilius and the Oracle, however, was to a great degree the same in the revision as in the first draft; and it was easy therefore to give the conclusion of that story as it was found

in the latter. But several stories introduced for the first time in the revised version are therein left unfinished; and the defect could not be supplied from the manuscripts. Leaving, then, these stories in their incomplete condition, the Countess added to the revised portion part of the third, and the whole of the fourth and fifth books of the original draft. What we have then in the folio editions of the book is a composite work, the first half of which consists chiefly of material added by the author in the course of his revision, and the rest of the latter part of the story as it was first conceived by the author. It follows, therefore, that the whole story as we have it, incomplete though it be, is, with the possible exception of a sentence here and there, from the pen of Sir Philip Sidney alone. Nevertheless, though the Countess took few or no liberties in the way of commission, she certainly took many, as we shall see, in the way of omission.

In order that the reader may have a clear idea of the manner in which the first (manuscript) draft of the 'Arcadia' differs from the printed editions, I will now give a summary account of the romance as it appears in the manuscripts. The story opens with a description of Arcadia, which is under the government of Duke (not King, as in the printed versions) Basilius. He has a wife, Gynecia, and two daughters, Philoclea and Pamela. Basilius goes to Delphos to consult the oracle there. As the answer he receives is the leading motive by which the events of the story are governed, it will be best to quote it here.

- '1. Thyn elder care shall from thy carefull face
By pryncely meane be stolln and yet not loste:
2. Thy second shall with nature's blysse embrace
An uncouth love that nature hateth moste:
3. Thou with thy wife adultry shalt committe,
4. And in thy throne a forren state shall sitte:
5. All this on thee thy fatall year shall hitte.*

* In the manuscript this oracle is given in the beginning of the story; in the printed copies, though it is alluded to in the same place, it is not quoted until near the end of the second book. In the latter it differs from the manuscript version. After the first four lines, as given above, the printed text proceeds:

Both they themselves unto such two shall wed,
Who at thy beer, as at a barr shall plead,
Why thee, a living man, they had made dead.

The Duke is much disturbed by this oracle, and, not reflecting that, if it were a true one, it would be useless to attempt to avert the threatened dangers, studied how to avoid them. He consults his friend and counsellor Philanax, who, in a long speech (which becomes, in the printed editions, a letter), gives him much good advice, which the Duke is not in the mood to accept. Leaving his kingdom to the care of Philanax, the Duke retires with his wife and daughter, Philoclea, to a country lodge. His other daughter, Pamela, is committed to the care of a rude shepherd, Dametas, and his wife Miso. At this time there came into Arcadia two young princes—Pyrocles, son of Evarchus, King of Macedon, and Musidorus, son of the Dowager Regent of Thessalia. These had been brought up together, and were firm friends. They took up their lodgings in a house near to the dwelling of Basilius. In this house there was a picture representing the Duke and Duchess and their daughter Philoclea. Pyrocles, at the sight of the picture, falls violently in love with Philoclea, and thereupon haunts the neighbourhood of the Duke's lodge, hoping to get a sight of her. His friend Musidorus accompanies him, not, however, knowing his object; but at last, growing weary of those country solitudes, expostulates with him. This leads to a long dialogue between them on the advantages and disadvantages of solitude. Pyrocles at last discloses the secret of his love for Philoclea, and declares his intention of disguising himself as an amazon, hoping by that means to get access to the princess. Musidorus endeavours to dissuade him from his intention, but in vain, and at last agrees to assist him in his enterprise.

Pyrocles next sings a song beginning, 'Transformed in shewe but more transformed in mynde.' This awakens the old shepherd, Dametas, who is sleeping in the neighbourhood; and he, angry at being disturbed, strikes 'Cleophila,' as Pyrocles now calls himself.* The latter

In thine own seat a forrain state shall sitte;
And ere that all these blowes thy head do hit,
Thou, with thy wife, adultery shall commit.'

* He adopts this name because it is an anagram of Philoclea. In the printed editions the name he adopts is Zelmane. From this point onwards Sidney always speaks of Pyrocles as 'her.'

at once draws 'her' sword, and so frightens the cowardly Dametas that he runs off to the Duke to complain of the amazon's conduct. Basilius thereupon proceeds to interview 'Cleophila,' and likes 'her' appearance and conversation so much that he incontinently falls in love with 'her'! He sends for his wife and daughters, and begs them to entreat Cleophila to accept of their hospitality, which of course 'she' is very willing to do. Meantime Musidorus, who has in concealment witnessed what has passed, has fallen desperately in love with Pamela; and he too devises a plan by which he hopes to obtain access to her. He induces one of the shepherds who take part in the poetical contests (or 'Eclogues') which are periodically held for the amusement of the Duke, to change clothes with him in order that he may participate in the next contest. He also makes suit to Dametas to be accepted as his servant, to which the old shepherd, hoping for much profit from his services, willingly agrees. Then follows an interview between the transformed friends. Pyrocles, having been previously well rallied by Musidorus on the folly of his love affair with Philoclea, now retorts the raillery on the latter,* but of course promises to do all he can to promote his friend's suit.

Meantime matters are further complicated by another love affair. The Duchess Gynecia, far more discerning than her husband, to whom it never occurs (in spite of many significant circumstances) that Cleophila is not what 'she' appears to be, penetrates 'her' disguise and falls passionately in love with 'her.' Philoclea too, though she does not suspect that Cleophila is not what 'she' seems to be, is yet conscious that her feelings towards 'her' are different from any which she has yet felt towards any member of her own sex. Thus we have, in this state of affairs, the material for a highly diverting comedy, though it would be hard to get over the in-

* It has been said that Sidney had no sense of humour; and the statement, I believe, has been generally accepted as true. This is not so, however; he had a real sense of humour, as many passages in the 'Arcadia' demonstrate. His humour, it is true, like most of the humour of his period, is sometimes of a rather primitive and not too delicate character, as in his delineations of Dametas, and of his wife and daughter; but he often exhibits a quiet sense of fun, and sometimes an underlying irony, showing that he was alive to the ludicrous aspect which some of the events of his story might present to the mind of an unsympathetic reader,

delicacy involved in the position of a man masquerading as a woman.*

At the end of the first book, in which all the above events have been related, the shepherds are assembling for one of their poetical contests, when a lion and a bear suddenly appear upon the scene, the lion making for Philoclea and the bear for Pamela. Needless to say the beasts are encountered and despatched by Pyrocles and Musidorus, their brave conduct being made to 'stick fiery-off' indeed by comparison with the cowardice exhibited by the poetical shepherds.†

From the foregoing summary of the contents of the first book of the romance the reader will easily imagine of what elements it is composed throughout; and therefore it will not be necessary for me to tell the rest of the story in so much detail. The remaining four books are occupied with the consequences which followed from the events which I have related. The chief theme of the work is the perplexities of the various lovers and the methods which they take to attain their objects. Though both Philoclea and Pamela are closely watched by their guardians, their lovers at length find means to declare their passions and to acquaint them with their real rank and quality. Philoclea is overjoyed at the discovery that 'Cleophila' is a man, and is very willing to elope with him. Pamela does not display so much readiness as her sister, at first because of her lover's apparent lowliness of condition, and afterwards because she has some doubts as to whether he is really what he represents himself to be; but she, too, consents to elope with Musidorus.

At this point of the story a diversion is suddenly created by a rebellious outburst on the part of some of Duke Basilius' subjects. These attack Pyrocles, Gynecia, and Philoclea as they are returning to the Duke's lodge;

* I do not think that in the whole range of our drama there is a single instance (except in mere farces or burlesques) in which the personation of a woman by a man has been made to seem plausible or even possible; though the instances are very numerous in which the personation of a man by a woman has been accepted as at any rate probable enough for stage purposes. In real life the cases are probably about equally rare of men passing undetected as women as of women personating men.

† In the printed editions of the romance the irruption of the beasts is attributed to the malice of Queen Cecropia, who plays an important part in the revised version, but is not mentioned in the manuscripts.

and it is only by the valour of Pyrocles that they are enabled to reach it. Here they are joined by Musidorus, Philisides (under which name the author introduces himself into the story), and other shepherds, who are, however, too few in numbers to beat off the assailants. The rebels are about to set fire to the lodge when, as a last resource, Pyrocles (still disguised at Cleophila) issues forth and makes a speech to them. His eloquence has such an effect that the tide of feeling amongst the rebels is turned, and they become (excepting a few of the ring-leaders) as much in favour of the Duke as they were previously opposed to him.*

The rebellion being thus quelled, and the rebels (saving a few of them who become outlaws) returning to their usual occupations, the story resumes its course. Before Musidorus can find an opportunity to elope with Pamela, her guardians, Dametas, Miso, and Mopssa, must be got out of the way for a time. By playing upon their several passions of avarice, jealousy, and desire of marriage, Musidorus succeeds in sending them off on various wild-goose chases, and elopes with his mistress, after making a vow to her that he will respect her chastity until the time when they can be properly married. Meanwhile Pyrocles, courted at once by Basilius and Gynecia, manages, by promising each of them an assignation at a certain cave, to bring them together there at midnight, so that the Duke, thinking he is embracing Cleophila, becomes instrumental in fulfilling the third section of the oracle. In the morning, however, he discovers his mistake, of course very much to his confusion. (Curiously

‡ I do not think it has ever before been remarked that this scene bears a great resemblance to the forum scene in 'Julius Cæsar.' It seems to me certain that Shakespeare must have had it in his mind when he wrote the latter scene. Of course the circumstances of the two scenes are very different; but the essential point in both is that the mob is represented as being so much influenced by one speaker's eloquence as to be quite turned aside from its original purpose. Pyrocles plays hardly less dexterously upon the passions of the rebels than Antony does upon those of the Roman mob. It is noteworthy that, while Antony speaks from the pulpit of the forum, Pyrocles addresses the rebels from the Duke's judgment-seat. It is further remarkable that Sidney anticipates Shakespeare in the way in which he describes the doings of 'the many-headed multitude,' as he calls them. To Sidney, as to Shakespeare, the common people are a mass of uninstructed, fickle, foolish, and violently destructive creatures, at the mercy of every plausible intriguer and of every gust of passion.

enough it never occurs to him to ask his wife what *she* was doing in that gallery!) Gynecia had brought to the cave a love philtre (as she supposed it to be), intending to give it to Pyrocles; and this Basilius, becoming thirsty, drinks, in spite of his wife's remonstrances. The consequence is that he at once falls down, apparently dead.

Meanwhile Pyrocles visits Philoclea in her bedchamber, hoping to persuade her to take advantage of the present opportunity to elope with him. But she is now under the influence of a passionate fit of jealousy, occasioned by the fact that she has noticed that Pyrocles has lately been paying more attentions to her mother than to herself, and thus has concluded that he no longer loves her. Of course this is a mistake, the equivocal conduct of her lover being due to the necessity which he is under of humouring Gynecia. But this she does not understand; and therefore, when Pyrocles appears before her, she pours out a torrent of reproaches upon him. This affects him so much that he falls down in a fainting fit. (It is a curious circumstance that Sidney's heroes, though they show no want of manly courage in action, are quite as emotional as his women, and are just as ready as are his heroines to burst into tears, and to display other tokens of the kind of sensibility which we now regard as peculiarly feminine.) This and other untoward circumstances prevent the pair from seizing the opportunity of eloping. In the early morning Dametas, who has now discovered the escape of Musidorus and Pamela, comes to the lodge to inform the Duke of the fact, and finds Pyrocles (who is now dressed in male apparel) and Philoclea asleep in the lady's bedchamber. This leads to the arrest and imprisonment of Pyrocles. Musidorus and Pamela have been equally unlucky. They have fallen into the hands of some of the before-mentioned rebels—those of them who, fearing that their offences were too great to be pardoned, had taken to the woods. These, thinking that their services in capturing the lovers will procure their pardon from Basilius, conduct their captives to the ducal lodge, and Musidorus, like his friend, is committed to prison.

In the fifth book of the romance Gynecia, Pyrocles, and Musidorus are brought to trial before Evarchus, King of Macedon, who happens to arrive in Arcadia at

this time on a visit to his old friend Basilius. The charge against them is that of having caused the old Duke's death. After the trial, which is described at great length, all three are found guilty. Gynecia is condemned to be buried alive, Pyrocles to be thrown from a tower, and Musidorus to be beheaded. But at this point Basilius recovers from the effects of the supposed love philtre, which was really a powerful sleeping potion. No crime having been committed, there is no need to punish anybody; and the story ends in happiness all round.

Such then is the 'Arcadia' as it is found in the original manuscripts. The story, as thus summarised, may seem a somewhat thin one to fill out five long books; but there are in it many episodes and minor incidents to which I have not referred. A considerable part of the work is made up of conversations between the various personages, in which questions of ethics, politics, and morals are discussed; and nearly all the characters indulge in lengthy soliloquies or monologues. The important point to be noted about the story in its first form is that it is told in a clear straightforward manner, and is not obscured and confused, as it is in the revised version, by the introduction of a number of other fictions which have only a forced connexion with it. It is in fact a well constructed and well digested romance, as capable of interesting the modern novel-reader as most stories of the day. Its characters are well conceived and carefully discriminated; and the events of the story, though sufficiently improbable, are not so incredible as to disturb the enjoyment of an imaginative reader. It is remarkable that no supernatural beings or events are introduced—a circumstance which distinguishes it sharply from most of the old romances of chivalry. To put the matter in the briefest compass, it may be said of the original 'Arcadia' that it is perhaps the first example in our language of what we now call a romance; whereas in its revised form it belongs rather to the older form of chivalric fiction.

Although I have not been able to make a complete collation of the three manuscripts, I believe that they are practically identical so far as their contents are concerned. By this I mean that each of them tells the story which I have just summarised, and tells it without

varying, save in a few unimportant points, from the other copies. There are, it is true, a great number of textual variations, and these of course would have to be recorded in a critical edition of the work; but most of them can be accounted for as errors made by the transcribers in copying, or as changes due to their ideas as to what the author ought to have written. In none of the manuscripts do we find the stories—such as those of Kalander and Clitophon, Argalus and Parthenia, Queen Helen of Corinth, etc.—which in the printed versions add so greatly to the length and complexity of the work. In the 'Eclogues,' however, which are placed between the various books of the romance, the story which was dramatised by Beaumont and Fletcher under the title of 'Cupid's Revenge' is partly told; and some adventures of Pyrocles and Musidorus, which have no connexion with the main story, are briefly related. In the first 'Arcadia' we have the unity of effect of a Greek temple; in its second form we have a rococo erection, fine in some of its parts, but formless and grotesque as a whole.

It has been said that the contents of most biographies are of little interest compared with the things which have to be omitted from them.* I will not say of the Countess of Pembroke's edition of her brother's romance that she deprived it of its most valuable passages; but it is certain that she omitted from it one passage which is of greater interest than any other in the whole work. This is a short autobiographical account of himself, in which Sir Philip tells his readers the story of his parentage and education, of his hopes and aspirations, and of his disappointments in love. Though I will not say that this passage gives us much information with which we were not already acquainted, it is surely a considerable gain to get from his own pen such an estimate of his own character and achievements as he here gives us. It is easy enough to guess why the Countess omitted all this, but not easy to forgive her having done so. The discovery of the manuscripts would have been fortunate had they given us nothing more that is new to us than this one remarkable passage.

* If the reader is disposed to doubt this let him look up the memoirs of Pepys, which were written before the publication of the famous diary.

As I have already noted, Sidney introduces himself into the romance under the name of Philisides. He is one of the poetical shepherds who take part in the periodical contests which are got up for the amusement of the Duke. It is remarkable that, wherever he appears in the romance, he is always represented as suffering from extreme melancholy, and as keeping apart from the other shepherds in order to indulge his moody thoughts. His sadness is always attributed to his disappointment in love. Of the manlier side of Sidney's character we are told nothing, save that he is mentioned as one of the shepherds who came to help in the defence of the Duke's lodge against the rebels. Undoubtedly there was a vein of melancholy in Sir Philip's character; but he could hardly have been so much affected by it (save for a brief period of his life) as he represents himself to have been in the 'Arcadia.' If the passage I am about to quote does not give us a new or unexpected view of Sidney's character, it helps us to complete and deepen the impression which we already had of him. As he thus depicts himself he might well have served Shakespeare as the model for his Hamlet.*

It is in the fourth of the 'Eclogues,' in the manuscript copies, that we find this most interesting piece of autobiography. The shepherds who take part in this 'Eclogue' are Strephon, Klaius, and Philisides. After the first two have bewailed their sorrows in losing their mistress Urania, Philisides is called upon to tell the story of his own misfortunes.

'When they had ended with earnest intreaty they obteyned of Philisides that he would emparte some parte of the sorrowes his countenance so much wytnessed unto them; and he, who by no intreaty of the Duke would be brought unto it, in this doleful time was content thus to manyfest himself. The name of Samothea is so famous that telling you I am of that [country] I shall not need to extend myselfe further in telling you what that cuntry is. But there I was borne of such parentage as neyther left me so greate that I was a marke for envye, nor so base that I was subject to contempt,

* Was not Sidney's character, indeed, closely akin to that of Hamlet? It may not seem so at first sight; but the more closely the two personalities are compared the more likely it will seem that Shakespeare had him in his mind when he was creating the character of the Danish prince.

brought upp from my cradle age with suche care as parents are wonte to bestowe uppon theyr children whom they meane to make the mainteyners of theire name. And as soone as my memory grewe stronge enough to receave what might be delyvered unto it by my sences they offered learning unto me, especially that kynde that teacheth what is truth, and what in opinion is to be embraced, and what to be eschewed. Neither was I bard from seeking the naturall knowledge of things, so far as the narrowe sight of man hath peirced into it; and because the minds commaundment is vaine without the bodye be enhabled to obeye it, my strength was exercised with horsemanshipp, weapons, and such other qualitis as besydes the practize carried in themselves some serviceable use. Wherein so I proffited, that as I was not excellent, so I was not accompnable (*sic*). After that by my yeares or perchaunce by a soner priveledge than yeares commonly graunt I was thought able to be my owne master, I was suffered to spend sometyme in travaile, that by the comparison of many things I might ryphen my judgement, since (greatness, power, riches, and such like, standing in relation to another) who doth knowe nothing but his owne doth not knowe his owne.* Then being home returned and thought of good hope (for the world rarely bestowes a better tytle upon youthe) I continued to use the benefitt of a quyet mynde. In truthe (I call him to witnesse that knoweth hartes) ever in the secrett of my soule bent to honestye. Thus far you see as no pompous spectacle, so an untrobled tennor of a well-guyded lyef. But alas, why should I make patheticall exclamations of a most true event? So it happened that Love (which what it is your own feeling can best tell you) diverted the course of tranquillitie, which though I did with so much covering hyde that I was thought voyde of it as any man: yet my wounde which smarted in myselfe brought me in fyne to this chaunge, much in state, but more in mynde. But how Love first tooke mee, I did once (using the liberty of versyfying) sett downe in a Song, in a Dreame indeed it was, and thus did I poetically describye my dreame.'

Here follows in the manuscript the poem beginning 'Now was our heavenly vaulte deprived of the Light.'†

* In this passage the brackets (not being in the ms.) have been inserted in order to make what appears to be the meaning clearer.

† In the printed version of the romance this poem is ascribed to Amphialus, the rival of Pyrocles for the affections of Philoclea. See Lib. III, p. 255 (ed. 1655), where the poem is thus introduced: 'But the first thing Amphialus did, beeing returned, was to visit Philoclea, and first

After which the narrative proceeds as follows :

'In such or such like sorte in a Dreame was offered unto me the sight of her in whose respect all things afterward seemed but blind darkness unto me, for so it fell out that her I saw, I say that sweet uncomparable Mira, so like her which in that rather vision than dreame I had seene, that I began to persuade myselfe in my natyvete I was allotted unto her, to her I say whom even Coridens had made the upshott of all his despayring desyers ; and so alas, from all other exercises of my mynde bente myselfe only to pursuit of her favour. But having spent some parte of my youthe in following her, sometymes with some measure of favour, sometymes with unkynde interpretacions of my most kynde thoughts, in the end having attempted all meanes to establish my blissful state, and having bin not only refused all comferte but newe quarrels picked against me, I did resolve by perpetuall absence to choke my owne evil fortunes, yet before I departed these following Elegiacks I sent unto her :

Unto the caytiff wretch whom long afflictions houldeth,
[etc.].

Philisides would have gon on the telling the rest of his unhappy adventures, but the shepherd Dicus desyred him he would for that tyme leave particular passions and joyne in bewayling this generall losse of that cuntry which had bin nourse to straungers as well as a mother to Arcadians, and so having purchased sylence he rather cryed out than sung this following lamentation :

Since that to death is gon the shepherd hye, [etc.].

That the lady whom Sidney here calls Mira was the same whom he celebrates elsewhere as Stella, and that the real person whom he thus shadows forth was Penelope Devereux (afterwards Lady Rich), is sufficiently evident. It has been generally believed that it was Sidney's own slackness in pressing his suit at first that lost him the chance of becoming Penelope's husband ;* but, if we accept his own account, as I have quoted it, as

presuming to caus his dream to be sung unto her (which hee had seen in the night before hee fell in love with her), making a fine boy hee had accord a pretty dolefulness unto it.'

* It is true that in the thirty-third sonnet of the 'Astrophel and Stella' series we have what seems at first sight to be a confession that this was the case ; but the true explanation of the matter seems to be that it refers merely to an opportunity of seeing his mistress which Sidney had accidentally missed.

a true account of the matter, it was not so. He does not here reproach himself with any backwardness in making his addresses to his mistress, but represents himself as being passionately in love with her from the time when he first beheld her. As Sidney here says nothing as to the lady being now married, and so finally lost to him, it seems almost certain that the passage I have quoted was written before her enforced union with Lord Rich, which seems to have happened in April 1581. From this it would appear that the opposition to Sir Philip's suit came, partly at least, from the lady herself, and not solely from her guardians. I do not assert, indeed, that the matter is wholly free from doubt, or that Sidney's account can be relied upon as being an exact representation of the facts; but I do think that his statement, clear and unequivocal as it is, must henceforth be taken seriously into consideration whenever the question is discussed. We know that Sidney was not so well endowed bodily as mentally; and a young girl, as Penelope Devereux then was, was more likely to be attracted by a handsome exterior than by the qualities of the mind. This, together with the fact of her suitor's comparative poverty—which consideration would of course be pressed upon her by her guardians—may very well account for her indifference to him. When subsequently she learnt to appreciate him, it was too late.

It is no small gain to us that we can now see that the two poems beginning 'Now was our heavenly vaulte deprived of the Light,' and 'Unto the caytiff wretch whom long afflictions houldeth,' are intimate and personal expressions of Sir Philip's own feelings, and not, as they have previously seemed, merely dramatic representations of the passions of two of his heroes. In the printed editions of the 'Arcadia' the poem descriptive of the dream is (as I have before stated) ascribed to Amphialus, and not to Philisides. (It may be accepted, I think, as a certainty that Philoclea is, like Stella, an idealised delineation of Penelope Devereux.) The second poem is, in the romance, a letter addressed to Pamela by Musidorus, who had offended her by pressing his amorous suit somewhat too ardently. That this incident, as related in the romance, was a real incident of Sidney's courtship of Penelope Devereux I have little

doubt; nor do I doubt that the poem was really sent to her as an apology for his misconduct. I think it will be evident to every one who reads the poems with care that they express the poet's own feelings, and are not merely exercises of his fancy. In them the writer dwells upon the lustrous eyes and golden hair of his mistress—two adornments of his Stella which Sidney was never tired of praising. In 'The Dream' (as we may fitly call it) we have a description of Mira which may not improperly be quoted here. The author feigns that he is called upon, as Paris was, to decide on the conflicting claims of the goddesses Venus and Diana. They are attended by Mira, upon whom the poet bestows the amber crown which was to have been the prize of one of the goddesses.

'As I thus musing stood, Diana cald to her
 The waiting nymph—a nymph that did excell as farre
 All things that earst I saw, as orient pearles excede
 That which their mother hight, or else their silly seede;
 Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a sweet consent
 Of all those Graces' gifts the heavens have ever lent:
 And so she was attir'd as one that did not prize
 Too much her peerelesse parts, nor yet could them despise.
 But cald, she came apace, a pace wherein did move
 The band of beauties all, the little world of Love,
 And bending humble eyes (O eyes the summe of sight!)*
 She waited mistresse' will, who thus disclos'd her spright;
 "Sweet Mira mine," quoth she, "the pleasure of my mind,
 In whom of all my rules the perfect proof I find;
 To only thee, thou seest, we graunt this speciall grace
 Us to attend in this most private time and place.
 Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still
 Of that thou seest; close up in secret knot thy will.
 She answer'd was with looke and well-perform'd behest:
 And Mira I admir'd; her shape sunke in my brest."

Perhaps the most interesting point about the manuscripts is that they contain a number of poems which have never yet been published, nor even known to exist. These I will now proceed to quote.

The reader will remember that, when the rebels attacked the Duke's lodge, Musidorus and Philisides were

* For 'sight' the Philipps manuscript reads 'light,' which seems to be the better word.

among those who came to take part in its defence. How these two were occupied before they went to the assistance of the Duke and his family will be seen from the following passage, which is extracted from the Phillipps manuscript. Pyrocles (as Cleophila) assisted by Basilius, in spite of their brave resistance to the rebels, were in danger of being overpowered by numbers:

'Yet at lengthe the many heads would have prevayled agaynst these two had not the noble sheppard Dorus hard this noyse and come to their succor. Dorus had been uppon a fyne little hill in the company of some other sheppards, defending him from the sonnes heate with the shade of a few Myrtle trees, feeding his master's sheepe, practising his newe learned sheppard's pipe, and singing with great joye for his late pursued victorie he had latly gotten of the gracious Pamela's favor (victorie so farr of as the promysing affection came unto), he having latly (keeping still his disguysed manner) opned more playnlie his mynd and also estate. His songe (as the sheppards afterwards recounted yt) was this:

Feed on my sheepe, my chardge, my comfort, feed,
 With sonnes aproche your pasture fertile growes;
 O onely sonne that such a fruite can breede,
 Feed on my sheepe, your fayer sweet feeding flowes.
 Each flower, each hearbe doth to your service yeld;
 O blessed sonne whence all these blessings growes.
 Feed on my sheepe, possesse your fruitful feeld,
 No wolves dare howle, no morren [murrain] can prevayle,
 And from the stormes our sweetest sonne will sheeld.
 Feed on my sheepe, sorrow hathe striken saile:
 Enjoye my joyes as you did taste my payne,
 While our sonne shines no cloudie griefs assaile:
 Feed on my sheepe, your native joies mayntayne,
 Your wolle is ritche, no tonge can tell my gayne.

His songe being ended the yonge sheppard Philisides, at that time in his company, as if Dorus' joye had ben a remembrance of his sorrowe, turning his voice in dollful sorte thus made answeare unto him, using the burthen of his own words:

Leave of my sheepe, it is no time to feed,
 My sonne is gon, your pasture barrene growes,
 O crewell sonne, thie heate this harme dothe breed,
 Leave of my sheep, my shower of teares oreflowes;
 Your sweetest flowers, your hearbes, no service yeld,
 My sonne alas, from me for ever goes.

Leave of my sheepe, my sighes burne upp your feelds,
 My playntes call wolves, my plagues in you prevaile,
 My sonne is gon, from stormes what shall us sheeld?
 Leave of my sheepe, sorrowe hath hoysed saile;
 Wayle in my woes, taste of your master's payne,
 My sonne is gon, now cloudie griefs assayle:
 Leave, leaving not my mourning to mayntayne,
 You beare no woolle, and losse is all my gayne.'

In this last poem we have, as the reader will have seen, another of Sidney's laments over his misfortunes in love. Though these poems, it must be confessed, are of no great value in themselves, they are at any rate interesting because of their authorship. The next of the new poems, however, though a trifle, is yet a graceful and well turned one. Pyrocles and Musidorus are here exchanging confidences about their love experiences:

'Then would there arise betwixt them loving debatts of their
 owne constances, and sometimes gloriously stryving which
 had bin the moste wretched. O my Dorus, my Dorus, said
 Cleophila, who would ever have thought so good a school-
 master as you were to me cold for lack of lyving have bin
 driven to shepherdise. Even the same, said Dorus, who
 would have thought so true a chaste one as you were could
 have become a counterfeit curtesanye.* But, said he, see
 whether you can shewe me so faire spoyles of your victories;
 and therewith he drewe out a glove of Pamela's donn with
 murrey silke and gold lace, and with tender teeres kissing it,
 he put it againe into his bosome and sang these two staves:

Sweet glove, the witnesse of my secret blisse,
 Which hyding, did preserve that beauties light,
 That opened forth my seale of comfort is,
 Be thou my starr in this my darkest night:
 Though that myne eyes their cheerful sonne doth misse,
 Which dazling still doth still mayntaine my sight,
 Be thou, sweet glove, the anker of my mynde
 Till my fraile barcke his haven againe do finde.

Sweet glove, the sweete dispoile of sweetest hande,
 Faire hande, the fairest pledg of fairer harte,
 Trew harte whose trewth do yield to trustie bande,
 Cheife bande, I saie, which tyst my cheifest parte,

* This is the reading of the Phillipp manuscript, but probably we should read 'curtesane.'

My sweetest parte, wherein do cheifly stande
 Those secrett joyes which heaven to me imparte,
 Unite in one, my state thus still to save,
 You have my thanckes, let me thy cumfort have.'

In the course of the same conversation between the friends, Musidorus sings another song expressive of his delight in his good fortune :

'The Mearchauntman whom gaine doth teache the sea,
 Where rocks do waite for them, the windes do chase,
 Beaten with waves no sooner kennes the baye
 Where he was bound to make his marting place,
 But feare forgott and paines all overpaste
 Makes present ease receave the better taste.

The Laborer which cursed earth upp teares
 With sweaty browes, sometymes with watred eies,
 Ofte scortching sonne, ofte cloudye darknes feares,
 While upon chance his fruites of labor lyes;
 But harvest come and corne in fertill store
 More in his owne he toild he glads the more.

Thus in my Pilgrimage of weried mynde,
 Seeking the Sainte in whome all graces dwell,
 What stormes found me, what torments I did fynde
 Who seeks to know acquaints himself with hell:
 But now successe hath gott above anoies
 That sorrowes waight doth balance upp these joies.'

The prose passage which follows this is curious :

'Trulie, said Cleophila, among so many qualities as all ages have attributed to Cupid, I did never thinke him so good a minstrall that in such shorte space cold make his scoller so musicall as you be, but although for my parte the starres have not heald wholly an angrie aspecte unto me, yet lest envious fortune shewe spite att the to[o] much boasting of your blessednes, [I] will mingle your comicall tunes with my long used tragicall neatts [*sic*], and will staye a lyttle the fullnes of your hopes with the hanging on of my tedious feares. Therewith lyeing down with hir face upward toward heaven with her eye so settled as one might well perceave yt was nothing her eye could then see which busied her common sense, with a fainting kind of voice she thus sange :

The Mearchauntman whom many seas have taught
 What horror breeds where winde domynion beares,
 Yet never rock nor race such terror brought
 As nere his home, when storme or shelve he feares,

For nature hath that never-failing scope,
Most loath to leav the most approaching hope.

The Laborer whom tyred bodye maks

Hold deare his worke, with sighes ech chaunge attends,
But at no chaunge such pinching care he takis

As happie shewes of corne when harvest sends,
For reason will greate sighte of hoped blisse
Make greate the losse, so greate the feare to misse.

Thus tossed in my shipp of huge desyer,

Thus toiled in my worke of raging love,
Now that I spie the heavens my thoughts require,

Now that some flower of fruite my paines do prove,
My dreads augment the more in pasions might,
Since love with care, and feare with hope do fight.'

I have now quoted all the hitherto unknown poems in the 'Arcadia' which are found in the newly discovered manuscripts. The variations of text, however, in the known poems, between the manuscript and printed versions, are very numerous; and in some few instances there are passages in the manuscripts which are not in the printed copies. These will have to be taken into consideration by any future editor of the 'Arcadia,' but need not now be discussed. But still another unknown and unprinted poem is to be found among the 'Sondry Songes and Sonets' which appear at the end of the Clifford manuscript. In this the poet laments the absence of his mistress; but as it is not a very happy specimen of the author's genius I will not print it here.

There is one singular passage which is to be found in all the manuscripts, but does not appear in any of the printed copies. The reader will remember that when Musidorus persuaded Pamela to elope with him, he vowed to respect the lady's chastity until the marriage ceremony could be performed. In the course of their flight the lady, being tired, lies down to sleep. While she reposes, her lover, gazing admiringly upon her, is so overcome by the force of his passions that the lady's honour is in imminent peril;

'When to the just punishment of his broken promise and almost atchieved desyerr, there came a dozen of clownishe fellows armed with dyverse sortes of weapons, and for the rest so farr wasted that they seemed to beare a greate

conformytie with the savadges who miserable in themselves taught [thought?] to increase their miseries mischeife in another bodies harmes, came with such cryes as they waked Pamela, whose sleepe had bin sett uppon with two dangers, thone of which had saved her from thother, and made Musidorus turne unto them full of a most violent rage, with the looke of a shee tyger when her whealpes are stolen awaie.'

It is no wonder that a passage so curiously at variance with the general tone of the story, full as it is of high-flown sentiments and of professions of heroic love, should have been suppressed by the Countess of Pembroke. It is a characteristic touch, however, which no modern editor would be justified in omitting. Musidorus is consistently drawn throughout the story as being of a warmly amorous temperament, with his passions not so well under control as those of a 'very gentle parfitt knight' ought to be. It can hardly be denied that there was in Sidney's mind a somewhat undue predominance of the sexual element; and, in delineating the love-affairs of his many heroes and heroines, it is clear that he was not hindered by any want of personal experience from setting them forth in the liveliest colours. The 'Arcadia' is, in the main, as Milton called it, 'a vain and amatorious work,' though it possesses other and better qualities. It is not, indeed, a masterpiece in either of its forms; but it is much nearer to being one in its first form than in its second. It must ever remain a landmark in our literature, and will hold its place, not only because, with all its faults, it is yet a very considerable achievement for its time, but also because through it, taken in conjunction with Sidney's poems, we get an insight, not otherwise attainable, into the mind and heart of one of the greatest and noblest Englishmen who ever lived.

BERTRAM DOBELL.

Art. 5.—THE MYSTICAL ELEMENT OF RELIGION.

1. *The Mystical Element of Religion, as studied in Catherine of Genoa and her friends.* By Baron F. von Hügel. Two vols. London : Dent, 1908.
2. *Light Arising : Thoughts on Central Radiance.* By Caroline Stephen. Cambridge : Heffer, 1908.
3. *Authority and the Light Within.* By Edward Grubb. London : Clarke, 1908.

WHAT distinguishes religion from ethics is the belief in another world and the endeavour to hold intercourse with it. The identification of morality with the will of God is a late discovery on the part of religion which has made it possible to talk of an 'ethical religion'; that is, of a substitution of ethics for religion. But, if morality ceases to be viewed as an adjustment of our conduct to the divine will, it loses all religious character. This conscious adjustment therefore is the very essence of religion. It necessarily implies some picture or conception of the other world by which man's conduct in relation to it is shaped; and such a system of conceptions and precepts is what we mean by a religion. The systems are variable and contingent; the facts which they interpret, the needs to which they minister, are permanent and universal. It is a fact that man is and feels himself to be a fraction of a whole that lies beyond the realm of his clear knowledge. It is a fact that, as his racial instinct interferes with his individual interest in behalf of an interest that is comparatively absolute, so his moral and spiritual instincts try to subject and sacrifice him to ends that are simply absolute. Hence, when religious systems break down, the need of a system remains.

In periods of theological dissolution like the present, the starved religious temperament invariably tries to set religion on a basis unassailable by criticism and indifferent to theological vicissitudes; and this in two ways—by rational mysticism and by pseudo-mysticism, according to the seeker's level of religious development. On the one side, we have an endeavour to find God at first hand, experimentally, in the soul herself independently of all

historical and philosophical presuppositions; on the other, an attempt to establish relations with the invisible, experimentally, by means of divination, sorcery, and other superstitious practices. The output of publications in both these interests is at present very abundant, and its abundance is characteristic of a period when religion, dispossessed of one habitation, is seeking for another.*

Leaving pseudo-mysticism aside, and confining our attention to rational mysticism, we find in 'Light Arising,' by Miss Caroline Stephen, a very admirable example of the endeavour to cut religion free of all entanglements with the contingent and make it the creation and property of the individual soul. Although it is a defence of Quakerism, of which the author has become an adherent, it is also a modification and restatement—one might say, a modernising—of that position. It was inevitable that, in taking over and grounding themselves on the Christian Scriptures, the original Friends should have taken over some unperceived seeds of that very ecclesiasticism whose repudiation was their ruling characteristic, and that those seeds should have fructified in certain minor inconsistencies. The 'inner light' which they substituted for the authority of the Church was still, in the old dogmatic sense of the term, a 'supernatural' light, not 'the light that enlightens every man coming into this world.' Now that biblical criticism has destroyed the literal and mechanical view of inspiration, and that philosophical criticism has blurred the dividing line between the natural and the supernatural, even Quakerism cannot escape some faint vibration from the shock that threatens ecclesiastical Christianity with disaster. In 'Light Arising' this modern situation is faced, and is shown to be all in favour of what is really and alone essential to Quakerism. The last cords are cut, and religion floats free of the contingent in any shape or form. The position is frankly indi-

* Since this article was in type, two important works have come into my hands, both of which support the Quaker conception of mysticism, and, subject to that reservation, are deserving of high praise. They are, 'Studies in Mystical Religion,' by Rufus Jones (Macmillan), and the recent 'Swarthmore Lecture' on 'Spiritual Guidance,' by W. C. Braithwaite, of which the conclusion is full of acute observations. Both show how Quakerism very naturally recognises an opportunity in the embarrassments of institutionalism to come to terms with rationalism and suit itself to the needs of the day.

vidualist—not, of course, in the absurd sense of repudiating the aids of spiritual fellowship, but in the sense of regarding the religious community as in possession of no higher *gnosis* and inspiration than the individual. We learn through others as we learn through books or through nature ; but God alone is our teacher.

The truth underlying this position is the fact that all religious light in the world derives through individuals ; that the common mind is built up from their several contributions. The untruth it combats is the idea that we can vitally apprehend any external teaching that is not an expansion and complement of some truth already within us ; that we can recognise God's voice in others before we have ever heard it in ourselves ; or that, of itself, association with others is a grace and not merely a means of grace.

A far less inspiring, less intuitive, but more reasoned presentment of Quakerism is 'Authority and the Light Within,' by Edward Grubb. This also is somewhat of a restatement and corrective. In the light of the philosophy and history of religion the author recognises a truth underlying ecclesiasticism which the Quaker has thrown away in his haste and must now try to recover. The fault of ecclesiasticism has been, not in viewing the common and collective spirit as a fuller manifestation of the divine than the individual spirit—as in some true sense the standard and instrument of healthy individual development—but in putting forward, as the growth and expression of the collective spirit, the ideas and institutions of a particular age or a particular book, and by imposing these on it as a final and infallible rule, so as to make its growth impossible.

Inspiration is not infallibility. The spirit in the Church is ever the same, but no age interprets it exhaustively and finally. The organisation of the Church, designed to gather up, unify, and redistribute the spiritual experiences of its members, has, as a fact, been used to impose upon them, not the authority of the ever-present collective spirit, but that of certain past interpretations of the same. This abandonment of individualism and recognition of social authority is necessary so soon as the 'inward light' of the individual ceases to be regarded as supernatural in the old dogmatic sense, and therefore

infallible. A standard is then needed to 'try the spirits if they be of God.' The collective spirit is not final in its utterances; it is ever learning. Yet it has marked tendencies and constant characteristics with which individual variations must at least harmonise.

In spite of its marked concession to the historical Churches, this form of Quakerism is singularly independent of history. It differs from the preceding only as a better philosophy of religion in so much as it recognises its essentially social character. It is a description of what might be rather than of what is; of what might result from a levelling up of Quakerism or a levelling down of Catholicism.

If Miss Stephen has seen the need of reconciling the rational and the mystical which the older Quakerism viewed as enemies, Mr Grubb goes yet farther and suggests a reconciliation of both with the social and institutional. Freedom of thought is not incompatible with a sanely conceived authority, any more than with the divine character of the 'inward light.' Still, in rejecting the abuse, he may overlook a certain use of the appeal to the past. The present is not shot out of a pistol. If it is the tendencies rather than the actual attainments of the collective spirit that yield a criterion for the individual, those tendencies can only be estimated from its workings in the past towards the present; and thus we are thrown back upon history, not merely on institutions, but on historical institutions. God has spoken at sundry times and in divers manners in the past as well as in these latter days; nor shall we interpret the final words of the sentence correctly without some knowledge of what went before. Once deny individualism, once admit the social principle, and it is plain that God has revealed himself, not only in mankind of to-day, but in the whole drama of human history. That granted, the effort to make religion independent of the contingencies of history is hopeless. Religion, after all, is not an interpretation of *my* own life, but of *all* life and existence. We no longer view existence statically, but as a process, a history. On its practical side religion deals not directly with God, but with the world in reference to God; and that world is not a flake on the surface of time, but reaches down to its depths.

That the mystical element is not the whole of religion ; that the rational and historico-institutional are its indispensable co-factors ; that any one of these three without the other two, or any two without the remaining one, yield a perverse and distorted religion is a leading thesis of Baron von Hügel's work. It is the work of one who has read widely and thought deeply about religion under almost every possible aspect—mystical, ascetical, philosophical, literary, and historical. Large as it is, it suffers from the attempt to compress so much into so little. There is a chapter in many a sentence, and a volume in many a chapter. The best style in the world could not have secured clearness under such conditions or when dealing with matters so difficult ; and the author's style, though full of personality, is not always clear. Moreover, what was originally intended for a critical life of St Catherine of Genoa grew so overweighted with *scholia* and discussions that eventually the plan of the book was inverted, and the biography from being the substance became an appendage—an illustration of the theory of mysticism ; and the structure bears some marks of this inversion. But these surface defects are almost inevitable in an attempt to unify such a profusion of material. It is easy to keep an empty room tidy.

The substance of the book is contained in the second volume and the two introductory chapters of the first, the rest of which is occupied with a minutely critical biography of St Catherine of Genoa and some of her immediate disciples. All this criticism, if tedious to the lay reader, is necessary to secure a perfectly sound experimental illustration of the strength and weakness of mysticism. And, though it is quite a secondary and incidental interest, the long appendix in which the author brings all the methods of historical criticism to bear on the scanty literary remains of St Catherine is most valuable as establishing three stages in biographical development. First, we find, as for example in the three Synoptic Gospels, different yet equally true direct apprehensions of one and the same rich and many-sided personality. Then, as in the Johannine and Pauline writings, we have different yet true, though inadequate, reflex interpretations and developments of the hero's meaning and message. Finally, we see a violent attempt to harmonise these

seeming discords by the false assumption that the earliest presentment must be the truest.

A dominant conception in Baron von Hügel's philosophy is that of life as a painful balancing of divers and opposing tendencies and interests. It may not be simplified by throwing out the recalcitrant elements, or by the 'one-thing-only' fallacy of an impoverishing asceticism, or by an artificial simplification of its environment, but only by the annexation and subjection of the richest and most diversified experiences. If such variety spells chaos when not conquered and unified by the centralising power of the will, yet the risk of a certain measure of indiscipline is the price paid for a rich and fruitful personality; whereas a facile peace and consistency may be as profitless as the talent buried in the earth. The giant characters of history have never been trim, nor the trim characters giants. The phenomenon which, in its aggravated form, amounts to dual personality or insanity, may, in its beginnings, result as easily from a superabundance of matter to be unified as from a defect of unifying effort. Men fail as often because they attempt too much as because they attempt too little. The simplicity therefore of a perfect life is, like the simplicity of walking or speaking, infinitely complex in its analysis. Its quiet is that of a sleeping top—the ease of intense well-balanced activity.

Whatever its principality and all-pervasiveness, religion is but a factor and not the whole of human life, and for its health depends on the health and harmony of all its co-factors. It is in the interest of religion, not merely as a rest or diversion, but as a spiritual discipline and tonic, that we should at times forget it and immerse ourselves in the hard, wholesome realities of the material world, in practical affairs that call for the exercise of that common-sense which, as Bergson points out, is a rudimentary science, in business, in manual labour, in all that tunes our minds to those normal ways of thinking and feeling which give us our bearing when we go pioneering in other directions.

Still more bracing and purifying is the pursuit of science itself, whose exactitude and cold objectivity are so valuable a counterpoise to that sort of dogmatising imagination that we note in the early Gnostics, and

which always attends on a mysticism that scorns reason and fact. In decentralising man and showing him his place in the determinism of the universe, science has intensified by contrast his sense both of bondage and of liberty, of powerlessness and of power, of littleness and greatness. And so of the whole body of human interests which religion intensifies and directs to a supreme end; if the head or any member suffer, the rest suffer with it. The fanaticism of mystics and ascetics, the soullessness of theologians, the superstitions of formalists—all are traceable to the false simplification obtained by exclusion instead of inclusion.

For, as the whole of life, so religion, its principal factor, is a harmony or dependent organism; and its three factors—the historic or institutional, the mystical, and the rational—correspond roughly to three stages of religious development, successive yet superposed, in the race and in the individual. First, as children or barbarians, we are formalists and traditionalists; later comes personal experience; finally, reflection on experience and tradition, and their rational combination and justification. Yet each of these elements of religion has, even in its most normal state, something antipathetic to the other two, and, if given its way, tends to rid itself of them and grow to something monstrous and deformed. Hence the call for a unifying effort to keep each and all in their proper places.

Religion is institutional just because it is social; because it is only through the educational influence of society that the communised religious experience and reflection of past generations are brought to bear upon us so as to waken, guide, and stimulate our religious faculty, which else might remain dormant or at best only reach a most rudimentary development. Say what we will, the religious ideas involved in what seem the simplest and most independent religious experiences are in nearly all cases the product of slow collective elaboration; and, if they have entered into the secular consciousness, it is thanks to the institutional religions of the past. Not only is it our material needs that first drive us into societies, but our mental and moral communion is effected through material means—through symbolism, through language in the widest sense of the term.

Hence hierarchy, symbols, formulas are as essential to religious as to any other form of society. Only through such material means can the influence of the collective spirit, present and past, be brought to bear on the individual spirit. The necessarily unsuccessful attempt to express and convey the spiritual, the dynamic, the one, in terms of the material, the static, the manifold, is inevitable as long as man is what he is—body and spirit. As he gravitates downwards and only struggles upwards, equally inevitable is his tendency to cleave to the 'thing-element' of religion rather than to its signification and purpose; to make it an end in itself, the very substance of religion. Every interest tends to become exclusive; and those especially who, as priests and guardians, are interested in the 'thing-aspect' of religion are apt to encourage that formalism and superstition which are the development of the normal antipathy of institutional to mystical and rational religion. Hence the proverbial feud between the priestly and prophetic mind, between letter and spirit. Hence the distrust and decline of mysticism in the post-Reformation Roman Church with its strong anti-Protestant emphasis on institutionalism. Hence, too, its more pronounced antipathy to free and autonomous science and history. Institutionalism without the spirit of love is formalism; without the spirit of truth it is superstition—a worship of 'beggarly elements,' of sounds without sense.

The legitimate end of institutionalism is to reproduce the common and traditional type of religion in the individual soul; and this, not by way of violent insertion from outside, but by stimulating and guiding the natural process of spiritual growth. The end to which it ministers is the formation of a living independent personality in which the common type is transfigured through and through by the character of a unique individuality. This personal twist that we give to the traditional mind is a sort of toll paid to society. Else tradition would be but a mechanical printing-off from stereotype, not the transmission or persistence of a growing idea. An institutional religion is formed, sustained, and furthered by contributions from individual souls. It is rooted in the mystical life of its several members—in that life which it fertilises, to be fertilised by it in return. Individual

religion, the direct converse between God and the soul, ought not to be suppressed but intensified and rendered more articulate by institutional religion. As a fact, the most notable and typical mystics have belonged to or sprung from the Churches. If in some sense the mystical life is a personal affair between the soul and God alone, yet 'personal' does not mean 'individual' in the exclusive sense of isolation. The fullest personality is over-individual, and identifies itself, Christ-wise, with the whole world. The mystical life of such a personality is an atonement of the whole world with God, and not merely that of a self-narrowing, self-impoverishing individual in quest of morose and solitary delectation. The true mystic is a prophet and redeemer, his heart in the world and the world in his heart. To him the idea of a Church, a Catholicism, a communion of souls, whether saints or sinners, is altogether congenial.

On the other hand, he is naturally suspicious and impatient of the 'thing-aspect' of a Church—of its externality and multiplicity and insistence on the letter. He has reached a state where these help him but little, and at times hamper and worry him. He is apt to forget what they have done for him, what they can do and are doing for others. Against formalism, the abuse of externalism, he is ever up in arms, ever ready to seek remedy in a complete divorce, in seclusion, in a futile simplification of religion. Living by the light of intuition, of alluring syntheses, of reasons of the heart rather than of the head, he is more impatient of sobering common-sense, of criticism and analytic reasoning, even than of superstition, with which his *attrait* for symbolism more easily comes to terms. From reasoning pushed to the extreme of rationalism he will revolt in the direction of irrationalism, fideism, illuminism, after the manner of the earlier Quakers.

Yet the effort to understand itself is as essentially a part of religion as it is of any other side of our free life. Understanding fertilises the gathered results of our observation, does for them what a catalogue does for a library, extends our power of prediction and calculation, and with it our practical control of experience. It is the prerequisite of language, through which alone we are enriched by the inward experience and reflection

of other minds. And, if to understand is natural and necessary, to understand accurately and scientifically is immeasurably advantageous. However vague and inadequate, some scheme of life as a whole, and of its various parts and their functions, is a necessity for our practical guidance. A religion without at least an implicit theology is like a man without a brain—a bundle of sentiments and blind impulses and aimless contortions. We must have some idea of the relation of our religion, personal and social, to the rest of life. To understand it is to incorporate it with our scheme of the world and of human history, and of our own history. The obscurest mystical experience implies concepts, and spontaneously tends to clothe itself in concepts and words; and its fruitfulness depends much on the success of that effort. All that perfects and educates the understanding and the power of language increases the chance of success. It is through this channel that the sobering and bracing influence of scientific preoccupations is brought to bear upon the religious character. By their very opposition and mutual antipathy the mystical and the determinist outlook check and balance one another to their common advantage. Never perfectly reconcilable, they call for a high measure of self-discipline to hold them together as ill-fitting parts of one ever-illusive truth. This is also true, in a measure, of that common-sense view of life which is a rudimentary science, and whose utilitarian materialism is equally opposed to mysticism and to many features of institutionalism.

The rational and theological element of religion is normally distrustful of the mystic's unreasoned divinations and intuitions, as well as of the authority claimed for the traditions, dogmas, and practices of institutional religion. Its attitude towards both prophet and priest is at all times critical, and is easily driven to excess by their excesses. As they would subjugate it, so it tends to subjugate them to its own ends—to invoke the authority of tradition, dogma, and revelation in favour of its own conclusions; to preach a 'salvation by faith alone,' interpreted as salvation by orthodoxy—by a blind submission of lay to theological opinion. The conception of religion as principally or even solely a matter of right thinking is never perhaps openly avowed, but is one

that is ever insidiously at work in periods of intellectual activity; one that leads, through the destruction of both inward and outward religion, in the direction of irreligion and scepticism.

Such then, according to Baron von Hügel, are the three mutually repulsive elements whose synthesis is requisite for a sane and solid religion. Like every genuine growth and process of nature, religion defies definition. Being abstract, a definition can only fix some one aspect of the concrete, selected with reference to some particular end or interest. Hence the multitudinous and futile definitions of religion, of which many have not a single note or attribute in common. But of this multitude it would not be hard to form three groups according to the undue or unqualified prominence given to any one of the above three elements. Underlying the attempt to define religion is the notion that it is something artificial, something invented, designed, and constructed by man. For such things alone are definable. Baron von Hügel studies, in their health and in their corruption, those historical religions that have grown in obedience to the laws of human psychology, and finds that for their integrity and stability they require the balance of these three elements. In a word, religion is an affair of the whole man, social and individual, rational and emotional—not of the heart alone, or of the head alone, or of the individual alone.

To admit that the three elements of religion are connected organically and by mutual dependence, does not forbid our giving a certain primacy to the mystical over the other two. As we have said, social religion grows from and lives by man's mystical need of converse with the invisible world, with that Whole of which the few aspects that filter through our limited senses constitute the visible world. That root remains safe in the soil of humanity after its institutional and rational manifestations have been hewn down by criticism. For a time men try to be satisfied with the root; but inevitably religion must reintegrate itself according to the law of its nature.

Having considered mysticism in relation to its co-factors it remains to study it in itself, so far as it can be understood apart. Here again we must beware of

definition. It is impossible, as Matthew Arnold points out, to say what constitutes a good poem. We can only take what have been universally acknowledged as such and use them as a rough standard of comparison. So too we point to the classical mystics when asked what mysticism is. A mystic is one in whom the mystical element, which enters into all true religion, tends to predominate, though not necessarily to a vicious degree, just as in others the institutional or the rational element tends to predominate. A tired man is peculiarly conscious of the influence of gravitation, and seeks rest and comfort by adapting himself to its exigencies. The mystic is peculiarly, sensitively, absorbingly conscious of a divine attraction exerted on his own soul, and seeks to accommodate himself to it both actively and passively. Only, we have a symptom of physical weakness in the former case, and a symptom of spiritual strength in the latter.

With the more general phenomena of mysticism, normal and morbid, with its habitual forms of thought and action, the general bulk of Baron von Hügel's monumental work is occupied. A valuable chapter (ix) is devoted to those psycho-physical, semi-hysterical phenomena which were interpreted as miraculous in simpler ages, and whose scientific explanation has, quite illogically, discredited mysticism as something entirely morbid and illusive. Mr William James, in 'The Varieties of Religious Experience,' has wisely insisted on the distinction between the content and the form of mystic and prophetic illumination. And, if their more unspiritual disciples and biographers have laid chief weight on the visible signs and wonders, all the greater mystics, from St Paul downwards, have instinctively made fruitfulness the only criterion of divine revelation. They may have regarded their psycho-physical states as miraculous, but they have never attached moral and spiritual value to the miraculous as such; the less so, as the Devil might easily have had a hand in the miracle.

M. Émile Boutroux has pointed out the important and perfectly normal part played by monotheism and auto-suggestion in every fruitful and effective life; although there is a point after which the fixed idea becomes an obsession and the whole psycho-physical

balance is upset. The risk of such disorder is the price paid for all that effort and concentration which any sort of greatness demands. We cannot deny the value of genius, whose cousinship with mysticism is obvious, although it is often marred by woeful limitations almost inseparable from a one-sided development, and by psychophysical disorders indistinguishable from those of the mystic. If it is akin to madness, it is not in virtue of what is great and rich and fruitful in it, but of the difficulty of bringing such a fullness of experience into a rational synthesis. Certain uninteresting facts of experience are apt to be left outside, riotous stragglers from the well-drilled ranks on which the main interest is concentrated. The madman, so far as he is mad—and few, if any, are wholly mad or wholly sane—is incapable of synthesis. But we do not escape madness by avoiding concentration and its risks. In an empty idle mind the power of control will perish through sheer disuse. The rambling incoherent thought and speech of the uneducated and unoccupied is far nearer to madness than the infirmities, often recognised and combated, of genius.

With the breakdown of the cruder dualism of soul and body, with the knowledge that thought is repressed and inchoate action, that the bodily symptoms and effects of emotions enter into their very substance, we can better understand and more readily admit many of the otherwise mysterious phenomena of mysticism. We are prepared to find that outward sensations, impressions, and movements suggest symbols, images, and even visions, associated with the dominant spiritual preoccupation; that this again translates itself into sensations, impressions, and movements; that the connexion between inward and outward, psychic and physical, being rigid, the movement of either involves that of the other. In all this we must distinguish the extraordinary from the abnormal and morbid. A higher and fuller life calls for a higher and more delicate organism. An unusual psychosis demands an unusual neurosis. The latter is truly a sign, though a natural and not a miraculous sign, of the former. With hysteria, dissociation, illusion, the morbid makes its appearance. Above all, it is known by its moral and spiritual sterility. Yet some degree of morbidity may well be associated with what, on the

whole, is sound and precious. The remedy for such evils is the proper balancing of the mystical by the institutional and the rational elements of religion.

Again, mysticism is associated with an extremely subjective interpretation of religious truth, by which it is apt to come into conflict at once with traditional teaching and with criticism. When we read the unbridled ravings of the early Gnostics, we marvel that men should have been so lost to all sense of objectivity as thus to deceive themselves and their disciples. Nor have some of the Christian mystics shown any greater sense of the difference between dreams and realities. But we must remember that truth or reality is not something given and passively received by us, but is the resultant of our subjective elaboration of what is thus given; that our simplest sensations are an insoluble blend of subjective and objective; that what we call the objective world is a sort of average, by no means fixed, abstracted from the worlds of our fellow-men and serving as a sort of normal standard of sanity. What is peculiar and abnormal in our own world we call subjective, be it supranormal or subnormal. Yet it may be a richer as well as a poorer interpretation of the given, a higher as well as a lower truth or reality. The Johannine and Pauline interpretation of Christ is relatively more subjective than the Synoptic; but it may well be profounder and more real under a certain aspect, and as deepening the lines of certain features abstracted from the fuller, more living and concrete presentment. In every department such provisional narrowing and focussing of vision is in the interests of truth, provided the eye is frequently removed from the microscope so as to view things again in their normal proportion. Were all eyes microscopic, the microscopic view would be normal, in no sense illusory. Illusion arises when we confound the subjective with the normal, the microscopic with the unassisted vision.

Here, once more, we see that the mystic needs the check of the institutional and rational element of religion. All truth is an interpretation of the given and involves a subjective element. The only vicious sense in which the mystic's interpretation of religion can be called subjective is that he sometimes confounds it with the normal and becomes unconscious of the interposed lens.

A sharp antagonistic dualism of soul and body, spirit and flesh, heaven and earth, is another characteristic of an unbalanced mysticism. In the Synoptic or Judæo-Christian presentment of the Gospel there is dualism, but not antagonism. The body is the soul's servant, but not its prison. The kingdom of heaven is to be earthly and visible; body as well as soul is to enter into it. The whole conception is incarnational and sacramental. Græco-Oriental ideas are already felt in the Pauline and Johannine writings, where flesh and spirit are regarded as naturally and radically contrary, and their union as violent and penal. With the stream of Neo-Platonic influence that flooded and still floods the Church through the channel of the pseudo-Dionysian writings, this dualism has rooted itself far and wide in the Church's consciousness, and brought confusion into her dogmatic system. The true antagonism is between a narrowing selfishness and an expansive charity, between the isolation of individualism and the comprehensiveness of personality. By strong instincts man is driven at once to seek his private good and the common or universal good; but the former only for the sake of the latter, which, so far as he is personal and not only individual, is also his own, his highest good. Left to themselves, it is the lower of these tendencies that prevails. Hence, to balance them duly in the interest of the higher calls for painful exertion. Hence the idea of the body, which is essentially individual and the root of most of our individualist tendencies, as being by nature antagonistic to our highest good, which is symbolised by the spirit. Plainly, to ascribe all our merits to the spirit, all our demerits to the flesh, is a very crude psychology. A man can be selfish without being sensual; and there are human virtues of which angels know nothing. A complete and final dualism would isolate man from nature and would rob all that we mean by morality of most of its subject-matter.

The sane Christian life is a movement round the two foci of attachment and detachment, multiplicity and concentration. It is because attachment, the gravitation toward earth, can look after itself; because detachment, the upward struggle that frees us from determinism, calls for exertion and sacrifice, that the mystic is disposed to value this exclusively and to the contempt of the other,

and to seek a sterile union with God by emptying mind and heart of all those creatures in which God presents himself to us. Obviously an active membership with an institutional religion is a safeguard against this excess. For all its claims to heavenly origin and destination, a Church is very much upon earth, and its root-fibres are netted with those of everyday life. It is visible and bodily, and uses the visible and bodily as the organ of the spiritual. The Society of Friends is the sort of Church in which the mystic is most comfortable; it is not the sort in which he is most safe. The galling uncongeniality of even a corrupt institutionalism might better supply the tonic he needs for his health. Also, in the practical common-sense occupations of daily life, and still more in a scientific study of the visible order and its laws, will the dualist learn a respect and reverence for 'the lower, without which the higher cannot stand.' Those familiar with the medieval mystics and ascetics know how uniformly they speak of scientific and positive knowledge with the same contempt as of earthly affections or sensual appetites; there is, for them, nothing to choose between 'the lust of the flesh' and 'the lust of the eye'; the desire to have and the desire to know.

The Quietist tendency is also characteristic of mysticism; that is, the tendency towards a complete simplification and reduction of the spiritual life to one act, or sort of act, which act is more properly the immediate act of God received passively by the uplooking, silent, expectant soul, and identifying it with God for the time being. Sometimes this action is conceived as an unprogressive state, at other times as a sustained but monotonous movement or repetition. But we should not discredit or depreciate the experiences of Quietists on account of their false analyses thereof. To notice and analyse our action means that we are not wholly lost or absorbed in the object; and such absorption is just the essence of the quietistic state. The unthwarted fullness of energising presents itself as stillness to the imagination, for it is only by its jolts and irregularities that we apprehend movement. No doubt, too, the quasi-cataleptic states resulting from the extremest form of ecstatic concentration, or even the bodily stillness that indicates rapt attention, have favoured the assumption of a corre-

sponding inward stillness or catalepsy, although it really points to the opposite. Ribot's psychology of attention has put this beyond doubt. Moreover, a better psychology has taught us that a stock-still, unprogressive action is a contradiction in terms, and monotonous sustained action no better; that each new moment absorbs, adds to, and transfigures the preceding moments. Finally, the false reverence that forbade the idea of man's co-operation with the divine action supposes an essential badness of human nature and an antagonism between the natural and the supernatural that are no longer defensible.

Altogether, quietistic analysis breaks down while leaving the reality and value of the experience untouched. The Quietism condemned by the Roman Church was the analysis, not the thing. But, besides their errors of analysis, the Quietists, by their depreciation of religious reasoning, provoked the hostility of the rational forces of the Church, that is, of the theologians who will more readily forgive any error than a slight on their class. Nor can it be denied that the hostility of Quietism to theology has often been too absolute and indiscriminate. To the institutional interests of the Church, their equally excessive and unqualified independence of priests and of all that priests could do was even more distasteful. They pretended to have found a short cut that would throw the professional guides out of work. As usual, there were rights and wrongs on both sides. The spread and the persistent recurrence of Quietism in one form or another show that it is needed as an antidote to the atomism and multiplicity of merely external devotion; as a call to the more difficult duty of internal peace and unification; as insisting on the gain of a sort of true ecstasy or going out of oneself occasionally by a concentration on the divine that leaves no room for attention to oneself or one's action—as it were, by a complete and renovating immersion in God; as insisting, although in an exaggerated and exclusive form, on the 'givenness' of all religious experience and on the impossibility of procuring it artificially by discursive reasoning or meditation; and, finally, as warning us against the danger of warping our growth by rigid and inadequate formulations of an experience that cannot be formulated. Plainly, then, it is in harmony and not in conflict with

the institutional and rational elements of religion that Quietism becomes fruitful and escapes illusion.

The doctrine of absolutely selfless love, though not confined to Quietists and Mystics who make such love the whole substance of religion, is nevertheless highly characteristic of their emphasis on inwardness and simplicity. Here again, what has been condemned in Fénelon as contrasted with Bossuet is rather a false analysis than the thing itself. The hyperbole of those saints who have protested their willingness to be damned, if necessary, for the greater glory of God, overlooks the truth that the essence of eternal loss is an absence of love and an indifference or hostility to God's glory. Its only sane meaning is that they are ready to sacrifice to any necessary extent their lower and individual to their higher and spiritual desires. For man's higher life is the life of the Whole that lives in him, as truly as his sexual life is the life of the species that lives in him. It is his deepest and truest selfhood, to which his organic and individual selfhood is but ministerial. The pure-love controversy ignores this double selfhood. Fénelon insists rightly that the love of God ignores the insubordinate claims of our individual selfhood; Bossuet, that all love is essentially a desire of something that the self wants; that, if we want God's glory, we are rewarded when we get it; that love is its own reward, yet still a reward; that we cannot ignore the reward and punishment side of religion, or the duty of hope. As a protest against a gross and lower self-regard, Fénelon's position is surely justified. Truth for truth's sake, justice for justice' sake, mean that, so far as any individual desire enters into the act, it is not an act of truth or justice, but of fear, or ambition, or hypocrisy, or what not. An act of justice done for fear of eternal fire is an act of physical fear and in no sense moral. To be moral it must proceed from our sense of identity and solidarity with the Whole, whose interests are our own deepest interests, i.e. from the pure love of God.

Still it is futile to ignore the claims and needs of the individual self or the importance of a certain non-moral or pre-moral discipline as preparatory to the moral life. We need the aid of bladders before we can swim, or even after, should our acquired strength fail us. Non-moral

motives can check the growth of vices that would choke the good seed in the spring. Nor can mortal man sustain himself unintermittently at his highest level. He is divine only at his best and on occasions, although his dormant aspiration may be steadily fixed on the ideal. To be impatient of that mediocrity which is necessarily the groundwork of even the most brilliant life, to condemn the good because it is not the best, is a common form of the mystic's aristocratic intolerance. Here the institutional Church, with her experience of all sorts of men and all sorts of moods, is likely to be wiser, provided that in stooping to human weakness her intention is to raise it up and not to flatter and exploit it.

The relation of mysticism to morality offers many difficulties; and mysticism, by its excesses and abuses, has done much to suggest some sort of antagonism between the two. To regard morality as the whole duty and end of religion, and religion as but tinging morality with emotion or sanctioning its precepts by supernatural rewards and punishments, is a view whose prevalence is chiefly due to Kant. When he makes religion consist in viewing morality as the Divine Will, he is not subordinating conduct to religion but conversely. God is merely postulated by the fact that virtue is not, yet ought to be, rewarded. Kant does not take a mystical view of disinterested goodness as being itself divine and uniting us dynamically with the Eternal Will; much less does he allow that this union is a higher end and duty than the moral action through which it is effected. For the converse with God at which the mystic aims, his system finds no place. This impoverishment of religion is further developed by A. Ritschl and W. Hermann. For the latter, Christ is merely the outward and God-given confirmation and approval of the message of the moral sense. God, for us, is only the paragon of human morality; whatever more He is does not concern us. Thus Hermann hopes to escape the inevitable subjective contribution to religious reality and to attain an impossible objectivity. Mysticism he defines as 'solely subjective and interior experience.' Christianity is thus the one and only religion and revelation; nor is there anything but illusion in the mystical and non-moral constituents of those other religions which belong to its historical kindred and ancestry.

In his recoil from Hegel, Hermann would purify religion of all dependence on metaphysics, philosophy, and science. Yet the Pauline and Johannine religion is openly metaphysical, and the Synoptic religion implicitly so; and the same holds for Israel and Islam, for Persia and India. Even Hermann's own religion, in what it adds to morality, is a profoundly metaphysical affirmation. Metaphysics cannot be kept out while man is man; 'expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.' Morality is not enough for man; society is not the Whole in which he lives, which lives in him, with which his deepest self is identified. His thought, his feeling, his emotion are supremely interested in the infinite overplus of reality. Religion has to do with his whole soul, and not with conduct alone. The too exclusively ethical religions of the reforming prophets or of the Buddha were unable to conquer externalism and superstition, just because these supplied some garbage to man's starved and perverted mystical appetite; and the *terre-à-terre* platitude and banality of Kant-inspired Protestantism is no doubt responsible for sundry bizarre reactions in favour of ritualism, pseudo-mysticism, and other medieval fashions.

Far from being identical, the ends of religion and morality are but imperfectly harmonised; and their complete reconciliation is an abiding problem. It is another case of the general truth that the fullest life demands a tight grasp of complementary but somewhat ill-fitting and conflicting elements, and a wise distribution of attention to each in turn. All deduction made for the influence of eschatological illusions, it is still difficult to reconcile the precepts of the Gospel with the duties and necessities of social life; and the anti-social spirit of certain forms of mysticism has ever sheltered itself behind scriptural barricades. An absorption in the eternities and immensities robs the temporal of its true relative importance, and induces an almost sceptical apathy and nervelessness; while a strenuous moral life is not only impatient of the contemplative attitude, but tends to become narrowly utilitarian and little better than a sanctified and systematic worldliness. If the tone of life is to be deep and rich, and not harsh and metallic, it needs a strong infusion of mysticism, an abiding consciousness, or at least subconsciousness, of the transcen-

dent and infinite, of the darkness that walls round our tiny sphere of light. It needs that humility begotten of a felt finitude, evanescence, and dependence which we find in Socrates, in the Greek tragedians, in Dante, in Shakespeare, and without which man becomes ever more pert and provincial with every step of his progress. Untempered by such humility, morality easily becomes pharisaical, and more perilous to character (as Christ perceived) than vice itself.

In his attitude towards the problem of evil, the mystic, with his passion for unification, his impatience of multiplicity, is apt to be superficially optimistic, to view evil as an illusion of our ignorance and one-sided outlook, or as a dark background to enhance the beauty of the universe, or as a mere negation of good or greater good—theories that cut away the motive of man's moral struggle, and are implicitly contradicted by the mystic's own combat with antagonistic spiritual forces. No doubt evil is not a substance, but a quality of wills that are positive substantial forces. Nor is an ultimate pessimism compatible with spiritual life and effort. We need to ponder the good as well as the evil; life is not all tension, not all storm and stress. We need a certain blind faith and hope that in the end all shall be well. But a proximate pessimism, a view of evil as positive, as a kingdom of Satan set over against the kingdom of God, an acquiescence in the mysterious fact of irrational disorderly elements in the world, is not only characteristic of Synoptic Christianity, but the condition of a vigorous moral and spiritual life.

The mystics derive their negative views of evil ultimately from Plato through Plotinus and Augustine. It is plainly a theory shaped in the interests of an intellectual synthesis, and then forced upon the awkward facts of experience that burst out of it on every side. It could never have been suggested by, or derived from, those facts. It is naturally congenial to the mystic's preoccupation with alphas and omegas, and his tendency to foreshorten the whole historical process in such a way as to see the consummation, 'the glory of the sum of things,' immanent already in the present chaos. Still men may be both better and worse than their theories, and, of those mystics who have held this negative and logically

immoral view of evil, most have been unaffected by it in practice. It may perhaps have been invoked in defence of the antinomianism of those pseudo-mystics who, in utter contempt of the institutional and rational elements of religion, have scorched their wings in the sun and come crashing to earth; who, desiring to be more than human, have become less; and by whom mysticism has so often been brought into disrepute as indifferent to morality. Against this moral 'solipsism' there is no better safeguard than a conscious solidarity with the institutional Church, with society, with the rational order of the whole world.

The idea that mysticism implies a special sort of *gnosis*, the exercise of a faculty lacking to or dormant in others, needs to be exploded. All that mysticism implies is an emphasis and more exclusive use of certain processes and operations common to all minds. Every one is something of a mystic; no one is nothing but a mystic. The least mystical soul, in its contact with the finite, contingent, and relative, experiences a certain distress or dissatisfaction deriving from its immediate contact, its solidarity with the absolute and infinite. As correlatives, these two orders of being are co-present to consciousness, though not necessarily to distinct perception. We forget the burden in the melody, the monotonous background of space in its varying determination. To attend to the constant without being distracted by the variable, calls for a special effort or a special facility.

We have at last abandoned the idea of 'proving' the existence of God. If he is what religion says, the sovereign necessity of our spiritual nature, we must hold him by something stronger than a string of syllogisms. He must be given to us as the light is to our eyes or the air to our lungs. If he is not to be found in us as the necessary presupposition of our thought and action, we can safely dispense with him. What we have to do is to show men that they affirm God in every breath, to teach them the mystic's habit of attention to the constant that underlies the variable elements of their consciousness. That man knows that he is relative and anthropomorphic means that he is more, that he can stand above and outside himself, and measure himself against the infinite and eternal. Every act of disinterested goodness, every

pure sacrifice to truth and justice, proves his sense of solidarity with a Spirit whose claims are absolute and imperative.

Following in the steps of Volkelt's searching criticism of Kant's epistemology, Baron von Hügel insists that to invalidate the mystic's constructions on the score of subjectivity alone would be to invalidate the very simplest forms of our knowledge into which a subjective contribution enters of necessity. From first to last, from the most rudimentary perception up to the highest philosophical synthesis, reality or truth is never received as a passive impression, but is produced and created by the subject in response to such impression. A certain instinctive faith, which a reflex scepticism can resist only by refusing to deny it, enters into our simplest affirmations and accompanies every step of our inferential processes. The God-idea of the mystic is neither more nor less a natural response to certain stimulations than those elementary judgments on which the whole fabric of our knowledge rests. It is, then, in its emphasis and its interest, not in its process, that mystical differs from ordinary thought.

An exceedingly abstruse question, treated by Baron von Hügel with astonishing erudition and insight, is the problem of human and divine personality suggested by the mystic's consciousness of union with and absorption in God. It is impossible to enlarge upon it here. To me it seems best to insist on the constitutional inability of the human mind to find any category for the divine, and for our relation to it, that does not involve some anti-nomy. Error consists in asserting the adequacy and complete validity of any such category. This recognised, and acknowledging the great practical superiority of the human category of theism, which is also that of the Christian revelation, there is no reason why philosophy should not hold them altogether as imperfectly complementing one another—deism, theism, pantheism, panentheism, polytheism, immanence, transcendence, identity, duality. Each stands for some aspect of an inaccessible truth that determines our feeling and practical attitude towards the divine, and contributes to the fullness and richness of our spiritual life. The most carefully guarded theism cannot escape anthropomorphism; however ethe-

realised and sublimated, the human form is there. Pantheism dehumanises, but takes as much as it gives; deism emphasises transcendence at the expense of immanence; and so on. The mystic is one to whom the unitive, pantheistic, or at least the panentheistic, aspects of the divinity are as congenial as the deistic, polytheistic, and anthropomorphic aspects are to the institutional mind. But here again, on either side, an exclusive emphasis is impoverishing to the soul and a dogmatic assertion to the understanding. We need to balance ourselves both in thought and action between the partly lawful, partly unlawful, claims of gnosticism and agnosticism. 'He, They, One, All, within, without'—God cannot be all these at once in himself, nor even for us, at the same moment or in the same thought and feeling. Yet it is by the alternating influence of such conflicting aspects that our attitude towards him is best adjusted.

Though directly occupied with mysticism, Baron von Hügel is necessarily drawn into the philosophy of religion in general, and in particular of the Christian religion, that has grown out of what was originally a Jewish revival, and has incorporated what is best (and a good deal that is only second-best) in the religious tradition of the whole world—a religion whose thought is occupied with the four invariable problems, God, Man, the World, Redemption; a religion that is institutional, mystical, and rational, as tense as it is multiple, optimistic yet pessimistic, transcendent yet immanent, of this world yet of the other world, a dualism yet a unification, whose ethic is at once human and religious; and yet a religion that began in a violent one-sided reaction against the interests that may be trusted to look after themselves.

The present crisis of Christianity, due to the intensified conflict between the rational on one side and the institutional and mystical on the other, is carefully handled. It is shown to be the tardy but inevitable fruit of that Platonic contempt for the contingent and particular, that mystico-ascetical search for God away from and not through the historical and positive, which dominated medieval Catholicism to the prejudice not only of science, but of religion itself, from which it took away the subject-matter of its conflict and the instrument of its service. Poor and unsatisfying in itself, the world

of determinism as constructed by science gives a point of view, a cast of feeling, that are necessary as a discipline to religion. Its perfect synthesis with the religious aim and outlook will always be an unattained ideal. But the painful quest of it remains an indispensable duty that cannot be shirked without grave loss.

On no one soul can the burden of all these difficult syntheses be laid—of rational, mystical, and institutional; of immanence and transcendence; of ethical ends and religious ends. It is only in the bosom of the community and through the course of generations that the process is effected. Yet the total result is reached through individual contributions; and what one might call the synthetic and comprehensive effort is a duty for each as for all. To each some particular aspect of the collective problem presents itself, some special trait, with its attendant temptation to some special one-sidedness. Solidarity with a community, with a system, is the only safeguard against that sort of impoverishing individualism which is the extremest form of provincialism.

In St Catherine of Genoa Baron von Hügel finds an excellent illustration of many of his principles. The limitations of her mystical life are mainly those of the Neo-Platonic tradition, whose influences reached her, directly or indirectly, through pseudo-Dionysius. She is also indebted to the Paulo-Johannine writings and to Jacopone da Todi. Her religion is but slightly, if at all, Synoptic or incarnational, scarcely affected by the humanity and passion of Christ. Her conceptions of God are static, spatial, abstract. Her communions seem almost her only debt to the institutional Church. Yet she is singularly sane and broad, one might say singularly modern. Her preoccupation with practical matters, with things, preserved and developed her common-sense and brought her into close relation with other minds and average ways of thinking and feeling. Unlike her biographers, she attaches no spiritual importance to the psycho-physical irregularities consequent on her exhausting spiritual concentration. They are ill-health for her, and nothing more. She is chiefly interesting on account of her doctrine, which is here studied as illustrating the forms and categories of her mystical thought. Her 'Treatise on Purgatory' supplied the

foundation of Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius.' To make Love the purgatorial fire, to believe in a moral and spiritual amelioration of the soul in purgatory, has ceased to be orthodox. Purgatory is now a place of purely vindictive and non-medicinal punishment which can be expiated vicariously by the sacrifices, indulgences, and masses of the living. The souls in purgatory are spiritually and morally as ready for heaven as they will ever be; but till the score of pain is wiped out there is no admittance.

This unlovely development is a triumph of the institutional over the mystical—let us hope, only a temporary triumph. The whole of her eschatology, her doctrine of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, is carefully studied in the light of history, philosophy, and theology. It is highly 'interpretative' as judged by standard orthodoxy. She lived at a time before the dogmatic moulds were as firmly set as they have since become; and, were she not a canonised saint, she would hardly escape condemnation. In spite of all that is truly great and deep in her, one sometimes regrets that Baron von Hügel did not select for his illustration some of the richer and less monotonous mystics. Even at the end, her personality seems thin and shadowy beside that of a St Teresa, a St Francis of Assisi, a St John of the Cross, or, little or nothing as we know of her history, Mother Juliana of Norwich. We are also tempted to wonder how he would have treated religion from its rational side, exemplified in a St Athanasius or a St Thomas of Aquin; or from its institutional side, illustrated by a St Charles Borromeo or a St Ignatius of Loyola.

However necessarily difficult in parts, these two volumes, into which a scholar and student has compressed the learning and reflections of a lifetime, deserve their place as a classical treatise, not merely on mysticism but on the whole philosophy of religion.

G. TYRRELL.

Art. 6.—RECENT FRENCH POETRY; AND RACINE.

1. *Anthologie des Poètes français contemporains* (1866–1906). By G. Walch. Three vols. Paris: Delagrave, 1907.
2. *The Claims of French Poetry*. By John C. Bailey. London: Constable, 1907.
3. *Jean Racine*. By Jules Lemaître. Paris: Lévy, 1908.
4. *Auguste Angellier. Pages choisies (prose et vers)*. Edited by Émile Legouis. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1908.
5. *The Pleasant Land of France*. By R. E. Prothero. London: Murray, 1908.

And other works.

It is but a few generations after all since writers and scholars of authority among us began to neglect the French poetical achievement, and to doubt solemnly whether the race and the language were not radically incapable of any excellence that way. An Englishman seeking to revive his countrymen's interest in the poets of France may appeal from an almost recent indifference to a tradition of appreciative intercourse far older than any English verse that most of us can read without a dictionary. French poetry, indeed, came into England with the chanting of the Song of Roland before the Conqueror's host at Hastings; and for two centuries and more England was, 'for literary purposes, a French province.' Not a little excellent French verse was made here; but later, and for hundreds of years after the English Court learned English, all that was cultivated in this island still delighted in French tale and song, and no foreign influence upon our literature was so fruitful or so constant. Our poets using our speech long owned, with all Western Europe, a real dependence both upon themes grown illustrious with the spreading of the *langue d'oïl* and upon the formal invention of their fellows across the Channel.

The emancipating genius of Chaucer himself was notoriously their debtor, not only for great part of his matter but for the basis of a prosody farther refined by Italian example, and cunningly adapted to the habits of the native ear. The great Scotsman Dunbar was not ashamed to borrow from the poetical treasury of the

national ally; and at the Revival, if Shakespeare and the other playwrights owed nothing directly to French poets, and knew little of them, our lyrist paid them equal honour with those of Italy. Sidney, Spenser, Watson, Lodge, Drummond, are a few names of English poets who in 'the spacious days' enriched our store by spoiling the famous Pleiad. What Milton owed to the Huguenot Du Bartas matters little; but the *poètes de ruelle* had some credit with the generation of Denham and Waller; and French influence upon the Restoration taste in poetry, as in other things, while often deplored and sometimes exaggerated, was undeniably considerable. Dryden, to be sure, while freely allowing to the French the palm for criticism, set a low value on their poetical genius. But at least one good English poet of his age, Thomas Otway, was a professed disciple of Racine's; Prior sat at the feet of French epigrammatists; and Pope without Boileau would have been a very different writer, and possibly a worse.

In short, French poets were prized by many generations of Englishmen, and especially of English poets in whom we still delight; and the indifferent or depreciative attitude towards them, were it ever so reasonable, is in any case not old. The change came about, we suppose, at a period in which French verse was sunk to a lower level even than ours, and when, with Saint-Lambert paraphrasing the 'Seasons' and Ducis gelding 'Hamlet' and 'Othello,' our neighbours were repaying our ancient admiration in the base coin current. It was not long before the height of a newfangled contempt for their poetical pretensions was reached. In our own most glorious lyrical age it became an axiom that 'the French taste'—a poison none was at the pains to analyse—was chiefly answerable for the late fit of lyrical sterility in England. The complete vindication of Shakespeare and the rediscovery of his comrades and rivals, the praise of Scott and Coleridge, Wordsworth and Byron, Shelley and Keats, went along with the indiscriminate condemnation of such French poets as were still occasionally read; the master tragedians of the seventeenth century and Nicolas Boileau shared the disgrace into which the drawing-room poetasters of the eighteenth were deservedly fallen; and a volume of airy

judgments might be easily compiled from the writings of such famous critics as Hazlitt, Landor, and De Quincey, of which the general tenour is that poetical feeling was never within the range of the French temperament, and that of all idioms old and new the French is congenitally the most alien to the sweetness and dignity of verse.

Even while they wrote, the young art of Lamartine and Vigny and Hugo was preluding upon their venerable instrument with a sureness which attested its vitality, and beginning to explore its aptitudes in new or deserted modes. But, eighty years ago, who could have foreseen the brilliant revenge of the French imagination, an uninterrupted spell of lyrical fecundity which even yet shows no sign of exhaustion? What is strange, and a little humiliating, is that an apathy and a prejudice resting upon a temporary pretext should not have yielded to the evidence of a hundred masterpieces produced in that prolific interval. Not, of course, that there have not been Englishmen who felt and proclaimed the fascination of modern French poetry and followed eagerly the procession of its glories; but the plain fact will not bear disputing, that the immensely greater number of our countrymen, bred to revere the Greek and Roman poets, familiar with the best of ours, often capable, for that matter, of quoting Dante in Italian, are still incredulous of claims they are not curious to examine. It is still their superstition that what is French is not poetry, and what is poetry is not French. They have had no ear for the Romantics; and the Parnassians sang in vain for them. Vigny, Musset, Gautier, Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle, Verlaine, Samain, Verhaeren, are little more than names in England; and Victor Hugo himself, to whose sovereignty three generations of poets bowed, is merely or principally the author of 'Les Misérables.'

We are not so sanguine as to assume that the period of injustice in this matter will be very soon spent; but it is at least a hopeful symptom of reaction that more than one English writer of distinction and competence has been lately endeavouring to stir the curiosity of a wider public in favour of particular French poets, and to communicate something of the enjoyment he has drawn from them. Since Mr George Wyndham's whole-hearted praise of Ronsard and his company, which may almost

be said to mark a date in our intellectual relations with the French, we have read nothing of the kind more useful or more stimulating than the series of studies in which Mr John C. Bailey has urged some at any rate of the claims of French poetry upon an indifferent generation. We only regret that a great part of this excellent book is beside the main purpose of the present article, which is to illustrate briefly some tendencies of recent French poetry, and, with the diffidence which becomes foreign critics, to appraise its more conspicuous productions—a task rendered very much easier by the valuable anthology of M. Walch.* In the general neglect of which we have spoken, the living and lately living poets have fared, if anything, worse than their illustrious elders; and the most obvious reason is that their works, and the very titles of their works, have been too little ventilated here. Yet most men read by preference the writings of their day; and it may be taken for granted that any genuine revival of interest in French poetry as a whole will depend largely upon the measure in which English lovers of poetry are brought acquainted with its newest achievements and attracted by them. The larger half of Mr Bailey's volume deals with poets of other ages. He writes with knowledge, with amenity, sometimes with enthusiasm, of Marot, of Pierre de Ronsard (whose name we notice is docked of its *particule*), of André Chénier, of Victor Hugo. We will only venture to commend these studies by the way, and to single out that upon La Fontaine as an admirably just and sensitive appreciation. But what Mr Bailey has to say about Leconte de Lisle and about Heredia falls within the limits we have set ourselves; and we hope it will seem a pardonable digression if we dwell a little upon two introductory chapters of a wider scope, which are to be read as an attempt, in the words of the preface, at explaining the English neglect of French poetry, 'and even, to some extent and in some cases, at justifying it.'

In Mr Bailey's view the prejudice which persists against French poetry as a whole, however absurd, is but the generalisation of a judgment, not unwarranted,

* M. Walch's publisher, Delagrave, has also published recently an 'Anthologie des Poètes français du XIX^e Siècle (1800-1860)' in one small volume.

upon a certain part of it, the French classical tragedy. This prejudice, he observes,

'is, as a rule, not definite or limited; it is indefinite and general. And this is where the mistake lies. It is true, so far as I can judge, that the claim of Racine to rank with Virgil, or Corneille with Æschylus, is one that will not bear examination; but it does not follow from that that French poetry as a whole is a thing we may put aside as not worthy of attention' (pp. 5, 6).

Evidently it does not follow; and these able studies are a proof that a very moderate respect for those great French names is compatible with a sympathetic delight in other poets of the same race and speech. Still less, it may be thought, need any foreigner to whom the beauties of 'Andromaque' and 'Athalie' are strange be discouraged from reading the contemporary writers of French verse; their characteristics will surely surprise and disconcert any one who has founded on a perfunctory acquaintance with those tragedies a summary notion of what constitutes the essential French spirit manifesting itself in poetry. But for our own part we would go much farther; for it is our impression that to study some typical French poets of to-day is not only to enlarge a narrow conception of the French poetical capacity; they may even serve to throw new light upon that glorious phase of literature which appears to offer some warrant for a specious but too absolute judgment.

In judging of a foreign literature, nothing is easier or more dangerous than to fasten upon certain qualities and defects which are conspicuous at particular stages of its development, to insulate them so that they seem always present in an extreme degree, and in a word, to treat them as exclusive. It was thus, perhaps, that a writer of strong talent and prodigious reading, Hippolyte Taine, formed his gigantic misconception of the English spirit in literature. Every student of French poetry, we imagine, has been struck by a genius of verbal probity in the language, by the tone of discourse or of conversation which most frequently prevails, by the network of prosodical defences with which French verse has been fortified in its severance from imaginative prose, by an absence of tumult, a constant appeal to reason, a relative

indifference to all that is not human life. These virtues and limitations, we say, are to be observed up and down French poets in all ages, and at one very short period—possibly not the greatest, but certainly the most autonomous, the most national of all—they dominate universally. Exaggerate their definition, suppose them unbalanced and uncompensated, and you will conceive of French poetry in the Augustan age as essentially earth-bound, artificial, declamatory, insipid; and, if you neglect the vast field of medieval literature, if you treat the Romantic era as an accident, but especially if you leave out of account the poetry of the last generation, you will be tempted to speak in some such terms of the whole French contribution to the poetry of Europe.

Mr Bailey is very far, need it be said? from this intolerance. His book is largely a protest against the idea that the Augustans represent all that is best worth knowing of French poetry; and in the Augustans themselves (as his tribute to La Fontaine bears witness) there is much that he values greatly. Nevertheless his apology—candid, explicit and spirited—for our national attitude in this matter involves, to our mind, some unjustified concessions to a curiously crude and trenchant prejudice. That with regard to French poetry 'the main current of cultivated opinion has remained cold, if not contemptuous' is not, he thinks (p. 21), to be ascribed to mere ignorance or mere insular arrogance; and we agree that the case is much more complex.

'We know at least as much of French poetry' (he says) 'as Frenchmen know of English. Indeed, there is evidence that we know more; for no one here would think, in writing a book about a French poet, of giving quotations from an English version instead of from the French original, while English poetry can apparently be presented to the French public only in the form of translation. . . . The result of this contrast is, of course, that we are in a much better position to judge them than they are to judge us, for no translation of poetry has ever given more than a faint reflection of the original.'

And yet for one Englishman who tolerates Racine, a thousand Frenchmen venerate Shakespeare! But, to be frank, we suspect there is a good deal of complacency in the common reluctance to offer a quotation from a

French poet in English ; and we doubt if it proves anything more than (what is notorious) that a little French is a more ordinary accomplishment here than a little English in France. When it comes to a deeper comprehension, who shall say whether we or they have more fit readers of each other's poetry ? How many Englishmen in our time, or any time, have produced such a full, scrupulous, penetrating study of a great French poet as M. Auguste Angellier's unique study of Robert Burns, or one so solid and thorough as M. Huchon's work on Crabbe ? A translation is, no doubt, at best a makeshift ; but the advantage of reading the original is not so apparent when, if the words of a foreign language are familiar, the very rudiments of its prosody are a secret. And in our experience, if a knowledge of French may safely be presumed in cultivated Englishmen, so may a complete ignorance of that which distinguishes French verse from French prose. This obstacle has its importance. It is not confined, of course, to French poetry. But a schoolboy approaches Sophocles and Virgil with at least a mechanical notion of Greek and Latin metre ; modern German verse, upon this score, offers no serious difficulty to English ears, accustomed as they are to a strong stress and lax rimes ; and even Italian rhythm is a thing less subtle and less alien to us than the French. We are not sure that, among all the causes which might be alleged to explain our indifference to French poetry, the want of initiation into its formal qualities is not the most effective as well as the most obvious of any.

At least, we may suspect, it goes far to account for the fact that the charm of a Racine is peculiarly inaccessible to Englishmen. Mr Bailey is right in treating that great poet as the stumbling-block on which our countrymen are most apt to trip at the threshold of the French poetical domain ; but we confess that we are not of his opinion as to the extravagance of the claims made for him in France. Racine's reputation there, like Shakespeare's in England, has known strange vicissitudes. In the nineteenth century it had a period of eclipse ; long since it emerged more brilliant than ever from the vaporous disparagements of Romantic intolerance. Never precisely popular, his is yet a supremely national glory ;

but, unless we utterly misunderstand the kind of veneration which is paid him, few sane Frenchmen think of Racine (to use Mr Bailey's expression) as a 'world-poet.' It might without absurdity be applied, in one sense, to Molière and, in another, to Victor Hugo; and among imaginative writers whose vehicle is prose, there is a whole world, grotesque and emblematical, in Rabelais, and a whole world, alive and probable, in Balzac. Whether any of these, whether all of these are greater than Racine is another question: every one who reads chooses his own hierarchy. Though they are not less French than he, they do not exhibit quintessentially, as he does, the rarest and most intimate virtues of the French mind. But it is possible to measure them with Shakespeare, or Homer, or Dante, or Goethe in breadth of aim; Racine only in the possession of particular qualities. Mr Bailey, accepting his work as the 'highest flight of the French poetical genius,' finds him wanting in some which he thinks essential to great poetry.

'The poet in showing the individual must suggest the universal, in speaking of the seen must seem to speak also of the unseen, must deal with time as if he touched eternity. . . . French poetry is too much occupied with saying what it has to say, and saying it with unequalled point and precision. . . . It is of the very essence of poetry to suggest a thousand things which it can never say. Its effect, a totally different one from that of the best prose, is produced as much by breathed hints and whispers as by spoken words, as much, one might almost say, by silence as by speech. It is the weakness of French poetry that it too rarely works in this way; above all it is the weakness of French drama' (p. 23).

We are not, we think, disfiguring Mr Bailey's thought in saying that he finds Racine at once literal and shallow, deficient in largeness of vision, in the power of verbal suggestion, and in the consciousness of mystery in the universe. Racine, indeed, belongs to an age in which French poetry was busy with conduct and averse from cosmic problems; in nature it saw only human nature; a common certitude underlay its most passionate inventions; the pathos of doubt, theodicy, and spiritual anguish lay outside the compass of its creative effects. If Racine does not 'feel after the key to the secret of life,' that is, in the first place, because this Catholic poet believed

himself to possess it, and, in the second, because his matter was, exclusively, the eternal conflict of passion and reason, exemplified in a short crisis by personages endowed with a legendary prestige. The scrupulous relevance to which he condemned their confidences confined him for the most part to the immediate interest of the action; yet in how many passages his verse evokes wider horizons, conveys the sense of distance, and even offers a glimpse of the infinite beyond the actual! We will only instance the opening scene of 'Mithridate' and Jehoiada's prophesyings in 'Athalie.' As for the enchantment which resides in reticence, there is no quality which the French critics are more unanimous in ascribing to Racine. Measured, sober, discreet, disdainful of obvious and violent invitations to emotion—such he has ever seemed to his countrymen; and, on the other hand, he is that French poet who most surely touches the heart. How can these epithets be reconciled unless we admit that he works as much by suggestion as by the express or conventional significance of words? M. Remy de Gourmont can even say of his characters, with some conscious exaggeration, that 'they express passions of the utmost intensity in a style which is abstract, frozen, and diplomatic.' The adjectives must be softened to be entirely true; and yet we do not read as a contradiction, but as complementary, this other phrase of M. Barrès: 'A long dagger pierces our hearts while our eyes follow the verses of Racine.'

Restraint, a certain voluntary confinement within ideal limits—this is surely part of Racine's definition. No French critic would scruple to admit that his art is severely conditional; and the fact that he accepted not only his matter but his material, and was content to draw from it all that was possible without radical transformation, distinguishes him at once from Shakespeare or Hugo or Dante or Goethe. He brought to perfection a purely native and original form of art, which was already definite when he began to write—French tragedy—which Becq de Fouquières calls 'the noble occupation of a fair leisure, the ideal recreation of a fastidious and tranquil mind,' and of which Stéphane Mallarmé has somewhere written that 'the purpose latent in its scanty drapery was not antiquity rekindled

in its white ashes, but to exhibit the great human postures and, as it were, our moral modelling in a neutral or nearly neutral atmosphere.' And of the Alexandrine—one of the great poetical measures of the world—such as it had been handed down to his day by six centuries of evolution, he is the unapproachable master, who exploited its utmost resources and brought it to the brink of the deep changes only realised long after by the Romantic generation. These are two of Racine's titles: a magnificent maker of verse, infinitely supple and sonorous, and the greatest maker of tragedy, such as the French conceive that form of poem. He has others; but that his countrymen have constantly insisted upon these, which are admittedly of an order somewhat special, is proof enough that they are so far from seeking to impose him as a 'world-poet' on the world as to value him above all upon what he achieved under definite conditions which they are best qualified to appreciate.

What claims are made for Racine by accredited representatives of the French classical tradition at this day may best be seen in the masterly series of lectures—a monument of constructive criticism—which M. Jules Lemaitre devoted recently to the life and work of Racine. Of his style, he notes that it expresses everything by the simplest means. 'Its great merit is that it uses us gently, that its audacities are not ostentatious, nor continuous, nor oppressive by their frequency.' And he concludes (p. 323):

'I am tempted to believe that there is a part of Racine which will always be inaccessible to foreigners, and—who knows?—perhaps as much to those who come from too far South as to those who come from too far North. The thing is a mystery. It is that by which Racine expresses what I would call the genius of our race: order, reason, emotion kept within bounds, and strength underlying grace. The tragedies of Racine imply a very ancient native country. In a kind of poetry at once so orderly and so thrilling it is ourselves we love.'

We have allowed ourselves, at the risk of disproportion, to linger over some points raised in the course of Mr Bailey's introductory defence of the common English attitude towards the French tragic poets, because we

have never seen the case presented with so much candour, liberality, and precision. We differ widely from his appreciation of Racine. We cannot feel with him when he pronounces that "Andromaque" is cold; "Samson Agonistes" is severe; we have never discovered in the French poet a trace of 'ingenious rhetoric,' if that implies a substitution of clever argument for the natural expression of character; and we are disconcerted by such a phrase as 'the monotonous beat of the rimed couplet of Racine.' But we agree with him in almost every case where he seeks to show, by a comparison of passages expressing a similar thought, or provoked by an analogous situation, that particular beauties which we admire in Shakespeare or Æschylus or Dante are absent, or very rare, in Racine. And it is fair to say that he recognises several artistic virtues—of a secondary order—in the Frenchman, and that the spirit of his criticism is entirely different from that in which Macaulay, after Hazlitt, made fun of 'Madame Hermione' and 'the Seigneur Oreste,' forgetting that Brutus in Shakespeare is 'Sir,' and Cleopatra 'Madam.'

But we were specially anxious to join issue with him on the question whether 'a just impatience at extravagant claims' set up on Racine's behalf really accounts for a general neglect of French poetry among us. It is likely enough that such a distaste for Racine has carried us in that direction. If we were asked why English people so commonly dislike Racine, we should say, partly because Racine is peculiarly a poet of his own soil; partly because Englishmen very seldom know, or care to know, how to read French verses; and partly because it is traditional to connect the name of Racine with the supremacy of the 'classical' influence upon our own literature—an influence shaken off with a good deal of noise about a hundred years ago. But in this distaste, however explicable, we are sure that a feeling of disappointment has no legitimate share. No Englishman sits down to read Racine expecting to discover another Shakespeare; or, if he does, it is not the fault of the French critics. Their admiration may be self-sufficient, but is surely not imperious. Rather the French attitude towards Racine might be likened to the feeling of many Scotsmen about Burns; it inclines to jealousy of foreign admirers.

Racine does really belong to an order of great writers who, to be at all fairly appreciated, require an uncommon and sympathetic familiarity with national habits of thought and feeling. There are many in our own literature whose essence similarly escapes readers of another race who have not passed through a long initiation; and not only writers of prose like Bunyan, or Johnson, or Charles Lamb, but also great poets, Donne and Blake, and even Shelley and Milton. It is no Englishman's fault if he does not hear the music of Racine with French ears; but let us beware of confusing a native difference with a demonstrable superiority; and let us be persuaded that the ever-new delight we take in this or that majestic reach of limpid poetry in 'Lycidas' or 'Comus' is not keener or surer or more authentic than the exaltation with which intensely cultivated Frenchmen still drink in such lines as:

'Il faut se croire aimé pour se croire infidèle. . . .
Souveraine des mers qui la doivent porter . . .
Le fer moissonna tout, et la terre humectée
But à regret le sang des neveux d'Érechtée . . .
J'ai votre fille ensemble et ma gloire à défendre;
Pour aller jusqu'au cœur que vous voulez percer
Voilà par quel chemin vos coups doivent passer . . .
Dieux, que ne suis-je assise à l'ombre des forêts!'

The effect is not less, and the means by which it is produced are not so much unequal as incomparable.

The able and for the most part generous appreciation of seven other French poets which we owe to Mr Bailey enforces the proposition that, though Racine disappoint us, his country's poetry is yet worth studying. After what has been said, it may be unnecessary to add that we prefer another and perhaps less conciliatory standpoint. We are not sure that Racine represents absolutely the highest flight of the French poetical genius, but we have no doubt that to understand his enchantment completely is the crown of a long converse with French poetry.

For the present we desire to connect what we have ventured to advance in his favour with some slight survey of another period—our own—a period in which French

poetry, prolific and flourishing as ever, though it has achieved nothing that deserves to be preferred to the Augustan masterpieces or even placed beside them—the later poetry of Victor Hugo excepted—has yet a vast quantity of distinguished work to its credit. A high level of accomplishment is not its only attraction. The extraordinary variety of its output, the very incoherence which may seem to result from the different theories of expression alternately prevailing, the revelation of unsuspected resources in language, as well as the stubborn survival of some ancient characteristics of French art—these things enhance the abundant and curious interest of the French poetical movement in the last few decades.

The *Anthology* of M. Walch concentrates in its three volumes more than forty years of intense poetical activity. It appears to reflect compendiously some hundreds of very diverse temperaments and talents; and, crowded as it is with fine things, we can imagine no more delightful companion for lovers of French verse, no display of its modern graces more likely to allure the foreign reader who has neglected this part of literature. But, thanks to the notices prefixed to each selection and to the fine preface contributed by the lamented poet Sully-Prudhomme, it is a still more valuable guide to the history of the variations which the poetical idea has undergone, within a relatively short space of time, in a country where the practice of an art has never been separated from the discussion of its methods and its end. An extremely useful summary of dates, events, and titles is the smallest benefit of these notices; they abound in authoritative expressions of opinion on works and schools by well-known critics. The editor, with rare self-effacement, has been sparing of his own comments. The choice of examples, of course, is his; and we should be surprised if, in the general judgment, M. Walch has not deserved the highest praise of a compiler, and is not allowed to have passed over no name that had serious claims to this sort of distinction. In the earlier part especially he has grasped the opportunity which such a selection offered to guard against injustice a type of genuine and recognised talent which is, so to speak, more engaging in sample than in bulk. Such, among the

poets excerpted here, are Joseph Autran, the sea-poet of Marseilles; Soulay, the exquisite Lyonnese sonneteer; the noble Hellenist Ménard (whose 'Stoïcisme' is one of the gems of the book); Louis Bouilhet, the friend of Flaubert; Albert Glatigny, a vagabond singer of admirable virtuosity; and Armand Silvestre, whose rarely plastic gift of verse is probably less known than his achievements in quite another and more profitable kind. We might add to these perhaps the name of M. Jean Richepin, whose exasperated Romanticism is fatiguing in the vein of revolt, but who has sometimes shown himself a delicate artist; and that of Catulle Mendès, who will be long remembered in French literary history for his friendships and his part in promoting various movements, but survived his reputation as a supple and once uncompromising, if assimilative, poet.

The editor may possibly be thought to have incurred the contrary reproach of profuseness and an inexacting standard. Certainly in these volumes there are striking inequalities of merit; and we remark some disproportion in the space allotted to the Parnassian time and to the more recent poets respectively. We do not complain of this, since it is with writers who have flourished since the death of Hugo that we are principally concerned here, though it will be convenient to speak shortly of their immediate predecessors also; but we fancy there are a good many young men making French verses to-day to whom the honours of an anthology have been awarded a little easily, or at least somewhat prematurely. For it is not always a matter of actual worth, but of prejudging a poetical character not yet crystallised.

M. Walch takes up the thread of the French poetical development at the moment when a heterogeneous group of poets, some already famous, but most of them young and obscure, became associated in an occasional publication devoted to poetry and called 'Le Parnasse contemporain.' The prime mover of this venture, along with the publisher Lemerre, was M. Xavier de Ricard, a poet and journalist who had been less fortunate in other lines. M. de Ricard has deservedly a place in this collection; and the short account of his changeful life includes some reminiscences of the famous enterprise. They confirm the glimpse which Sully-Prudhomme's

introduction gives of a strenuous time, and correct the common impression that the contributors to 'Le Parnasse' adhered from the first to the views and aspirations distinguished later as 'Parnassian.' Indeed it is clear from the list of names which figured in the original issue that no thought of founding an exclusive school of poetry could have brought together so motley a company—veterans of the Romantic armies, repentant Romantics like Théophile Gautier, independents and eclectics of all sorts, the gay agility of Banville, the desolate and sinister perfection of Baudelaire, Laprade's grave, homiletic nature-worship, and Leconte de Lisle with his train of eager and austere disciples. It was the last, however, who was to impose a distinct bias for twenty years upon the whole poetical movement. No French poet since the youth of Hugo had acquired such authority as Leconte de Lisle, for none had illustrated clearer aims by a more masterly performance. To a whole young aristocracy of letters 'Poèmes antiques' brought the rarest artistic satisfaction; and the disdainful paradoxes of its preface (scarcely attenuated by the preface to 'Poèmes et Poésies') had been accepted at once as a gospel and as a manifesto—hardly less important than Du Bellay's 'Deffence et Illustration' on the eve of Ronsard's triumph, or the preface to Hugo's 'Cromwell' in the heat of the Romantic battle.

The poetry of this great leader and his ideas about poetry are too personal to be contained in a few formulas; but the general tendencies of his school are not obscure. Inheriting the elemental liberties not long wrested from the hands of the effete tyrant called Classicism, it represented a partial reaction, from within, against the excesses and disorder, the insincere postures and unlimited expansion of the Romantics. While a wider public, whose only contact with modern poetry was the stage, took refuge in the mediocrity of Ponsard from a drama magnificently defying common-sense, all the energy of the new lyrists was dedicated to a severer ideal of their art. They sought to subordinate enthusiasm to perfect workmanship, to verify and reduce to order the formal conquests of their elders, to substitute a patient study of past ages and distant lands for their crude local colour and exaggerated interest in ruins. Rhapsody and confes-

sions and self-worship were abjured along with religious apostrophe and political satire. Emotion was to reside wholly in things reproduced; art must be as impassive as nature and as exact as science. The result was an admirable efflorescence of faultless verse, with a limited appeal; for the Parnassian inspiration was largely erudite, and the Parnassian principles proscribed some eternal sources of lyricism.

Mr Bailey devotes to Leconte de Lisle a study which is well worth reading, and seems to us to lay a just emphasis on the capital merits of that poet. He compares him to Walter Landor; and the comparison is apt. The two men meet, he says, 'in a common love of classical literature, in a common disdain of many things that filled a large space in the eyes of the world of their day, and in a common capacity for admirable workmanship.' They meet also, let us add, in a common spirit of fierce, aristocratic republicanism, if the term may pass; but, what is more important, their work seems to us to have a common quality which has been defined as 'the beauty of death.' We will temper this remark by saying that the marmorean stillness of Leconte's style does not impress us at all as the reflection of an Oriental indolence or languor. It is possible that his pessimism, and the spell which, among other ancient poems of the world, the sacred books and epics of India cast upon him, and the prevalence of a tropical atmosphere in his poems, are all to be connected with the fact that he was born in an island of the Indian Ocean. But, when Mr Bailey suggests that he never really became a European, and calls him an 'intellectual planter in a tropical garden,' he forgets for a minute that the same pen which wrote 'Midi' wrote also, in the middle of the great siege, that robust, superb, and ferocious 'Sacre de Paris.' Leconte's hatred, at any rate—of the Church for instance, and the Middle Ages—was singularly energetic; so was his criticism, particularly when he spoke his mind about the great, but really languorous, Lamartine; and those who knew him never thought of him, by all accounts, as apathetic, even in a bodily sense. 'Un magnifique animal humain' is a description of him by a living writer whom we have quoted already, and who has also given a luminous definition of the poet. 'Perhaps his genius

fed on a single but inexhaustible idea—the mutability of the forms of the divine.’

It is only a coincidence, but a striking one, that both Leconte de Lisle and two of his foremost disciples, Léon Dierx and Heredia, should have been born in the tropics. The noble achievement of Heredia, which won an immediate triumph at a date when Parnassianism had passed out of fashion, has perhaps been abundantly praised, and not least well and warmly by Mr Bailey, who would even place him above his master. We doubt if the rare talent of M. Dierx—one of the few survivors among the faithful pupils and comrades of Leconte—has even yet been sufficiently recognised. It is essentially a discreet talent, delicate and self-contained, and his output is a comparatively small one; but there have been few more scrupulous artists, and few among his contemporaries have allowed more of themselves to pass into a clear unfaltering melody than the autumnal and disenchanted but steadfast poet of ‘Soleil couchant,’ ‘La Nuit de Juin,’ ‘L’Odeur sacrée,’ ‘Les Filas,’ and the impressive prologue to ‘Les Lèvres closes.’

‘J’ai voulu vivre sourd aux voix des multitudes,
Comme un aïeul couvert de silence et de nuit,
Et pareil aux sentiers qui vont aux solitudes,
Avoir des songes frais que nul désir ne suit.
Mais le sépulcre en moi laissa filtrer ses rêves,
Et d’ici j’ai tenté d’impossibles efforts.
Les forêts? Leur angoisse a traversé les grèves,
Et j’ai senti passer leurs souffles dans mon corps.’

Of the other fuglemen, two have died since this anthology appeared. If neither Sully-Prudhomme nor François Coppée was exactly a great poet, it is certain that both combined more than ordinary technical accomplishments with some real originality of matter. The gentle and melancholy agnostic of ‘Les Vaines Tendresses,’ whose figure in French poetry has more than one resemblance to Matthew Arnold’s in ours, had a true lyrical instinct and solid philosophical attainments. It was too late in the day for a great philosophical poem; or else he wanted the genius to light spontaneously upon sensible forms for his ideas; but it is something of a feat to have versified agreeably, with so little appearance

of effort, a body of thought which would have claimed attention even in prose. And Coppée, the chosen poet of the decent Paris poor, is a master miniaturist who, for all the facility of his pathos, never forgot the respect due to his art. In him as in Sully-Prudhomme there are, we fancy, qualities of taste, thought, and feeling which should recommend them particularly to English readers; and we are glad to find that Mr R. E. Prothero, in his admirable volume 'The Pleasant Land of France,' has devoted to them some pages of a final chapter on certain modern poets, and has also exemplified their work, in company with Henri Murger, Banville, and Leconte de Lisle, by some exceptionally happy and dexterous renderings into English verse.

One cannot turn over many pages of this anthology without realising that Parnassianism, with its serenity, its hard outlines, its formal exigencies, the stress it laid upon a rigorous detailed fidelity to things seen, its ambition to compete with the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel, its preference for subjects suggested by ethnology and museums, never absorbed for a moment the entire poetical energy of France. But it was one manifestation of a general drift then affecting the whole of French (and not only French) literature, which turned away for a time from the parade of particular passions and judgments, and, enamoured of precision, reluctant to conclude, tended to carry the historical spirit into the kingdom of the imagination. To this spirit Victor Hugo himself, whose later works seem so indifferent or so superior to changes of taste or the quarrels of literary schools, did homage by the choice of themes increasingly objective. He lived long enough to see the tide turn and a new individualism assail the very foundations of French poetry, when it appeared to some of the poets who had learned their craft under the Parnassian discipline that in its perfect and hopeless virtuosity lay the threat of barrenness; and that, since other imaginative literature was almost reduced to the vanity of reproducing 'things as they are,' it was for poetry, now more than ever before, to provide the outlet for whatever is most personal and most intimate in men's souls.

There was a stage when the craving for a fuller self-expression, impatience of the majestic and monotonous

forms which limit or embarrass it, a scruple of sincerity which transferred the realistic principle from the notation of the sensible world to that of our evanescent moods and our least conscious mental gestures, inspired the subtlest and at the same time the most ingenuous music of the century. Paul Verlaine is simply the genius of absolute familiarity moving freely among traditional harmonies, who, without shame or apparent effort, lays bare a puerile, wilful, and almost barbarous nature, but a nature abundantly gracious and tender, and among innumerable futilities and worse, tells the one thing he knows—the beauty of repentance—with that supreme artistic cunning which seems to laicise a consecrated art. Verlaine makes music out of hesitation; and what is most sublime in him is most colloquial.

'Et vraiment, quand la mort viendra, que reste-t-il? . . .

Allez, rien n'est meilleur à l'âme

Que de faire une âme moins triste! . . .

Oh triste, triste était mon âme

A cause, à cause d'une femme. . . '

And his very 'poetic' takes the same tone:

'Prends l'Éloquence et tors-lui le cou . . .

De la musique avant toute chose . . .

Et tout le reste est littérature!'

The theory is simple, but the practice is unique.

Another stage begins with Jules Laforgue, who died very young, and whose remains in verse wear an unfinished air which it is doubtful whether a long life would have removed. Laforgue has perhaps been praised extravagantly; nobody will deny him a quite original gift of irony which is best seen in his prose. Expressed alternately, or even in the same breath, by means of slang and parody, broken phrases and learned allusions, this irony is perhaps only the valiant smile of an overlucid or overburdened intelligence, beneath which we divine the despair of a heart that only asked for a little ordinary happiness. But Laforgue as a poet went far beyond Verlaine in forswearing all the dignity of verse and in experiments aiming at what Stéphane Mallarmé called 'le charme certain du vers faux'; and especially he seems to have been the first who con-

sciously used words to evoke states of mind bearing no constant or definable relation to the objects they represent or the ideas they define. Almost suddenly symbolism became a literary doctrine; and it matters little whether M. Gustave Kahn or M. Jean Moréas, or some other, found the name (so rich in associations of a different order) for a common element in the most diverse efforts to renew the life of poetry. All poetry contains an incantation; it fails if its power is bounded by the value of words at current exchange; and it is not enough to bring clear pictures before us, or even to animate ideas, if a poet has not the art to extract from sound its emotional virtue and to awaken a distant train of feeling by playing upon the secret affinities of words. English poetry is rich, perhaps surpassingly rich, in suggestive effects; but in French poetry also this is no new thing. The classical decadence of the eighteenth century, it is true, was content with abstractions; and the incomparable verbal accomplishment of the Parnassians concentrated its effort upon the representation of the visible. But this mystical quality ennobles the ballads of Villon and pervades Ronsard's 'Amours'; it gleams sometimes through the sober texture of Racine; it is in Alfred de Vigny, in 'Le Cor' and 'La Maison du Berger'; it haunts us in Gérard's 'Chimères,' and it is what allures us in such a line as this of Victor Hugo's:

'L'ombre était nuptiale, auguste et solennelle.'

For it is not true that French is too pellucid to be suggestive; or why are the clearest words we can use so often heavy with associations?

The new symbolism was this and something more; what distinguished it was that it was at once anarchical and tyrannous. It is vain (were it even possible) to copy nature; *we* are the only reality in the world, and that which is most elusive in us is alone worth revealing—not our judgments nor our actions and passions (as with the Romantics), but our dreams, the singular, irrevocable reflection of fugitive appearances upon our consciousness; and the whole world is only a symbol of ourselves. From some such propositions the new school started out to banish from poetry that illusion—if illusion it be—of expressing something equally real to all men, something

outside us and valuable in itself, which had passed hitherto for a condition of artistic sanity; and at the same time it relegated to the background the representative function of words, to employ almost solely that faculty of suggestion or incantation which the greatest had used so sparingly. There is implied in their curious attempt a sort of despair of speech. To be understood by men, we must be willing to use a language which is never quite our own; and to be entirely and exclusively oneself is to be inarticulate. This excessive individualism involved anarchy; and there was a corresponding anarchy in the treatment of French verse. The symbolists hardly conceived complete sincerity in art without a continual improvisation of new forms; but the threatened subversion of the old prosody is not to be confused with the desire of quite moderate theorists to complete the liberative reforms of the Romantics and bring 'the rules' into harmony with the actual pronunciation of the language.

Critics hostile to the symbolistic poetry have connected its obscurity and its strange formal experiments with the number of foreign names in the ranks of the school. Though symbolism is not confined to France, it is probably as native there as most of the movements which have modified the course of French literature; but in this matter of 'le vers libre' it appears reasonable to attribute its centrifugal instincts to the alien elements. It can hardly be immaterial that M. Émile Verhaeren is a Fleming, M. Jean Moréas a Greek, M. Kahn a Hebrew, M. Vielé-Griffin a North American by origin; and these are only the best known among a score of poets who, even if French is their native language, seem to reveal atavistic predilections in their deviation from traditional forms. The question is too technical to be even summarily exposed here; it is enough to say that there is a party of prosodical reform and a party of prosodical revolution which divide almost all the talent of the younger generation between them. The reformers, with the widest possible differences of practice on secondary points, are united in rejecting certain 'rules' which are, phonetically, superstitions, and in claiming that the ear and not the eye is the sole competent judge of verse on its formal side; they are at one also in maintaining the *line* as a real unit, of which the measure is determined by the number

of syllables it contains, and rime—a mere ornament in the verse of Germanic languages—as the indispensable guardian of its unity. It seems already certain that the future lies with those who would add to the resources of French versification without attacking its fundamental character, rather than with those whose conception of a personal form requires an exclusive employment of the element of surprise, or who, consciously or unconsciously, substitute the accentual system for the syllabic, or the Oriental parallelism for a definite relation of time and number.

The symbolists, it may be said, never stood committed to any system of prosody. The verse of Stéphane Mallarmé, for instance, remained traditional, Parnassian even, in externals, though he may be called a father of the movement and one of its deepest and most synthetic apologists. Mallarmé indeed—a man of exquisite talk, as we are told, but not an abundant poet—stands apart from the other leaders of a school in which sentiment predominated in that his art, tortured and esoteric almost beyond example, and yet occasionally sumptuous (as in ‘*Hérodiade*’), translates almost exclusively intellectual affinities and the mysterious chances of thought. His singularity is reflected in a syntax bewilderingly elliptical and in a new order of words, not in eccentricity of rhythm; but in most cases it is those whose excessive individualism most nearly approached the very limits of expression by the abuse of the suggestive method who also most entirely forgot that—in the words of Sully-Prudhomme—‘habit is a factor of artistic enjoyment.’

It is not too early to affirm that symbolism as a militant theory has lived its day. It was a phase, admittedly experimental, of French poetry; its pretensions were excessive, and the works accomplished in its name have been far more often startling than perfect. But it conferred certain benefits of which the value is already appreciable. Thanks to this curious adventure in letters, the threatened confusion of art and science has been averted, the prestige of insignificant description has diminished, and the pride of verbal athletes; a certain inhumanity of posture has disappeared from poetry. Henceforth no French poet will be content to revive sensation without evoking moods; he must seek,

along with 'les mots qui font image,' 'les mots qui font rêver,' and extract from language that virtue of old age which is memory. But above all, French poetry owes to this movement the revelation of several authentic talents. It was the opportunity of some; others were too original to be ever absorbed by symbolism or have simply out-grown it; but very few French writers of verse have made any mark in the last quarter of a century who have not, in a greater or less degree, been subject to its influence.

An exception perhaps is M. Auguste Angellier, an eclectic poet in the best sense, who did not begin to write, or at least to publish verses, till he had passed the impressible age at which combative theories of art have most attractions, at least for young Frenchmen. He has long been known to students of Robert Burns as the author of two authoritative volumes on the Scottish poet, which are not only a masterpiece of interpretative sympathy and solid learning, but contain, without irrelevance, a whole 'poetic' and even a philosophy of life. It was until lately hardly known in England that M. Angellier is also a poet—we would say, a poet before all things; but the official press of a great university—which not long ago might have passed without injustice for a centre of English indifference to the literature of modern Europe—has now honoured itself by issuing a volume of selections from both his verse and his prose. Oxford indeed might be expected to feel a particular interest in a French poet who is also a French 'don,' though of a type as rare perhaps in France as in England—a stimulating teacher, and more, a great humanist, whose brilliant academical career has been devoted to our language and our literature. These 'Pages choisies' are well selected, annotated in English, and preceded by a very careful and luminous introduction in French from the pen of Prof. Émile Legouis. They include passages from the 'Life of Burns' and from a remarkable critical study of the painter Henri Regnault, and also a generous selection from the three works which, so far, comprise M. Angellier's contribution to the poetry of our time.

His first volume appeared in 1896. 'A l'Amie perdue' is a romance in the form of a sonnet-sequence. The old

French taste and gift for psychology which, since Racine, has almost deserted poetry for other imaginative forms, has rarely been displayed in verse so full and so supple. Ostensibly a piece of autobiography, but nobly reticent, without anything of the defiance or fatuity which too often deformed the confessions of the Romantic period, this moving story of passion and renunciation abounds also in delicate notations of the Picard landscape. 'Le Chemin des Saisons,' which followed, is a collection of short lyrics, ranging in tone and motive from the winged merriment of 'La Saint-Valentin' to the stoical resignation of 'Decenter Mori,' but uniformly cordial and human, instinct with the *genius loci* and an intense impression of mutability. In certain technical qualities these charming and tender little poems recall the fantastic ease of Victor Hugo's 'Chansons des Rues et des Bois'; but what is most characteristic of them is the attentive eye and ear which the poet has applied to the variable aspects and music of nature—the gliding hour, the season of the year, wind and cloud and mist and twilight, the smell of the earth after rain, and 'all the live murmur of a summer's day.' Quotation can hardly do justice to these qualities, nor to the accomplished form (the fruit, one would suppose, of a long secret apprenticeship and a leisurely assimilation) which makes him one of the fittest representatives of a middle way, exempt from typographical superstitions and from revolutionary bias, between the rigidity of Parnassus and the formlessness of many symbolists. But we will not refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing a brief specimen from each of these masterly volumes.

' Une lueur au ciel est mauve comme un col
De tourterelle lasse et presque inanimée;
De lourds lilas s'emplit la vallée embrumée
Et les chauves-souris ont commencé leur vol;

Dans la forêt muette où chante un rossignol,
Le crépuscule exhale une haleine embaumée;
La rosée a semé de perles la ramée:
Les feuilles dans les airs, et les fleurs sur le sol,

Et les mousses autour des troncs, dans l'ombre brune
Scintillent d'une étrange et claire broderie,
Où ruiselle l'étrange et claire rêverie

De l'oiseau qui toujours redit son infortune.
Viens, pour parer le bois de toute sa féerie,
Y montrer tes yeux bleus dans des rayons de lune.'

LA CENDRE.

' Je ne crains plus ton charme,
Tu peux venir ;
J'ai su, sans une larme,
M'en affranchir.
Je pense à ton mensonge,
Sans te haïr ;
Tu ne m'es plus qu'un songe
Tu peux venir.
J'ai transformé mon âme,
Tu peux venir ;
Rien de l'ancienne flamme
Ne peut jaillir.
J'ai recouvert de cendre
Ton souvenir ;
Je n'ai rien à défendre,
Tu peux venir.'

The grave equable manner, the long periods and forensic appeal of the dialogues in verse which M. Angellier has given us more recently under the title 'Dans la Lumière antique,' invest them with less intimate seductions than the earlier volumes. To many their aspect will seem formidable, and their interest foreign to their form, since we have begun to dissociate poetry from dissertation. Let it be said that M. Angellier possesses in the highest degree the virtue of amplitude and the courage of 'sentences'; that he clothes the great abstractions which his discourse exalts in the noblest and clearest sensible forms; and that this work, charged as it is with the wisdom of life, repairs a breach which we deplore between poetry and the civic spirit. 'Nothing,' according to Hazlitt, 'can be a subject for poetry which is a subject of dispute.' It is the fault of the times if some of the matters upon which these dialogues turn have ceased to be above controversy.*

* Since the appearance of these selections, the poet has published a third part of the same work, in which, abandoning dialogue, he returns to the variety and freedom of 'Le Chemin des Saisons.' Love, husbandry, and seafaring fill this quintessential volume,

M. Angellier, we said, seems, nearly alone among French poets whose reputation is still recent, to have escaped the contagion of the new school. Another rare poet, Albert Samain, whose short life was passed almost entirely in intellectual solitude, had the temperament of a predestined symbolist. His own verses define him :

' Mon âme est un velours douloureux que tout froisse,
Et je sens en mon cœur lourd d'ineffable angoisse
Je ne sais quoi de doux qui voudrait bien mourir.'

Albert Samain is the poet of lands unseen and desired vehemently, of that strange imaginative sickness called *nostalgie*, of moods almost painfully responsive to the mobile impressions of atmosphere. His habitual languor had heroic moments; no one, using a form which generally respects tradition, is more rich in unforeseen and, so to speak, distant effects of melody; no one is more sincere; and it seems to us that some of the poetry of this generation which is the most certain to survive is to be found in 'Au Jardin de l'Infante,' in the pastoral tragedy 'Polyphème' (lately played with complete success in Paris), and especially in the perfect elegies and evocations of 'Le Chariot d'Or.'

Another, M. Émile Verhaeren, is already a writer of European fame—the most famous, after M. Maeterlinck, of the numerous Flemings who speak to the world in French. His interest immensely transcends that of the school with which, in spite of qualities which seem properly Romantic, his name is generally connected. M. Verhaeren has perhaps written nothing absolutely perfect, nothing free from a certain clumsiness or even raggedness of form. But a superb sense of colour, an almost morbid acuity of vision, distinguish him; and also the fact that his subjects and outlook have grown progressively more general, more purposeful, so that this poet, who began by communicating his most intimate obsessions, is now, among living writers of verse, that one who has taken into his purview the largest part of the preoccupations of the modern world; for, as in Walt Whitman, we discover in him a tumultuous and almost insolent modernity, along with a mythological faculty which may be called primitive. Nature is still ghostly to him, though his later work is filled with utopian rhaps-

sody and the glorification of industry and traffic. But M. Verhaeren is various to the verge of confusion; he can even be restful, as in 'Les Visages de la Vie' and 'Les Heures d'après-midi.' He has said of himself:

'Mon âme était anxieuse d'être elle-même;
Elle s'illimitait en une âme suprême
Et violente, où l'univers se résumait . . .'

and of his work:

'Et les transports fiévreux et les affres profondes,
Tout sert à sa tragique volonté
De rajeunir le sang de la beauté
Dans les veines du monde.'

Fecundity is the most certain quality of M. Verhaeren, whose destiny is perhaps to be the earliest of a series of international poets.

Symbolism is most faithfully represented by M. Vielé-Griffin. The temperament we may discern through his evocations of the seasons and their pomp, and through the narratives which resume his vision of an ideal world, is delicate, wistful, and fastidious; and the virginal figures upon which he prefers to gaze seem all to symbolise the expectancy of candid souls before the marvel of life and the secret of death. His verse is limpid and melodious even where most its scheme escapes or disconcerts us. The *laisse* and not the line is apparently the principle of coherence in his poetry. Walt Whitman, whom he formerly presented to the French public in translation, has been supposed to have suggested his broken rhythms. We cannot for our part see any resemblance between the two systems, of which one is surely explicable by a mere deficiency and much reading of the Bible; but it is probably not fanciful to discover the musical influence of a great English poet in such strophes as these from M. Vielé-Griffin's last book of lyrics—'Au Loin'—which it would be worse than useless to read as syllabic French verse, though, by a curious feat of equivocation, they are not absolutely rebellious to ordinary measure:

'Son temple est vaste et morose;
Son culte est fébrile et sans fin;
La prière, sans une pause,
S'élève d'hier en demain. . .

La vague roule et s'effondre,
 Se reploie et remonte et s'éploie :
 —Son culte étreint le monde
 D'un océan de joies.'

Of other symbolists, M. Gustave Kahn—the poet of strange Asian incantations—seems to have deserted poetry; the symbolism of M. Moréas was always provisional; and M. Henri de Regnier's has found, in such emblems as time has appropriated, a sufficient reflection of his personality. M. Moréas has the adaptability of his race. He began with a series of experiments of which the most promising were plainly inspired by medieval lyrics and romances. He has since been seized by an enthusiasm for the sixteenth century, which has borne the most delicate and luscious fruit in a very distinguished elegiac poetry—so distinguished that no one, without reluctance, would class 'Les Stances' among *pastiches*. His limpid and stately paraphrase of the 'Iphigenia in Aulis' ought also to be mentioned. M. de Regnier in his most rebellious days had visibly an ideal of definite form before him, and displayed a real gift of structure; and in his later works he has tended more and more to a conformity which is yet emancipated from the terror of hiatus and the lingering superstition of a merely apparent medial cæsura, and does not scruple to intercalate a rare and discreet assonance among his rimes. More and more clearly M. de Regnier, in 'La Cité des Eaux'—a volume dedicated to the regretful and still majestic charm of Versailles—and in his latest poems, 'La Sandale Ailée,' shows himself the depository, for the moment, of the great manner in French poetry. Do not the following stanzas justify this praise?

'Je vous aime en ces lieux dont vous êtes la gloire,
 La grâce et la beauté,
 Et dont le souvenir sera dans ma mémoire
 Que vous ayez été
 La douceur de ces jours que votre doux visage
 A vus fuir un à un
 Avec leur clair soleil ou leur tiède nuage,
 Leur bruit et leur parfum,
 Car c'est vous dont la voix, le rire ou le silence
 M'ont rendu précieux

Cette mer calme et ce beau ciel auxquels je pense
En regardant vos yeux ;

C'est là que vous marchez lentement sur le sable,
Au murmure des pins,
Et sachant qu'il n'est rien qui soit plus désirable
Qu'une fleur en sa main.

Vous vous baissez, malgré les pointes importunes
Que dardent les chardons,

Et près d'eux vous cueillez l'œillet mauve des dunes
Petit et qui sent bon.

These are by no means all the living poets over whose work, if space did not fail us, it would be a pleasure to linger. There are men still young whose early achievement is rich in the promise of a poetry less distracted by conflicting ideals of expression, less nebulous, and not less personal than that which characterised the end of the nineteenth century. MM. Francis Jammes, Paul Fort, Fernand Gregh, Charles Guérin, are accomplished writers of verse who are not content to be echoes, and who have profited by a period of audacious and uncertain gropings. M. Paul Fort has even opened limitless horizons with his 'Ballades françaises,' which he calls 'prose poems'—with some perversity, since his instrument is simply the verse of a scholar cunning enough to reproduce, without losing his real spontaneity, the very irregularities of that popular poetry in which the French provinces have always been so rich. But what has been said here may suffice to give an impression of the vitality which the poetical spirit maintains in the France of to-day. The English reader who desires to explore the inexhaustible variety of its productions will turn for guidance to the treasury of M. Walch, and discover for himself which of the newer poets are best worth a leisurely perusal. Our own object was to recommend this modern French poetry more especially to those of our countrymen who still imagine the French people and the French tongue too literal or too precise or too artificial or too work-a-day to excel in the higher reaches of the art, and who have hitherto been satisfied to repeat those stale and inconsiderate commonplaces on the subject, which are at once the pretext and the illustration of an undeserved neglect.

F. Y. ECCLES.

Art. 7.—EARLY FLEMISH PAINTERS.

1. *Hubert and John van Eyck, their life and work.* By W. H. James Weale. London: Lane, 1908.
2. *Exposition de tableaux flamands des 14^e, 15^e, et 16^e siècles; Catalogue critique précédé d'une introduction sur l'identité de certains maîtres anonymes.* By Georges H. de Loo. Bruges: Desclée, de Brouwer et Cie, 1902.
3. *Meisterwerke der niederländischen Malerei des xv. und xvi. Jahrhunderts auf der Ausstellung zu Brügge,* 1902. By Max J. Friedländer. Munich: Bruckmann, 1903.
4. *Gerard David und seine Schule.* By Eberhard von Bodenhausen. Munich: Bruckmann, 1905.

THE study and appreciation of the works of artists who painted during the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries in the Low Countries has made a notable advance in these latter days. At no time, it is true, were lovers of art blind to the merits of the best pictures of the school; but lovers of art were few, and their admiration for 'Primitives,' as it is now the fashion to call them, was, to say the least, lukewarm. It was not till after the middle of the nineteenth century that serious study, as it is now understood, began to be given to the works and records of the painters we are discussing. Vague admiration and the repetition of ill-founded legends then slowly gave place to sound research. Here and there a student actually explored archives and discovered wonderful things. The account-books of the Dukes of Burgundy were read; the surviving records of some of the guilds were consulted; the archives of churches and towns began to give up their secrets. The payments to named painters for works still existing, and with certainty to be identified, laid the foundation for actual knowledge of authorship. It became possible to identify the work of a given painter by the style that could be proved to be his. Thus genuine works could be isolated out of the mass of false or random ascriptions.

Among the hard-working students to whose labours present-day art-lovers owe so much, none has been more meritorious than Mr W. H. James Weale. Resident at Bruges, he devoted his spare time to reading the archives of the place and examining all the early Flemish pictures

he could discover. Already in 1859 he had published an archæological guide-book to Belgium. From 1863 to 1876 he issued at regular intervals 'Le Beffroi,' a magazine which is a mine of discoveries relating to Flemish art and artists. He it was who recreated Gerard David, and did much to disengage Memling from confused obscurity. That in 1908 he should still be able to issue the monumental work on the brothers Van Eyck, cited at the head of this article, is matter for very warm congratulation to the last survivor of the pioneers. The chronological bibliography of the Van Eycks, appended to the work in question, will enable any interested person to see at a glance who were the other workers in the same field, and the nature and date of their discoveries. The first stage of the investigation may be considered to have been summed up in the second edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's comprehensive work, published in 1872, 'the first serious English work on the subject.'

Towards the end of the nineteenth century research in the direction we are considering enlisted the energies of many competent scholars; and by this time the great aid rendered by photography began to make itself felt. Among those who, besides carefully studying the actual pictures, and making themselves acquainted with every written record accessible to them, have used photographic records to best advantage, Dr Friedländer of Berlin and Dr Hulin of Ghent are in the highest degree deserving of mention. At the present day they stand easily first amongst men of their generation as authorities upon the early Flemish school. Though, as is characteristic of the modern student, neither of them has as yet produced any comprehensive work on the subject, both have at various times affected the whole area of their study by illuminating articles or papers on points of large significance.

The exhibition of Flemish works of art of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries held at Bruges in 1902 gave a new impetus to the study. Other exhibitions of great though minor importance have followed—notably one at the Guildhall of London in 1906, and the 'Golden Fleece' Exhibition at Bruges in the following year. The publication of reproductions of pictures, manuscripts, and other works of art of the school has gone on apace, so that now a very large mass

of material is at the disposition of every student. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the difficulty of summing up existing knowledge on the subject is correspondingly increased.

One unexpected result of the Bruges exhibition was to stimulate rivalry amongst the French. It had long been the habit to ascribe to the Low Countries all works which bore the impress of the Flemish school. Closer acquaintance with many of these works led to the conclusion that they had been painted in districts now included within the boundaries of France. French antiquaries were thus prompted to bring together as large and representative a collection as possible of the works of their early Renaissance artists; and the exhibition of French 'Primitives' held in Paris in 1904 was the splendid result. Some French writers were indeed carried too far by the enthusiasm of the day, so that, whereas previously they had regarded fifteenth century French art as mere second-rate Flemish, about which the less said the better, they now began to claim Flemish art as a mere branch of the French school. Even the Van Eycks were claimed as Frenchmen. But the good sense of French scholarship was not misled; and, in the upshot, the real addition of an important new chapter to European art-history was accomplished by sane and painstaking investigators.

Ten years ago the story of Flemish art began with the Van Eycks. How they came into existence as artists, from what school they derived their teaching, who were their forerunners—as to all these questions little or nothing was known. It is largely the result of Dr Hulin's labours that this ignorance no longer exists. Much obscurity indeed remains, but a great deal of light has been shed into this dark corner. We now know more than we did about the activities and accomplishments of those four great patrons of artists, the brothers Charles V, King of France; Philip the Hardy, Duke of Burgundy; John, Duke of Berry; and Louis, Duke of Anjou. Their influence on the development of art was paramount in north-western Europe in the last quarter of the fourteenth and the first quarter of the fifteenth centuries. It was in their entourage that new ideas germinated, the foundation of new styles was laid, and new technical processes were tried. The names of the

artists employed by them slumbered in account-books and even on the printed page; and no systematic effort had been made to couple names with existing works.

Of important pictures painted for these patrons, few indeed survive; but their sculptors are fairly well represented by existing works, some of which (such as the works of Sluter at Dijon) are of the highest merit, while an astounding number of superb manuscripts written and illuminated for them still exists. When serious study was given to these manuscripts, and the aid of photography was invoked, remarkable results began to follow. Two manuscripts in particular excited general interest, the so-called 'Très riches Heures' of the Duc de Berry, now at Chantilly, and a no less wonderful Book of Hours in the Library at Turin. Both these books contained remarkable miniatures, in some of which were landscapes of surprising modernity of aspect, while in others an entirely new way of looking at men found expression in paint, handled in a new fashion and under the guidance of a new ideal. The Chantilly manuscript was proved to be the work of the brothers Van Limburg, who were of Low Country origin; while there seemed strong reason to suspect that the Turin Hours might have been painted by the brothers Van Eyck, or in their studio, before the great picture of the 'Adoration of the Lamb' had been begun. Dr Hulin spent a week with the Turin Hours, and published his remarks upon it, in which he divided the miniatures among three painters, two of whom he identified with Hubert and John van Eyck. Turin was just becoming a place of pilgrimage for lovers of early Flemish art when, in January 1904, the disastrous library fire occurred, and the wonderful manuscript became the prey of the flames. All that now remains to represent it is a series of somewhat indifferent photographs, which give no idea of the unique colouring and extraordinary beauty and delicacy of the originals.

These two manuscripts and those of the preceding generation, now assigned with more or less certainty to such artists as Henri Beauneveu, Jacquemart de Hesdin, Jacques Bandol of Bruges, and others, provide us with materials for recreating the environment in which the brothers Van Eyck arose. We find it to have been a

Franco-Flemish society—a body of artists largely of Flemish blood and mainly employed by French patrons. For the most part they worked in what is now France, though they were not born there, nor did they there acquire the foundation of their skill. France, with the powerful tradition of its great school of Gothic art, influenced them greatly; but she did not make them, nor did she deprive them of their own national character. No one can look at a certain famous miniature by Jacques Bandol, or at the sculptures of the Puits de Moëse, and not perceive that the strongest element in them is other than French.

The brothers Van Eyck owed such general remembrance as their name commanded till relatively recent years, to the fact that they were accredited with the invention of oil painting. That they were technical innovators is obvious from their pictures, but wherein their invention consisted is not so clear; and much ink has been spilt in the discussion. Two things are at all events certain: first, that oil was used long before their day as a medium for paint; and second, that they did not invent or employ those technical processes which are now vaguely described together as 'oil painting.' For the rest, the matter is mainly interesting to painters; and the exact facts, if they were known, would mean little to the admirer of pictures who does not paint.

Another question of greater general interest, which has been much discussed of late, is as to the relation between the two brothers, and whether it is possible to distinguish between the works of the one and the other. Actual certainty as to their early lives, the dates of their birth, their relative ages, and so forth, has not been attained; but it is generally held that Hubert was a good deal older than John, and that Hubert was John's master. The only certain work by Hubert is the great altar-piece of the 'Adoration of the Lamb,' painted for the church of St Bavon at Ghent, where parts of it are still to be seen. But John is known to have helped in the work, and to have finished it after Hubert's death. So many art-critics, so many opinions about the respective shares of the two brothers. Some would refer almost the whole to Hubert, some to John; and there are all kinds of intermediate opinions. Manifestly, unless some pictures

could be discovered which might be ascribed to Hubert alone, as many are known to be by John, to differentiate convincingly between the handiwork of the two on a single picture in which they collaborated was hardly possible. Nowadays a general consensus of opinion seems to be forming, or indeed formed, that certain works once given to John van Eyck were actually painted by Hubert, and that he was possessed of a style less closely resembling John's than was once believed. To Hubert, for instance, is now ascribed the remarkable picture of 'The Three Maries' belonging to Sir Frederick Cook at Richmond. A Crucifixion at Berlin, and other works, are attributed to him, while a second group is thought to have been done by the two brothers in co-operation, and a third group is with certainty known to be by John alone, done after Hubert's death.

How far time will uphold these groupings no one can foretell. Curious questions of date are raised by the armour depicted in the 'Three Maries' picture; and the arms of Philip de Commines upon it, unless added later, indicate a time when both Hubert and John were dead. The balance of probability seems, however, to be on Hubert's side; and for the present the picture remains under his name. This and other paintings and miniatures now attributed to Hubert show him to have been a great innovator in the treatment of landscape. The Van Limburgs were perhaps ahead of him in point of date; and their miniature of the 'Hunting of the Wild Boar in the Forest of Vincennes' must be ranked at least as high as any landscape of Hubert's. The Jerusalem landscape behind the 'Three Maries,' is, however, a more monumental and equally wonderful work, which entitles its author to a high place in the history of art.

The second important painter of the fifteenth century Flemish school, whose reputation was assured and whose works were more or less disentangled by the earlier generation of enquirers, was Roger van der Weyden. Recent research, however, has placed one considerable artist before him and another by his side, neither of whom finds more than brief mention in Crowe and Cavalcaselle. These are Robert Campin and the so-called Master of Flémalle. Robert Campin's name suggests that he was of Campinois origin; that is to say, that his family at

least came from the Campine country of Limburg, in the neighbourhood of Maaseyck, from which the Van Eycks sprang. Nothing, however, has yet been discovered to confirm this possibility, nor is he ever described as Robert of Campin in any known document. The chief fact known about him for our purposes is that he was the master at Tournay of both Roger van der Weyden and Jacques Daret, to whom we must presently return. He belonged, therefore, to the generation of Hubert van Eyck; and his works, if discovered, would be a valuable addition to the earliest group of paintings in the new style. There is at Madrid a remarkable diptych representing the 'Marriage of the Virgin,' which, though it resembles the pictures of the Master of Flémalle, resembles them only as a master's work resembles a pupil's. This diptych falls more naturally into the group of quite early fifteenth-century paintings than into that of the middle of the century. If it could be shown that the Master of Flémalle was Robert Campin's pupil, a strong probability would be created for assigning the Madrid diptych to Campin. We shall presently see that such is, in fact, likely to have been the case; and, though Robert Campin is not yet generally admitted into the list of known early Flemish artists, it seems that his name may soon find a generally accepted position there.

To Dr Hugo von Tschüdi of Berlin belongs the honour of first clearly isolating from the mass of anonymous or falsely attributed school-pictures a number of works now ascribed with general consent to the so-called Master of Flémalle. He takes his name from a great altar-piece by him, once in the convent of Flémalle, near Liège, whereof there are some panels in the Städel Gallery at Frankfurt. The Frankfurt panels contain life-size figures of remarkable dignity, painted by an artist of high distinction and of so individual a character that it is easy to recognise his hand in many other pictures. Among the most important of these is a triptych, belonging to the Mérode family of Brussels, whose central panel contains an Annunciation. This picture must have enjoyed considerable fame in its day, for it was copied more than once, and imitated oftener in works still surviving. Almost every great public gallery of Europe possesses some picture now ascribed to this same painter, who is gener-

ally held to have been the author of two very fine portrait heads in our own National Gallery, there ascribed to Roger van der Weyden. Indeed the list of the Flémalle master's works is mainly formed by a selection out of those previously ascribed to Roger, with whom he had much in common besides the same master. It is probable that a yet further subdivision will hereafter prove necessary, and that we shall discover the handiwork of at least two painters in the group of pictures still attributed to the Master of Flémalle.

If to Dr von Tschüdi belongs the honour of identifying this painter as a distinct artistic personality, we have to thank Dr Hulin for showing who he was and providing him with the outlines of a life-history. Archivists knew of the existence in those days of one Jacques Daret, a pupil (as above stated) of Robert Campin. They could show that he enjoyed a high reputation in the years immediately following the death of John van Eyck. He even seems by the records to have been at the very head of his profession; and the years when he was so regarded are known. The question naturally arose, what had become of the works of this leading painter? It was scarcely possible that all had perished. Dr Hulin showed that the so-called Flémalle group of pictures exactly fitted the known dates of Daret's activity, and that their likeness to Roger's works was only what was to be expected in the work of Daret. He has since found even more conclusive evidence, not (I believe) yet published, which renders almost certain his highly probable identification of the Master of Flémalle with Jacques Daret.

Such increased knowledge of Roger van der Weyden as we have gained in the last quarter-century is in the nature of a more correct list of his works rather than in any important information about the man himself. Of the three great altar-pieces in the Berlin Museum confidently attributed to him, one has lately been recognised as a copy. The number of pictures ranged under his name in older catalogues included the work of several hands, some of which have been identified recently and provisionally baptised. Many more await recognition. At present this differentiation is but tentative; and it is still open to doubt whether such creations as the 'Master of the Frankfurt St John Altar' and the 'Master of the

Valencia Altar,' to whom lists of works have been attributed, will prove to be endowed with life.

While the school of Brabant was strongly under his influence it included painters who stood on their own feet and developed an individual style. Such was the artist who, about 1480, painted a remarkable representation of 'Solomon worshipping Idols,' a recent addition to the Amsterdam Museum. Other pictures by him have been recognised in the museums of Cologne and Dublin, and in some private collections. Akin to him was a painter who made his personages gesticulate with all their fingers thrown out in an exaggerated fashion, and who introduced the church of St Gudule at Brussels in the background of one of his pictures. He painted charming little portraits, a copy or imitation of one of which, inscribed on the frame 'Louis XI Roi de France,' was sold at Christie's in 1907. To yet another notable Brussels artist the problematic altar-piece must be ascribed, painted about 1498, and having on its wings admirable full-length portraits of Philip the Fair and Jeanne la Folle, parents of the Emperor Charles V. The wings now belong to the Brussels Museum, while the central panel is in a private collection in Ghent. M. Maeterlinck has suggested that the painter may have been Jacob van Laethem, an artist often mentioned in the archives of the period; but no known picture by him is available for comparison.

While these developments were taking place in the Duke of Burgundy's provinces, the Low Countries further north, which were destined to produce so splendid an artistic harvest in the seventeenth century, were by no means unproductive. Already in the fourteenth century the manuscripts of Holland show a vigorous and independent style of illumination; but it was not until the Count of Holland employed John van Eyck to paint for him in his palace at the Hague that the foundations of a superior school of panel painting seem to have been laid. It is quite possible that John van Eyck may have been employed also at Haarlem; and that the school of painters which flourished there a few years later, and of whose beginnings we know nothing, may owe to him the impulse that directed its development. Even now we are but vaguely informed about this school, for the iconoclastic fury of the Re-

formers has left us poorly supplied with fifteenth century Dutch pictures. The Archiepiscopal Museum at Utrecht possesses a good many early Dutch works, mainly of the second rank; but the great altar-pieces in the churches, which of course were the finest, were exactly the objects most completely destroyed.

That Haarlem must have been a city where creative art was endemic is clear from the artists who came out of it, already fully equipped, to work elsewhere. The great Dirk Bouts was one. Who was his master? Where did Hugo van der Goes, a Zeelander, acquire his skill? Who taught that extraordinary genius, Geertgen tot Sint Jans? Who taught Albert van Ouwater? The last mentioned is known only from a single picture, which, on its recent discovery, was snapped up by the alert directors of the Berlin Museum; but Geertgen's brief and splendid activity is still expressed in several well-preserved examples, whereof one of the finest, the Baptist in a beautiful landscape, slipped through the fingers of a fortunate English owner into the Berlin Museum, whither so many fine English properties have gone. The list of known works by Geertgen has been greatly lengthened by modern research, which has also revealed the existence of more than one follower of his, such, for example, as the rather second-rate but prolific master of the Amsterdam 'Virgo inter Virgines,' whose principal work is in the Bowes Museum. For the identification of these minor artists we are chiefly indebted to Dr Friedländer's great experience and retentive memory; and it is much to be wished that he would publish if it were but a mere list of the pictures he has classified. To publish lists preliminary and incomplete is no doubt unsatisfactory to the researcher; and yet, if he lives to be a hundred, that is, in the end, all that any such list can be.

No one will deny that during the last quarter of a century the reputation of Dirk Bouts has greatly risen. He was not merely a superb draughtsman and a splendid colourist in the stained-glass-window type of colouring, but he was also a landscape-painter of distinction, and had an attractively naïve way of telling a story. The composition of groups was his weak point; but that has not prevented one of the best composed of all pictures of the school, the 'Deposition' in the National Gallery

from being persistently assigned to him. Much recent research has been devoted to Bouts, and he has been made the subject of a monograph. It was evident that more pictures were attributed to him than could actually be his, the result being a confusion of styles, which could not be the outcome of a single personality. Now the way has been somewhat cleared by the separation of a group of pictures, clearly the work of a follower, which are united together under the name of his son Albert Bouts. Less satisfactory was the attempted creation of the 'Master of the Snoy Altar-piece,' to whom were given some of the best pictures of Dirk Bouts himself. The manufacture of such false individualities unfortunately goes forward as fast as, or even faster than, the recognition of forgotten but real artists.

The eminent art-critic Waagen stood sponsor in his day to the painter of a group of pictures of marked unity of character whom he called Jan Mostaert. We now know that they were actually painted by a very different person, while some pictures previously unattached to any named artist have since been given, though without entire certainty, to Mostaert himself, who is believed to have been identical with the so-called Master of Oultremont. Whether Van Mander was correct in the assertion that Mostaert was for eighteen years court-painter to Margaret of Austria is uncertain. His name hardly occurs in her accounts. It is more important, at any rate, to be assured that he derived much of his art from the traditions of Geertgen tot Sint Jans, and that the Haarlem school found an able supporter in him. Of other late fifteenth and early sixteenth century Dutch artists there is here no room to discourse; recent investigation has done much to throw light on several of them, including the greatest, Lucas van Leyden.

When fifteenth century Flemish art is mentioned, the city of Bruges is thought of as most intimately connected with it; yet it is a remarkable fact that, though many great artists worked in Bruges, few were natives. Bruges to-day is to many people little more than the home of Memling; but he only settled there as a mature painter who was born and doubtless educated in Germany. Memling was one of the first to be taken in hand and to have his life-history put in order by

Weale and other students of archives. Recent research has done little more than add to the list of his works and range them more exactly in chronological order. But, whereas Memling remains pretty much where Crowe and Cavalcaselle left him, the surroundings in which he worked and the artists whom he influenced, or by whom he was surrounded, are far better understood to-day than was the case twenty-five years ago. True it is that few of those whose works are known can be called by the names they bore in their lifetime, but have to be designated as 'the master of' this or that altar-piece. Still they are none the less identified, and their relations to one another and to the greater artists more or less determined. These minor painters of the Flemish school owe much to the industry of Dr Friedländer, who has probably discovered more about them than he has yet announced.

Amongst the anonymous Bruges artists whose works have been tentatively grouped together, a few may at least receive brief mention. The earliest is one who may be called the 'Painter of the Scrolls,' from the inscribed scrolls waving in the air in two of his pictures. He was a contemporary of the Van Eycks; and his known pictures may be as early as 1425. All three are crucifixes, one in the Bruges Cathedral, another in the Traumann collection at Madrid, and a third (apparently only a fragment) in the Aynard collection at Lyons. The figures kneeling in the foreground are the real subject of the pictures; and they are painted with great delicacy, though in an archaic manner. The decorative backgrounds show close connexion with the earlier miniaturists' work; and this is specially true of the angels floating in the air.

The most characteristic of the local Bruges artists, before or contemporary with Memling, was the so-called 'Master of the Ursula Legend,' named from a many-panelled altar-piece in the convent of the Black Sisters at Bruges. The set of pictures is interesting because it precedes in point of date the treatment of the same subject by Memling on the famous Chasse. The unknown artist's work is very like that of the Bruges miniaturists of the time, possessing the same naïve charms, and suffering from the same technical defects.

By the same artist are some Madonna pictures, one, for instance, in the museum at Aachen, which is practically a copy of a now lost or unidentified original picture famous in its day and once at Bruges. Many Bruges artists copied or imitated it; and a list of such imitations has been drawn up. One of them is by Isenbrandt; and many were made so late as 1520. The most attractive works by this master, however, are his portraits, the list of which will probably be much increased before long. One is in the Carrara Gallery at Bergamo, there attributed to Mabuse; others are in the Mann collection, and in that of Mr J. G. Johnson of Philadelphia.

The Bruges 'Master of the St Lucia Legend' is another of the *anonymi*. By him there are recognised pictures in St James' at Bruges and in the Brussels and Pisa Galleries. The Brussels picture used to belong to the Church of Our Lady at Bruges, where Memling and Gerard David evidently knew it well; for both of them imitated it, Memling borrowing its Virgin and Child for his altar-piece, now belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and David taking many suggestions from it for his beautiful 'Virgo inter Virgines' at Rouen.

Another notable Bruges artist awaiting identification is the painter of the fine portrait of a monk in our National Gallery. The picture was so acceptable that, some forty years later, another ecclesiastic of the same order had himself portrayed in an exactly similar manner before the same background. This picture was in the Kann collection. Both, no doubt, originally belonged to the same corporation; and the opportunity of bringing them together again should not have been let slip.

Mr Weale was the first to prove that Gerard David was the great Bruges artist in the generation that succeeded Memling's. Before that discovery David's best pictures were actually ascribed to Memling. Mr Weale not only gave them back to their true author, but identified as his a number of other works, to which many more have since been added by various students. As the years went on, Gerard David became more and more of an individual, clearly recognised by lovers of the school. The archives yielded no little information about him. Thus the time at length arrived when all this information needed to be carefully assembled together,

and the whole work of the artist examined in the light of that of his contemporaries and followers. This has been done by Herr von Bodenhausen in an elaborate and well-illustrated monograph which takes its place among essential works in a library dealing with Flemish art.

The artist who painted the group of pictures wrongly ascribed by Waagen to Mostaert was evidently a man closely related to David; but, whereas David came to Bruges as a finished painter, who may have learnt his rudiments in the north, and borrowed something from Hugo van der Goes on the way, this other painter evidently grew up in Bruges, spent the bulk of his active life there, and must have attained a high position in the Bruges guild. In fact, all we can infer about him coincides with what is recorded of Adrian Isenbrandt; and it is now generally believed that this was the true name of Waagen's Mostaert. The group of pictures now given to Isenbrandt includes several of great charm. The best in his case also are often the smallest, and are finished with exceeding minuteness, charmingly coloured, and delicately drawn.

Across what is now the French border, in regions which in those days were essentially similar to Flanders and Brabant, there were other local schools of artists, some of whom were men of high merit. First among such was obviously the painter of an admirable altar-piece, made for the Abbey of St Omer, which consisted of a magnificent centre of goldsmith's work and shutters adorned with paintings not unworthy of Memling. This altar-piece was presented to the Abbey in 1459 by the famous prelate William Fillastre; and almost everything is known about it except the names of the artists by whom it was made. The various panels of the wings, hitherto hardly accessible, are now for the most part in the Berlin Museum; and two unimportant fragments are in our National Gallery. It is generally believed that the painter of them is to be identified with Simon Marmion of Valenciennes, who enjoyed much fame in his day as a painter of miniatures. Recent investigators, such as M. Reinach, have assigned to him the pictures in a manuscript at St Petersburg; but there is much more to be done before Simon Marmion's artistic personality can be regarded as revealed. In particular, the other

pictures assigned to him by various writers cannot safely be regarded as the work of any single individual.

Further away, at Amiens, and therefore more strictly French, was also a vigorous allied school of painting in the fifteenth century, whereof some monuments exist. It was described by M. Deshaisnes, to whose researches little of importance has been added. Here it would be tempting to refer to other truly French productions of the same period, such as the works of that fascinating artist, the Maître de Moulins, whom some would identify with Jean Perséal. From internal evidence it is clear that he was a follower of Hugo van der Goes, and he may have been Flemish; but, for the present, France has a right to claim as full possession of him as of the famous Jean Fouquet of Tours.

In connexion with Marmion, allusion has been made to the miniature-painting which flourished contemporaneously with the more monumental art of panel-painting. Though there is no doubt that the initiative to the new ideal was given in the workshops of the miniaturists (so far as it was not rather the sculptors to whom the first movement was due), still the two arts of miniature-painting and panel-painting proceeded each along its own line of development. Broadly speaking, France was, and remained, the centre of the best miniature schools of northern Europe. Many of the best craftsmen were Flemings; but the French Court contained their best patrons, and Paris produced throughout the first half of the fifteenth century many beautifully adorned manuscripts for one made elsewhere. Nevertheless a prolific school of miniaturists also worked in the Flemish region, especially at Bruges and Ghent. In former days it was common to ascribe the best of their productions to famous contemporary painters, such as Memling or Roger. It was Mr Weale who showed, by publications from the archives, that such attributions were highly improbable, because, in the case of Bruges at any rate, there existed a corporation of miniaturists; and by its laws, and those of the painters' guild, it was illegal for the two kinds of artists to invade one another's territory. A painter was forbidden to paint miniatures and a miniaturist to paint pictures. Official court painters were free from these restraints, and could make what-

ever their princely masters chose to order of them; but craft traditions are strong, and the legalised custom of the craft cannot have been broken through very often. One fine miniature is still ascribed by many to Roger; Simon Marmion painted both miniatures and pictures; and Gerard David belonged to both guilds. But such exceptions do not greatly affect the general rule.

Moreover, the bulk of the illuminations in Flemish manuscripts of the mid-fifteenth century are obviously the work of mere craftsmen of small independent artistic power. The little pictures in them become very tedious when many of them have been examined. They are as monotonous in style as are the common run of French fourteenth century ivory carvings. After the days of the Van Limburgs and their contemporaries, the men who had the makings of great artists in them became painters of pictures; and the minor art was left to lesser folk. At the end of the fifteenth century, however, there came a change; and a remarkable series of finely illustrated books was produced, whereof the world-renowned Grimani Breviary is the largest and perhaps the best. This wonderful book is now being sumptuously reproduced at a price that puts it beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. The remarkable and delicate craftsmen who were responsible for the pictures in that work were, however, for the most part lacking in originality. The occupations of the months, for instance, were depicted according to the types fixed by the Van Limburgs; many of the other subjects were done after a set of patterns which recur in several other volumes; and the whole thing was a splendid example of the kind of production that in these days we expect from a firm of dealers rather than from a contracting artist and the helpers he may be pleased to engage.

The Bruges and Ghent schools of miniaturists surrendered by no means easily before the wood-cutters and engravers whom printing called into existence in ever-increasing numbers. They continued to be well employed throughout the first half of the sixteenth century. The best of these artists belonged to the Horenbout and Binnink families, both of Ghent. Simon Binnink may be taken as an example of the rest. He was a near relative, probably a nephew, of Hugo van der Goes. A

great many existing miniatures are now somewhat confidently attributed to this charming artist, and some are certainly known to be his. Though a native of Ghent, he joined the Bruges guild in 1508, became a burgher in 1519, and died there in 1561. Perhaps his finest work is the wonderful set of sheets illuminated with the genealogies of the Kings of Portugal, now in the British Museum. M. Durrieu has attributed to him a number of MSS. in the London and Paris Libraries; but the so-called Hennessy Book of Hours in the Brussels Library is the most accessible, having been admirably reproduced by Kleinmann of Haarlem. Scarcely less remarkable is a Book of Hours recently added to the collection of Mr Thomas, of Philadelphia, some of the best pages of which were reproduced by Mr Quaritch.

In all these MSS. the Calendar pictures are the most delightful, containing, as they often do, charming landscapes delicately studied from nature, and standing midway between the formal landscape backgrounds of Memling and the naturalistic renderings of the early seventeenth century painters of Holland. An example of this pretty art is before me as I write. It shows four people enjoying themselves in a rowing-boat in the pleasant month of May. Two are playing musical instruments as they float down the stream. A bottle hangs over the side into the water. In the background a castle rises on the bank. There are swans on the moat and a crane by the margin. A delightful road leads away to the distance through shady woods, and some ladies and gentlemen are riding along it for their pleasure. The sky is clear, the colours are bright, everybody is happy, and all nature is flowering and flourishing. No one can deny the charm of this kind of thing when the workmanship is of a high order, as it always was with Simon Binnink.

Before finally leaving the fifteenth century, there is one important painter to whom reference must be made—the great Jerome Bosch. He came of an Aix-la-Chapelle family, but spent all his active life that we know of in Bois-le-Duc, where he is first recorded in 1484, and where he died in 1516. His pictures, like those of so many other Low Country painters, were very popular in Spain; and, no doubt, the established dealers who supplied the Spanish

market sent thither many of his wares, and perhaps others that were not his under his name. His pictures were much copied and imitated, and his reputation has often suffered by work falsely ascribed to him. In popular estimation he was *par excellence* the painter of *diableries*. All sorts of Last Judgments, elaborate and peculiar Hells, Temptations of St Anthony, and other grotesque pictures, often very coarsely painted, are assigned to him in a number of collections. He did, in fact, paint such things, and manifested in them a remarkable fancy and a prolific inventiveness; but he always painted well, and the bulk of these things in the galleries are painted badly. He also treated, in a fashion of his own, some of the incidents of the Passion for the sake of introducing grotesque faces, such as Leonardo had played with, using them for the sake of contrast.

However interesting such works may be in relation to their day, far more delightful to the modern eye are Bosch's *genre* pictures. He may almost be called the father of modern *genre* painters. Take, for example, the picture in the museum of St Germain-en-Laye, where a conjuror is shown astonishing a simple audience with the pea-and-thimble trick. The *naïveté* of the treatment is no less remarkable than the precision with which the effect is produced. Figures and treatment are such as we might expect in Memling. The effect is what Memling might have arrived at if he had been set to draw an illustration to a joke in 'Punch.' This was innovation with a vengeance. A picture called the 'Prodigal Son,' in the Figdor collection in Vienna, represents another side of his innovating activity. The subject is, as nearly as he could make it, a scene taken from contemporary low life. About the ragged man, indeed, there still hang traces of the medieval saint; and the little gate with the tree beside it, and the tender sky and distance, would not be out of place in the background of a Madonna. Still, every detail has been studied from nature, and the whole is wrought together, in form, colour, and composition, into an artistic unity as complete and as delightful as that attained in any religious painting of the day. A similar figure, again in the foreground of a delightful landscape, is painted on the outside of the wings of a Last Judgment belonging to the King of Spain. In the

middle distance are some highwaymen carefully and firmly tying a wayfarer to a tree, with his arms bound behind him so that the thieves may rifle his bags at their leisure; not far away are peasants dancing to a piper, and in the distance a crowd of people surround a gallows about to be used for the suspension of apprehended robbers. It is evident enough that the artist took more pleasure in painting this subject than in Last Judgments or similar themes.

Bosch, besides painting many pictures, was also a prolific draughtsman; and his designs were popularised by copyists and by engravers. Thus his influence spread abroad and his humour found popular approval, falling as it did on a dry and thirsty land, a people not a little weary, perhaps, of the seriousness of most early fifteenth century art. The greatest of his followers was Jan Brueghel the elder; but a whole generation of *diablerie* painters intervened. These painters of bizarre subjects, or of common religious subjects in a bizarre fashion, may be grouped with the landscapists who began to flourish at the end of the century, and of whom Joachim de Patinir has the largest modern popular repute—if, indeed, any of these artists can be called nowadays popular.

A pupil of Patinir, born at Bouvines about 1480, and known as Herri met de Bles, has caused students of this school much trouble. It appears that he was a landscape painter, or, at any rate, it was through his landscapes that he attained repute. His works were sought and admired in Italy, and there seem to have been plenty of them scattered about the world. Modern picture galleries contain numerous pictures ascribed in their catalogues to Bles; but it is obvious that they are by no means the work of one man, nor even of a single school. Bles, in fact, has vanished under a confused heap of attributions; and it cannot even yet be said that he has been plainly disentangled. What makes matters worse is that only one of all these pictures is signed, to wit, a picture in the Munich Gallery inscribed 'Henricus Blesius.' Now this picture does not agree in any respect with the style of the artist as described by Van Mander, to whom his works were well known. A number of known pictures are certainly the work of this 'Henricus Blesius' (who probably owes his designation to some forger), but where

are the landscapes of the true Herri met de Bles? It is now thought that certain landscapes with figures in the galleries of Vienna, Dresden, Florence, Naples, and Brussels, and in some private collections, belong to the real Bles. They are mostly small in size, and the landscapes are elaborate. One contains a stranded whale, and all are somewhat fantastic, with exaggeratedly steep rocks, like those in the harbour of Rio; whilst a remote connexion can be imagined between them and the 'Henricus Blesius' of Munich. The rest of the Bles school pictures are being distributed by degrees under different pseudonyms, such as the 'Master of the Sharp Hair-parting,' the 'Master of the Flaming Beard,' the 'Master of the Greyhound,' and so forth, all of them more or less fantastic costume painters, whose pictures are highly decorative and very decadent, often possessed of considerable charm, and lately paid for at high prices. Dr Friedländer and Dr Hulin have made lists of groups of pictures by artists of this type.

Mention of the Bles school has carried us down to the middle of the sixteenth century, a period to which we cannot, in the space at our disposal, pursue, even in rough outline, the recent additions to our knowledge. We must return therefore and pick up the thread of our story with some important artists born in the fifteenth century, to whom reference has not yet been made. Two, standing on the margin of the centuries, claim special attention, to wit, Quentin Metsys and Jan Gossaert (called Mabuse). Both were great artists, judged by any standard; and both have lately received considerable attention.

Before the days of historical criticism, Quentin Metsys was fitted out with a biography containing various picturesque details but not at all accounting for his artistic parentage. How he came by his art has been a much discussed question, which is not yet completely solved, though light has been shed upon it. When we possess an authentic early work of an artist it is generally easy to see in what environment, or even from what master or masters he learned his craft. But, where such early works are lacking or unidentified, the problem is very difficult. To identify the immature work of a young genius from the known works of his maturity is always a risky business, and can only be accomplished when a

fairly continuous series of his works can be found. This has been done in the case of Dürer; but there we had a few very early signed and dated drawings to help. Of Metsys' we have none, so a good deal of groping in the dark and of rummaging in archives has had to be done, and the results are not yet very convincing.

Quentin Metsys was certainly born at Louvain in 1466. His first known work is a picture of 1503 in the not very accessible position of a church at Valladolid. Tradition says that in his early years he worked as a smith, and perhaps he did; but what is fairly clear is that it was in Louvain itself that he acquired the beginnings of his art as a painter. A rare old print after a lost picture of his shows him carrying on the Van der Weyden traditions of design. His later works show stronger evidence of the influence of the pictures and followers of Bouts. He may have been pupil to one of them, perhaps to one of Bouts' sons. At all events he borrowed many an idea from known works of the school, though from the first his borrowings were not thefts but prolific suggestions. He was soon standing on his own feet and making his own way. Antwerp at that time had become the chief centre of productive art, superseding the old decaying cities in this as in trade and general activity of mind. So in Antwerp the young artist settled, and in 1491 he became a master in the local guild. If only we could identify for certain the pictures he painted at that time, some of which must surely exist, our conclusions might rest on more solid foundation. It has also been thought that traces of the influence of Geertgen tot Sint Jans may be discovered in Quentin's early works; but the Dutch element in them is perhaps sufficiently accounted for by the evident influence of Bouts, whose style was pronouncedly Dutch. One of his earliest identified pictures is the remarkable 'Madonna Enthroned' in the Brussels Gallery. It contains the arms of Louvain in the background, and may have been painted about 1495. Here we observe an archaistic tendency and even some imitation of the Van Eycks. At this time an archaising fashion had a brief popularity; and numbers of older pictures of the school were much copied or closely imitated. Bruges was the centre of this fashion; and it has been suggested that Metsys may even have painted this picture there.

In any case, so strong and forceful a personality could not long remain the imitator or follower of any one. Metsys had no occasion to go to Italy to feel the great movement of the Renaissance; it waxed within him, and he was himself a part of it. The earlier artists had looked on the world as out of a window or through a frame, and had seen only a fragment of it at a time, with men as it were merely in the foreground; but for Metsys the supreme interest was man himself or nature itself. When he painted man all else was mere decorative adjunct or background. The human figure in his work took a prominence it had never held in the work of the so-called 'Primitives.' It is recorded that he also painted landscapes, though none survive; nor is their loss much to be regretted. The days of great landscapes were still to come. Gradually Metsys emancipated himself from the old traditions and obtained the freedom he was capable of using. He found actual men and women good enough subjects for him, and he learned to see them in a great way. Thus his portraits came to be his most notable works. From the 'Stephen Gardiner' in the Liechtenstein collection (there is no reason for discrediting the old tradition of the name*), through the vivid and pleasing 'Ægidius' at Longford Castle, and on to the Frankfurt portrait of his late period, there is a constant development on original lines. Metsys cannot have missed contact with Holbein's work, yet he became no imitator of his but a worthy rival, more dramatic, no less human, and scarcely if at all less skilful.

Only a little later than this great artist came Mabuse, a painter of great accomplishment but of a far smaller nature than Metsys, under whom it seems probable that he may have studied. The old traditions had a stronger hold upon him at starting than they ever obtained over Quentin; and one of his early works, the elaborate and brilliant 'Adoration of the Magi' at Naworth Castle, shows him thoroughly steeped in the Gothic tradition and possessed of the remarkable technical skill for detailed finish so characteristic of painters of the school of Van Eyck. For the rest, his composition runs on traditional

* On the back of the picture the name was written in a sixteenth century handwriting on a piece of attached vellum. So the Rev. J. W. Loftie, who saw it, has stated.

lines; and he shows himself an apt and accomplished pupil who had thoroughly learned the kind of thing which Gerard David might have taught him. To the same category, only even more elaborate, belong the astounding little triptych at Palermo and the almost equally wonderful copies and imitations of it, one of which turned up a few years ago in Bolivia and is now in New York. Another composition derived from the same original has recently been put forward as a signed work of Cornelis van Coninxloo. It belongs to M. de Richter, and there is a replica of it in Germany in the collection of Freiherr von Hövel. If Dr Friedländer is right in ascribing the Doria diptych to Mabuse, we find him there actually copying a Van Eyck picture (c. 1505) for an Italian patron, who took it to Venice; whilst in many even of his later pictures the influence of Van Eyck can be clearly traced. Mabuse was essentially a dependent artist who was ready to yield to and be influenced by all sorts of styles of work with which he came in contact. Italy had a most pernicious influence upon him. It was only in portraiture that he maintained a continuously high level of achievement. To his known works in that kind an important addition has recently been made by the discovery of a notable portrait of his patron, Jean de Carondelet, of about 1531. His earlier portrait of the same personage, dated 1517, is well known in the Louvre. A charming portrait of a little girl by him is a recent addition to the National Gallery.

It is impossible to follow further the fortunes of the Antwerp school, or to refer, even in the briefest fashion, to the numerous additions made in recent years to our knowledge of its many good artists of the first half of the sixteenth century. All we can now do is to devote a few lines to the neighbouring school of Brussels, the subject which Dr Friedländer has been most recently illuminating in two learned articles in the Prussian Museum 'Jahrbuch.' After calling attention to the considerable blank that exists in our knowledge of Brussels art between the death of Roger van der Weyden and the beginning of Van Orley's activity, and after reminding us that the busy tapestry weavers of Brussels probably gave a great deal of work to nameless local artists, and incidentally affected their style of design to no small

degree, he proceeds to fill the gap, partially at any rate, with the personage of that little known Colin de Coter, by whom there are signed pictures in the Louvre and at Vieuve. He was already known also as the painter of a wing in the Kauffmann collection at Berlin and of its pendant, which is no longer in Paris, but forms part of the Widener collection at Philadelphia. To these Dr Friedländer adds some striking full-length saints and angels and a pair of wings containing royal portraits which attracted a good deal of attention when they were shown at the 'Golden Fleece' Exhibition, as well as one or two Madonna pictures.

Somewhat later than this painter, he thinks, come one or two others to whom he assigns important works. In the artistic medium thus defined he places the rise of Barend van Orley, whose birth-date he fixes at between 1492 and 1495. He puts the beginning of his activity as an artist about the year 1512, and finds the first recorded mention of him in 1515, when he was ordered to paint portraits of the children of Philip the Fair. In the same year he undertook an altar-piece for Furnes; and Dr Friedländer identifies a fragment of it in the Turin Museum. From this, as starting-point, he carries back to about 1512 a picture whose central panel is at Vienna and the wings at Brussels; and to these early works he adds a few more and brings the whole group into order. It must be admitted that Van Orley is not a very stimulating artist; but he was a good craftsman, who spent his life in one locality, and whose work expresses very well the general tendencies of contemporary art in his days.

Since these pages have been in type, further instalments of Dr Friedländer's study of Van Orley have appeared. It is to be hoped that he intends to follow it up with some account of Van Orley's numerous followers and their relations with the chaotic group of artists at present labelled under the heading 'School of Bles.'

MARTIN CONWAY.

Art. 8.—TOLSTOY AND TURGENIEV.

1. *The Works of Turgenev*. Translated by Constance Garnett. Fifteen vols. London: Heinemann, 1906.
2. *The Complete Works of Count Tolstoy*. Translated and edited by Leo Wiener. Twenty-four vols. London: Dent, 1904-5.
3. *La Roman Russe*. By the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé. Paris: Plon, 1897.
4. *Tolstoy as Man and Artist: with an Essay on Dostoevski*. By Dimitri Merejkowski. London: Constable, 1902.
5. *Ivan Turgenev: la Vie et l'Œuvre*. By Émile Haumont. Paris: Armand Colin, 1906.
6. *The Life of Tolstoy. First Fifty Years*. By Aylmer Maude. London: Constable, 1908.
7. *A Literary History of Russia*. By Prof. A. Brückner. Edited by Ellis H. Minns. Translated by H. Havelock. London and Leipsic: Fisher Unwin, 1908.

THE eightieth birthday of Count Tolstoy, which was celebrated in Russia on August 28 (old style), 1908, was closely followed by the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Turgenev, who died on September 3, 1883, at the age of sixty-five. The date of these two anniversaries follows pretty closely on the publication of a translation into English of the complete works of Count Tolstoy by Prof. Wiener; and it is not long ago that a new edition of the complete works of Turgenev, translated into English by Mrs Garnett, appeared. Both these translations have been made with great care, and are faithful and accurate. Thirty years ago it is certain that European critics, and probable that Russian critics, would have observed, in commenting on the concurrence of these two events, that Tolstoy and Turgenev were the two giants of modern Russian literature. Is the case the same to-day? Is it still true that, in the opinion of Russia and of Europe, the names of Tolstoy and Turgenev stand pre-eminently above all their contemporaries?

With regard to Tolstoy the question can be answered without the slightest hesitation. Time, which has inflicted such mournful damage on so many great reputations in

the last twenty-five years, has not only left the fame of Tolstoy's masterpieces unimpaired, but has increased our sense of their greatness. The question arises, whose work forms the complement to that of Tolstoy and shares with him the undisputed dominion of modern Russian literature? Is it Turgeniev? In Russia at the present day the answer would be 'No, it is not Turgeniev.' And in Europe students of Russian literature who are acquainted with the Russian language—as we see in M. Émile Haumant's impartial and suggestive study of Turgeniev's life and work, and in Prof. Brückner's brilliant history of Russian literature—would also answer in the negative, although their denial would be less emphatic and less unqualified.

The other giant, the complement of Tolstoy, almost any Russian critic of the present day, without hesitation, would pronounce to be Dostoievsky; and the foreign critic who is thoroughly acquainted with Dostoievsky's work cannot but agree with him. Since the subject of this paper is not the work of Dostoievsky, but the work of Tolstoy and Turgeniev, I do not propose to go into the question of the merits and demerits of Dostoievsky; but it is impossible not to mention him in this connexion because the very existence of his work powerfully affects our judgment when we come to look at that of his contemporaries. We can no more ignore his existence and presence and influence than we could ignore the presence of a colossal fresco by Leonardo da Vinci in a room in which there were only two other religious pictures, one by Rembrandt and one by Vandyck. For any one who is familiar with Dostoievsky, and has felt his tremendous influence, cannot look at the work of his contemporaries with the same eyes as before. (To such a one the rising of Dostoievsky's red and troubled planet, while causing the rays of Turgeniev's serene star to pale and to dwindle, leaves the light of Tolstoy's orb undiminished and undimmed. Tolstoy and Dostoievsky shine and burn in the firmament of Russian literature like two great planets, one of them as radiant as the planet Jupiter, the other as red and ominous as the planet Mars. Beside either of these the light of Turgeniev twinkles, pure indeed, and full of pearly lustre, like the moon faintly seen in the East at the end of an autumnal day.

indeed

Broad generalisations are rash things to make. They involve a certain element of exaggeration which must be discounted. Nevertheless I believe that I am stating a deep and fundamental truth in saying that the Russian character can, roughly speaking, be divided into two types, and these two types dominate the whole of Russian literature. The first is that which I shall call, for want of a better name, Lucifer, the fallen angel. The second type is that of the hero of all Russian folk-tales, Ivan Durak, Ivan the Fool, or the Little Fool. There are innumerable folk-tales in Russian which tell the adventures of Ivan the Fool, who, by his very simplicity and foolishness, outwits the wisdom of the world. This type is profoundly characteristic of one Russian ideal. The simple fool is venerated in Russia as something holy. It is acknowledged that his childish innocence is more precious than the wisdom of the wise. Ivan Durak may be said to be the hero of all Dostoevsky's novels. He is the aim and ideal of Dostoevsky's life, an aim and ideal which he fully achieves. He is also the aim and ideal of Tolstoy's teaching, but an aim and ideal which Tolstoy recommends to others and only partly achieves himself.

The first type I have called, for want of a better name, since I can find no concrete symbol of it in Russian folklore, Lucifer, the fallen angel. This type is the embodiment of stubborn and obdurate pride, the spirit which cannot bend; such is Milton's Satan with his

'Courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.'

This type is also widely prevalent in Russia, although it cannot be said to be a popular type, embodied like Ivan the Fool in a national symbol. One of the most striking instances of this, the Lucifer type, which I have come across was a peasant called Nazarenko, who was a member of the first Duma. He was a tall, powerfully built, rugged looking man, spare and rather thin, with clear-cut, prominent features, black, penetrating eyes, and thick black tangled hair. He looked as if he had stepped out of a sacred picture by Velasquez. This man had the pride of Lucifer. There was at that time, in July 1905, an Inter-parliamentary Congress sitting in London. Five delegates of the Russian Duma were

chosen to represent Russia. It was proposed that Nazarenko should represent the peasants. I asked him once if he was going. He answered, 'I shan't go unless I am unanimously chosen by the others. I have written down my name and asked, but I shall not ask twice. I never ask twice for anything. When I say my prayers I only ask God once for a thing, and if it is not granted I never ask again. So it is not likely I would ask my fellow-men twice for anything. I am like that. I leave out that passage in the prayers about being a miserable slave. I am not a miserable slave, either of man or of Heaven.' Such a man recognises no dominant authority, human or divine—indeed not only refuses to acknowledge authority, but it will be difficult for him to admire or bow down to any of those men or ideas which the majority have agreed to believe worthy of admiration, praise, or reverence.

Now, while Dostoievsky is the incarnation of the second type, of Ivan the Fool, Tolstoy is the incarnation of the first. It is true that, at a certain stage of his career, Tolstoy announced to the whole world that the ideal of Ivan Durak was the only ideal worth following. He perceives this aim with luminous clearness, and, in preaching it, he has made a multitude of disciples; the only thing he has never been able to do is to make the supreme submission, the final surrender, and to become the type himself. here

We know everything about Tolstoy, not only from the biographical writings of Fet and Behrs, but from his own autobiography, his novels, and his Confession. We obtain a panorama of the events down to the smallest detail of his long career, as well as of every phase of feeling and every shade and mood of his spiritual existence. The English reader who wishes to be acquainted with all the important facts of Tolstoy's material and spiritual life cannot do better than read Mr. Aylmer Maude's 'Life of Tolstoy,' which compresses into one well-planned and admirably executed volume all that is of essential interest during the first fifty years of Tolstoy's career. In reading this book a phrase of Turgeniev's occurs to one. 'Man is the same, from the cradle to the grave.' Tolstoy has been called inconsistent; but the

student of his life and work, far from finding inconsistency, will rather be struck by the unvarying and obstinate consistency of his ideas. Here, for instance, is an event recorded in Tolstoy's 'Confession' (p. 1):

'I remember how, when I was about eleven, a boy, Vladimir Miliutin, long since dead, visited us one Sunday, and announced as the latest novelty a discovery made at his school. The discovery was that there is no God at all, and all we are taught about him is a mere invention. I remember how interested my elder brothers were in this news. They called me to their council, and we all, I remember, became animated, and accepted the news as something very interesting and fully possible.'

There is already the germ of the man who was afterwards to look with such independent eyes on the accepted beliefs and ideas of mankind, to play havoc with preconceived opinions, and to establish to his own satisfaction whether what was true for others was true for himself or not. Later he says:

'I was baptised and brought up in the Orthodox Christian faith. I was taught it in childhood and all through my boyhood and youth. Before I left the university, in my second year, at the age of eighteen, I no longer believed anything I had been taught.' ('Life of Tolstoy,' p. 38.)

A Russian writer, M. Kurbski, describes how, when he first met Tolstoy, he was overwhelmed by the look in Tolstoy's eyes. They were more than eyes, he said; they were like electric searchlights, which penetrated into the depths of your mind, and, like a photographic lens, seized and retained for ever a positive and inefaceable picture. In his 'Childhood and Youth' Tolstoy gives us the most vivid, the most natural, the most sensitive picture of childhood and youth that has ever been penned by the hand of man. And yet, after reading it, one is left half-unconsciously with the impression that the author feels there is something wrong, something unsatisfactory behind it all. Tolstoy then passes on to describe the life of a grown-up man, in 'The Morning of a Landowner,' in which he tells how he tried to work in his own home, on his property, and to teach the peasants, and how nothing came of his experiments. And again we have the feeling of something unsatisfactory and something wanting,

something towards which the man is straining, and which escapes him. A little later Tolstoy goes to the Caucasus, to the war, where life is primitive and simple, where he is nearer to nature, and where man himself is more natural. And then we have 'The Cossacks,' in which Tolstoy's powerful searchlights are thrown upon the simple, primitive life of the old huntsman, the Cossack, Yeroshka, who lives as the grass lives, without care, without grief, and without reflection. Once more we feel that the soul of the writer is dissatisfied, still searching for something he has not found.

In 1854 he took part in the Crimean War, which supplied him with material for what are perhaps the most vivid and truthful pictures of war that have ever been written. But even here we feel he has not yet found his heart's desire. Something is wrong. He was recommended for the St George's Cross, but, owing to his being without some necessary official document at the time of his recommendation, he failed to receive it. This incident is a symbol of the greater failure, the failure to achieve the inward happiness that he is seeking—a solid ground to tread on, a bridge to the infinite, a final place of peace. In his private diary there is an entry made at the commencement of the war, while he was at Silistria, which runs as follows :

'I have no modesty ; that is my great defect. . . . I am ugly, awkward, uncleanly, and lack society education. I am irritable, a bore to others, not modest, intolerant, and as shamefaced as a child. . . . I am almost an ignoramus. What I do know I have learnt anyhow, by myself, in snatches, without sequence, without a plan ; and it amounts to very little. I am incontinent, undecided, inconstant, and stupidly vain and vehement, like all characterless people. I am not brave. . . . I am clever, but my cleverness has as yet not been thoroughly tested on anything. . . . I am honest, that is to say, I love goodness. . . . There is a thing I love more than goodness, and that is fame. I am so ambitious, and so little has this feeling been gratified, that, should I have to choose between fame and goodness, I fear I may often choose the former. Yes, I am not modest, and therefore I am proud at heart, shamefaced and shy in society.'

At the time that Tolstoy wrote this he was a master, as Mr Aylmer Maude points out, of the French and German ✓

languages, besides having some knowledge of English, Latin, Arabic, and Turco-Tartar. He had published stories which had caused the editors of the best Russian magazines to offer him the rate of pay accorded to the best known writers. Therefore his discontent with his position, both intellectual and social, was in reality quite unfounded.

After the Crimean War Tolstoy went abroad. He found nothing in western Europe to satisfy him. On his return he settled down at Yasnaya Polyana, and married; and the great patriarchal phase of his life began, during which every gift and every happiness that man can be blessed with seemed to have fallen to his lot. It was then that he wrote 'War and Peace,' in which he describes the conflict between one half of Europe and the other. He takes one of the largest canvases ever attacked by mortal man; and he writes a prose epic on a period full of tremendous and world-shaking events. His piercing glance sees through all the fictions of national prejudice and patriotic bias; and he gives us what we feel to be the facts as they were, the very truth. No detail is too small for him, no catastrophe too great. He traces the growth of the spreading tree to its minute seed, the course of the great river to its tiny source. He makes a whole vanished generation of public and private men live before our eyes in such a way that it is difficult to believe that these people are not a part of our actual experience; and that his creations are not men and women we have seen with our own eyes, and whose voices we have heard with our own ears. But when we put down this wonderful book, unequalled as a prose epic, as a panorama of a period and a gallery of a thousand finished portraits, we are still left with the impression that the author has not yet found what he is seeking. He is still asking 'Why?' and 'wherefore?' 'What does it all mean? Why all these horrors, why these sacrifices? Why all this conflict and suffering of nations? What do these high deeds, this heroism, mean? What is the significance of these State problems, and the patriotic self-sacrifice of nations?' We are conscious that the soul of Tolstoy is alone in an awful solitude, and that it is shivering on the heights, conscious that all round it is emptiness, darkness, and despair.

Again, in 'War and Peace' we are conscious that Tolstoy's proud nature, the 'Lucifer' type in him, is searching for another ideal; and that in the character of Pierre Bezuhov he is already setting up before us the ideal of Ivan Durak as the model which we should seek to imitate. And in Pierre Bezuhov we feel that there is something of Tolstoy himself. Manners change, but man, faced by the problem of life, is the same throughout all ages; and, whether consciously or unconsciously, Tolstoy proves this in writing 'Anna Karenina.' Here again, on a large canvas, we see unrolled before us the contemporary life of the upper classes in Russia, in St Petersburg, and in the country, with the same unexampled sharpness of vision, which seizes every outward detail and reveals every hidden recess of the heart and mind. Nearly all characters in all fiction seem bookish beside those of Tolstoy. His men and women are so real and so true that, even if his psychological analysis of them may sometimes err and go wrong from its oversubtlety and its desire to explain too much, the characters themselves seem to correct this automatically, as though they were independent of their creator. He creates a character and gives it life. He may theorise on a character just as he might theorise on a person in real life; and he may theorise wrong, simply because sometimes no theorising is necessary, and the very fact of a theory being set down in words may give a false impression; but, as soon as the character speaks and acts, it speaks and acts in the manner which is true to itself, and corrects the false impression of the theory, just as though it were an independent person over whom the author had no control.

Nearly every critic, at least nearly every English critic, in dealing with 'Anna Karenina,' has criticised the author for the character of Vronsky. Anna Karenina, they say, could never have fallen in love with such an ordinary commonplace man. Vronsky, one critic has said, is only a glorified 'Steerforth.' The answer to this is that if you go to St Petersburg or to London or to Paris, or to any other town you like to mention, you will find that the men with whom the Anna Kareninas of this world fall in love are precisely the Vronskys, and no one else, for the simple reason that Vronsky is a man.

He is not a hero, and he is not a villain; he is not what people call 'interesting,' but a man, as masculine as Anna is feminine, with many good qualities and many limitations, but above all things alive. Nearly every novelist, with the exception of Fielding, ends, in spite of himself, by placing his hero either above or beneath the standard of real life. There are hundreds of Vronskys to-day in St Petersburg, and for the matter of that, *mutatis mutandis*, in London. But no novelist except Tolstoy has ever had the power to put this simple thing, an ordinary man, into a book. Put one of Meredith's heroes next to Vronsky, and Meredith's hero will appear like a figure dressed up for a fancy-dress ball. Put one of Bourget's heroes next to him, with all his psychological documents attached to him, and, in spite of all the diagnosis and analysis in the world, side by side with Tolstoy's human being he will seem but a plaster-cast. Yet, all the time, in 'Anna Karenina' we feel, as in 'War and Peace,' that the author is still unsatisfied and hungry, searching for something he has not yet found; and once again, this time in still sharper outline and more living colours, he paints an ideal of simplicity which is taking us towards Ivan Durak in the character of Levin. Into this character too we feel that Tolstoy has put a great deal of himself; and that Levin, if he is not Tolstoy himself, is what Tolstoy would like to be. But the loneliness and the void that is round Tolstoy's mind is not yet filled; and in that loneliness and in that void we are sharply conscious of the brooding presence of despair and the power of darkness.

We feel that Tolstoy is afraid of the dark; that to him in the whole of human life there is something essentially wrong, a radical mistake. He is conscious that, with all his genius, he has only been able to record the fact that all that he has found in life is not what he is looking for, but something irrelevant and unessential; and, at the same time, that he has not been able to determine the thing in life which is not a mistake, nor where the true aim, the essential thing, is to be found, nor in what it consists. It is at this moment that the crisis occurred in Tolstoy's life which divides it outwardly into two sections, although it constitutes no break in his inward evolution. The fear of the dark, of the abyss

the crisis

yawning in front of him, is so strong that he felt he must rid himself of it at all costs.

'I felt terror' (he writes) 'of what was awaiting me, though I knew that this terror was more terrible than my position itself; I could not wait patiently for the end; my horror of the darkness was too great, and I felt I must rid myself of it as soon as possible by noose or bullet.' This terror was not a physical fear of death, but an abstract fear arising from the consciousness that the cold mists of decay were rising round him. By the realisation of the nothingness of everything, of what Leopardi calls 'l'infinita vanità del tutto,' he was brought to the verge of suicide. And then came the change which he describes thus in his 'Confession': 'I grew to hate myself; and now all has become clear to me.' This was the preliminary step of the development which led him to believe that he had at last found the final and everlasting truth. 'A man has only got not to desire lands or money in order to enter into the kingdom of God.' Property, he came to believe, was the source of all evil. 'It is not a law of nature, the will of God, or a historical necessity; rather a superstition, neither strong nor terrible, but weak and contemptible.' To free oneself from this superstition he thought was as easy as to stamp on a spider. He desired literally to carry out the teaching of the Gospels, to give up all he had and to become a beggar. *and every*

This ideal he was not able to carry out in practice. His family, his wife, opposed him; and he was not strong enough to face the uncompromising and terrible sayings which speak of a man's foes being those of his own household, of father being divided against son, and household against household, of the dead being left to bury their dead. He put before him the ideal of the Christian saints, and of the early Russian martyrs who literally acted upon the saying of Christ, 'Whoso leaveth not house and lands and children for my sake is not worthy of me.' Tolstoy, instead of crushing the spider of property, shut his eyes to it. He refused to handle money or to have anything to do with it; but this does not alter the fact that it was handled for him, so that he retained its advantages, and this without any of the harassment which arises from the handling of property.

His affairs were, and still are, managed for him; and he continued to live as he had done before. No sane person would think of blaming Tolstoy for this. He was not by nature a St Francis; he was not by nature a Russian martyr, but the reverse. What one does resent is not that his practice is inconsistent with his teaching, but that his teaching is inconsistent with the ideal which it professes to embody. He takes the Christian teaching and tells the world that it is the only hope of salvation, the only key to the riddle of life. At the same time he neglects the first truth on which that teaching is based, namely, that man must be born again; he must humble himself and become as a little child. It is just this final and absolute surrender that Tolstoy has been unable to make. Instead of loving God through himself, and loving himself for the God in him, he hates himself, and refuses to recognise the gifts that God has given him. It is for this reason that he talks of all his great work, with the exception of a few stories written for children, as being worthless. It is for this reason that he ceased writing novels and attempted to plough the fields. And the cause of all this is simply spiritual pride, because he was unwilling to do 'his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him.' Providence had made him a novelist and a writer, and not a tiller of the fields; Providence had made him not only a novelist, but perhaps the greatest novelist that has ever lived; yet he deliberately turns upon this gift and spurns it and spits upon it, saying that it is worth nothing.

The question is, has a human being the right to do this, especially if, for any reasons whatever, he is not able to make the full and complete renunciation, and to cut himself off from the world altogether? The answer is that, if this be the foundation of Tolstoy's teaching, people have a right to complain of there being something wrong in it. If he had left the world and become a pilgrim, like one of the early Russian saints, not a word could have been said; or, if he had remained in the world preaching the ideals of Christianity and carrying them out as far as he could, not a word could have been said. But, while he has not followed the first course, he has preached that the second course is wrong. He has striven after the ideal of Ivan Durak, but has

been unable to find it, simply because he has been unable to humble himself; he has re-written the Gospels to suit his own temperament. The cry of his youth, 'I have no modesty,' remains true of him after his conversion. It is rather that he has no humility; and, instead of acknowledging that every man is appointed to a definite task, and that there is no such thing as a superfluous man or a superfluous task, he has preached that all tasks are superfluous except what he himself considers to be necessary; instead of preaching the love of the divine 'image of the King,' with which man is stamped like a coin, he has told us to love the maker of the coin by hatred of his handiwork, quite regardless of the image with which it is stamped. This all arises from the dual personality in the man, the conflict between the titanic 'Lucifer' element in him and the other, for ever searching for the ideal of Ivan Durak. The Titan is consumed with desire to become Ivan Durak; he preaches to the whole world that they should do so, but he cannot do it himself. Other proud and titanic natures have done it; but Tolstoy cannot do what Dante did. Dante was proud and a Titan, but Dante divested himself of his pride, and seeing the truth, said, 'In la sua volontate è nostra pace.' Nor could Tolstoy attain to Goethe's great cry of recognition of the 'himmlische Mächte,' 'Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass.' He remains isolated in his high and terrible solitude,

'In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.'

Turgenev said of Tolstoy, 'He never loved any one but himself.' Merejkowski, in his 'Tolstoy as Man and Artist,' an illuminating and creative work of criticism, is nearer the truth when he says, 'He has never loved any man, *not even himself*.' But Merejkowski considers that the full circle of Tolstoy's spiritual life is not closed. He does not believe he has found the truth which he has sought for all his life, nor that he is, as yet, at rest.

'I cannot refuse to believe him' (he writes) 'when he speaks of himself as a pitiful fledgling fallen from the nest. Yes, however terrible, it is true. This Titan, with all his vigour, is lying on his back and wailing in the high grass, as you and I and all the rest of us. No, he has found nothing; no faith, no God. And his whole justification is solely in his hopeless

prayer, this piercing and plaintive cry of boundless solitude and dread. . . . Will he at last understand that there is no higher or lower in the matter; that the two seemingly contradictory and equally true paths, leading to one and the same goal, are not two paths, but one path, which merely seems to be two; and that it is not by going against what is earthly or fleeing from it, but only through what is earthly, that we can reach the Divine; that it is not by divesting ourselves of the flesh, but through the flesh, that we can reach that which is beyond the flesh. Shall we fear the flesh? we, the children of Him who said "My blood is drink indeed and my flesh is meat indeed"; we, whose God is that God whose Word was made flesh?' (Merejkowski, pp. 93, 95.)

Yet, whatever the mistakes of Tolstoy's teaching may be, they do not detract from the moral authority of the man. All his life he has searched for the truth, and all his life he has said exactly what he thought; and, though he has fearlessly attacked all constituted authorities, nobody has dared to touch him. He is too great. This is the first instance of such a thing happening in Russia; it is the service he has rendered to Russia *as a man*.

Neither Tolstoy nor Dostoevsky could endure the personality of Turgenev; their dislike of him is illuminating and helps us to understand the nature of their work and of their artistic ideals, and the nature of the immeasurable distance that separates the work of Turgenev from that of Tolstoy. 'I despise the man,' Tolstoy wrote of Turgenev to Fet. Dostoevsky, in his novel, 'The Possessed,' draws a scathing portrait of Turgenev, in which every defect of the man is noted but grossly exaggerated. This portrait is not uninstructional. 'I read his works in my childhood,' Dostoevsky writes, 'I even revelled in them. They were the delight of my boyhood and my youth. Then I gradually grew to feel colder towards his writing.' He goes on to say that Turgenev is one of those authors who powerfully affect one generation, and are then put on the shelf like the scene of a theatre. The reason of this dislike, of the inability to admire Turgenev's work, which was shared by Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, is perhaps that both these men, each in his own way, reached the absolute truth of the life which was round them. Tolstoy painted

the outward and the inner life of those with whom he came in contact in a manner such as has never been seen before or since; and Dostoievsky painted the inner life (however fantastic he made the outward machinery of his work) with an insight that has never been attained before or since. Now Turgeniev painted people of the same epoch, the same generation; he dealt with the same material; he dealt with it as an artist and as a poet, as a great artist, and as a great poet. But his vision was weak and narrow compared with that of Tolstoy, and his understanding was cold and shallow compared with that of Dostoievsky. His characters, beside those of Tolstoy, seem caricatures; and beside those of Dostoievsky they are conventional. ? ~~IX~~
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In Europe no foreign writer has ever received more abundant praise from the most eclectic judges than has Turgeniev. Flaubert said of him, 'Quel gigantesque bonhomme que ce Scythe!' George Sand said, 'Maître, il nous faut tous aller à votre école.' Taine speaks of Turgeniev's work as being the finest artistic production since Sophocles. Twenty-five years have now passed since Turgeniev's death; and, as M. Haumant points out in his book, the period of reaction and of doubt, with regard to his work, has now set in even in Europe. People are beginning to ask themselves whether Turgeniev's pictures are really true, whether the Russians that he describes ever existed, and whether all the praise which was bestowed upon him by his astonished contemporaries all over Europe was not a gross exaggeration. One reason of the abundant and perhaps excessive praise which was showered on Turgeniev by European critics is that it was chiefly through Turgeniev's work that Europe discovered Russian literature, and became aware that novels were being written in which dramatic issues as poignant and terrible as those of Greek tragedy arise simply out of the clash of certain characters in everyday life. The simplicity of Russian literature, the naturalness of the characters in Russian fiction, came like a revelation to Europe; and, as this revelation came about partly through the work of Turgeniev, it is not difficult to understand that he received the praise not only due to him as an artist, but the praise for all the qualities which are inseparable from the work of any ??

Russian. Heine says somewhere that the man who first came to Germany was astonished at the abundance of ideas there. 'This man,' he says, 'was like the traveller who found a nugget of gold directly he arrived in Eldorado; but his enthusiasm died down when he discovered that in Eldorado there was nothing but nuggets of gold.' As it was with ideas in Germany, according to Heine, so was it with the naturalness of Turgenev. Compared with the work of Tolstoy and that of all other Russian writers, Turgenev's naturalness is less astonishing, because he possesses the same qualities that they possess, only in a less degree.

When all is said, however, Turgenev was a great poet. What time has not taken away from him, and what time can never take away, is the beauty of his language and the poetry which is in his work. Every Russian schoolboy has read the works of Turgenev before he has left school; and every Russian schoolboy will probably continue to do so, because Turgenev's prose remains a classic model of simple, beautiful, and harmonious language, and as such it can never be excelled. Turgenev never wrote anything better than the book which brought him fame, the 'Sportsman's Sketches.' In this book nearly the whole of his talent finds expression. One does not know which to admire more—the delicacy of the art in choosing and recording his impressions, or the limpid and musical utterance with which they are recorded. To the reader who only knows his work through a translation, three-quarters of the beauty are lost; yet so great is the truth and so poignant and moving is the poetry of these sketches that even in translation they will strike a reader as unique.

There is, perhaps, nothing so difficult in the world to translate as stories dealing with Russian peasants. The simplicity and directness of their speech are the despair of the translator; and to translate them properly would require literary talent at once as great and as delicate as the author's. Mrs Garnett's version of Turgenev's work is admirable; yet in reading the translation of the 'Sportsman's Sketches' and comparing it with the original, one feels that the task is an almost impossible one. Some writers, Rudyard Kipling for instance, succeed in conveying to us the impression which is made

by the conversation of men in exotic countries. When Rudyard Kipling gives us the speech of an Indian, he translates it into simple and almost biblical English. There is no doubt this is the right way to deal with the matter; it is the method which was adopted with perfect success by the great writers of the eighteenth century, the method of Fielding and Smollett, in dealing with the conversation of simple men. One cannot help thinking that it is a mistake, in translating the speech of people like the Russian peasants, or Indians, or Greeks, however familiar the speech may be, to try to render it by the equivalent colloquial or slang English. For instance, Mrs Garnett, in translating one of Turgeniev's masterpieces, 'The Singers,' turns the Russian words 'nie vryosh' (are you not lying?) by 'Isn't it your humbug?' In the same story she translates the Russian word 'molchat' by the slang expression 'shut up.' Now 'shut up' might, in certain circumstances, be the colloquial equivalent of 'molchat'; but the impression conveyed here is utterly false, and it would be better to translate it simply 'be silent,' because to translate the talk of the Russian peasant into English colloquialisms conveys precisely the same impression, to any one familiar with the original, which he would receive were he to come across the talk of a Scotch gillie translated into English cockney slang.

This may seem a small point, but in reality it is the chief problem of all translations, and especially of those translations which deal with the talk and the ways of simple men. It is therefore of cardinal importance when the material in question happens to be the talk of Russian peasants; and I have seen no translation in which this mistake is not made. How great the beauty of the original must be is proved by the fact that even in a translation of this kind one can still discern it, and that one receives at least a shadow of the impression which the author intended to convey. If the 'Sportsman's Sketches' be the masterpiece of Turgeniev, he rose to the same heights once more at the close of his career, when he wrote the incomparable 'Poems in Prose.' Here once more he touched the particular vibrating string which was his special secret, and which thrills and echoes in the heart with so lingering a sweetness.

So much for Turgeniev as a poet. But Turgeniev was

def a novelist; he was famous as a novelist, and must be considered as such. His three principal novels, 'A House of Gentlefolk,' 'Fathers and Sons,' and 'Virgin Soil,' laid the foundation of his European fame. Their merits consist in the ideal character of the women described, the absence of tricks of mechanism and melodrama, the naturalness of the sequence of the events, the harmony and proportion of the whole, and the vividness of the characters. No one can deny that the characters of Turgenev live; they are intensely vivid. Whether they are true to life is another question. The difference between the work of Tolstoy and Turgenev is this, that Turgenev's characters are as living as any characters ever are in books, but they belong to bookland and are thus conventional; whereas Tolstoy's characters belong to life. The fault which Russian critics find with Turgenev's characters is that they are exaggerated, that there is an element of caricature in them; and that they are permeated by the faults of the author's own character, namely, his weakness and, above all, his self-consciousness. M. Haumant points out that the want of backbone in all Turgenev's characters does not prove that types of this kind must necessarily be untrue or misleading pictures of the Russian character, since Turgenev was not only a Russian, but an exceptionally gifted and remarkable Russian. Turgenev himself divides all humanity into two types, the Don Quixotes and the Hamlets. With but one notable exception, he almost exclusively portrayed the Hamlets. Feeble, nerveless people, full of ideas, enthusiastic in speech, capable by their words of exciting enthusiasm and even creating belief in themselves, but incapable of action and devoid of will, they lack both the sublime simplicity and the weakness of Ivan Durak, which is not weakness but strength, because it proceeds from a profound goodness.

✓ To this there is one exception. In 'Fathers and Sons' Turgenev drew a portrait of the 'Lucifer' type, of an unbending and inflexible will, namely, Bazarov. There is no character in the whole of his work which is more alive; and nothing that he wrote ever aroused so much controversy and censure as this figure. Turgenev invented the type of the Nihilist in fiction. If he was not the first to invent the word, he was the first to apply

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it and to give it currency. The type remains, and will remain, of the man who believes in nothing, bows to nothing, bends to nothing, and who retains his invincible pride until death strikes him down. Here again, compared with the Nihilists whom Dostoevsky has drawn in his 'Possessed,' we feel that, so far as the inner truth of this type is concerned, Turgeniev's Bazarov is a book-character, extraordinarily vivid and living though he be; and that Dostoevsky's Nihilists, however outwardly and superficially fantastic they may seem, are inwardly not only infinitely truer, but the very quintessence of truth. Turgeniev never actually saw the real thing as Tolstoy might have seen it and described it; nor could he divine with unerring intuition the real thing, as Dostoevsky divined it, whether he saw it or not. But Turgeniev evolved a type out of his artistic imagination, and made a living figure which, to us at any rate, is extraordinarily striking. This character has proved, however, highly irritating to those who knew the prototype from which it was admittedly drawn, and considered him to be not only a far more interesting character than Turgeniev's conception, but quite different from it. But whatever fault may be found with Bazarov, none can be found with the description of his death. Here Turgeniev reaches his high-water mark as a novelist, and strikes a note of manly pathos which, by its reserve, suggests an infinity of things all the more striking for being left unsaid.

In 'Virgin Soil' Turgeniev attempts to give a sketch of underground life in Russia—the seething revolutionary movement, impotent and helpless in face of the ignorance of the masses and the unpreparedness of the nation at large for any such movement. Here, in the opinion of all Russian judges, and of most latter-day critics who have knowledge of the subject, he signally failed. In describing the official class, although he does this with great skill and cleverness, he simply makes a gallery of caricatures; and the revolutionaries whom he sets before us are types devoid of reality and truth. Nevertheless, in spite of Turgeniev's limitations and weaknesses, these three books, 'A House of Gentlefolk,' 'Fathers and Sons,' and 'Virgin Soil,' must always have a permanent value as reflecting the atmosphere

of the generation which he paints, even though his pictures be marred by caricature, and feeble when compared with those of his rivals and his masters.

Of his other novels, the most important are 'On the Eve,' 'Smoke,' 'Spring Waters,' and 'Rudin' (the most striking portrait in his gallery of Hamlets). In 'Spring Waters,' Turgenev's poetry is allowed free play; the result is therefore entrancing. With regard to 'On the Eve,' Tolstoy writes thus ('Life,' p. 189):

'These are excellent negative characters, the artist and the father. The rest are not types; even their conception, their position, is not typical, or they are quite insignificant. That, however, is always Turgenev's mistake. The girl is hopelessly bad. "Ah, how I love thee! . . ." Her eyelashes were long." In general it always surprises me that Turgenev, with his mental powers and poetic sensibility, should, even in his methods, not be able to refrain from banality. There is no humanity or sympathy for the characters, but the author exhibits monsters whom he scolds and does not pity.'

Again, in writing of 'Smoke,' Tolstoy says:

'About "Smoke," I think that the strength of poetry lies in love; and the direction of that strength depends on character. Without strength of love there is no poetry; but strength falsely directed—the result of the poet's having an unpleasant, weak character—creates dislike. In "Smoke" there is hardly any love of anything, and very little pity; there is only love of light and playful adultery; and therefore the poetry of that novel is repulsive.' ('Life,' p. 312.)

These criticisms, especially the latter, may be said to sum up the case of the 'Advocatus Diaboli' with regard to Turgenev. I have quoted them because they represent what many educated Russians feel at the present day about a great part of Turgenev's work, however keenly they appreciate his poetical sensibility and his gift of style. This view deserves to be pointed out, because all that can be said in praise of Turgenev has not only been expressed with admirable nicety and discrimination by widely different critics of various nationalities, but their praise is constantly being quoted; whereas the other side of the question is seldom even mentioned. Yet in the case of 'On the Eve,' Tolstoy's criticism is manifestly unfair. Tolstoy was unable by his nature to do full justice to

Turgenev. Perhaps the most impartial and acute criticism of Turgenev's work that exists is to be found in M. de Vogüé's 'Roman Russe.' M. de Vogüé is not indeed blind to Turgenev's defects; he recognises the superiority both of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, but he nevertheless gives Turgenev his full meed of sensitive and acute appreciation.

The lapse of years has only emphasised the elements of banality and conventionality which are to be found in Turgenev's work. He is a masterly landscape painter; but even here he is not without convention. His landscapes are always orthodox Russian landscapes, and are seldom varied. He seems never to get face to face with nature, after the manner of Wordsworth; he never gives us any elemental pictures of nature, such as Gorky succeeds in doing in a phrase; but he rings the changes on delicate arrangements of wood, cloud, mist, and water, vague backgrounds and diaphanous figures, after the manner of Corot. This does not detract from the beauty of his pictures, and our admiration for them is not lessened; but all temptation to exaggerate its merits vanishes when we turn from his work to that of stronger and director masters.

To sum up, it may be said that the picture of Russia obtained from the whole of Turgenev's work has been incomplete, but it is not inaccurate; and such as it is, with all its faults, it is invaluable. In 1847 Bielinski, in writing to Turgenev, said, 'It seems to me that you have little or no creative genius. Your vocation is to depict reality.' This criticism remained true to the end of Turgenev's career, but it omits his greatest gift, his poetry; the magical echoes, the 'unheard melodies,' which he sets vibrating in our hearts by the music of his utterance. The last of Turgenev's poems in prose is called 'The Russian Language'; it runs as follows:

'In days of doubt, in the days of burdensome musing over the fate of my country, thou alone art my support and my mainstay, oh great, mighty, truthful, and unfettered Russian language! Were it not for thee, how should I not fall into despair at the sight of all that is being done at home? But how can I believe that such a language was given to any but a great people?'

No greater praise can be given to Turgenev than to

say that he was worthy of his medium, and that no Russian prose writer ever handled the great instrument of his inheritance with a more delicate touch or a surer execution.

When Turgenev was dying, he wrote to Tolstoy and implored him to return to literature. 'That gift,' he wrote, 'came whence all comes to us. Return to your literary work, great writer of our Russian land!'

All through Turgenev's life, in spite of his frequent quarrels with Tolstoy, he never ceased to admire the works of his rival. Turgenev had the gift of admiration. Tolstoy is absolutely devoid of it. The 'Lucifer' spirit in him refuses to bow down before Shakespeare or Beethoven, simply because it is incapable of bending at all. To justify this want, his incapacity to admire the great masterpieces of the world, Tolstoy wrote a book called 'What is Art?' in which he condensed theories he had himself enunciated years before. In this, and in a book on Shakespeare, he treats all art, the very greatest, as if it were in the same category with that of aesthetes who confine themselves to prattling of 'Art for Art's sake.' Beethoven he brushes aside because, he says, such music can only appeal to specialists. 'What proportion of the world's population,' he asks, 'have ever heard the Ninth Symphony or seen "King Lear"? And how many of them enjoyed the one or the other?' If these things be the highest art, and yet the bulk of men live without them, and do not need them, then the highest art lacks all claim to such respect as Tolstoy is ready to accord to art. In commenting on this, Mr Aylmer Maude writes: 'The case of the specialists, when Tolstoy calls in question the merits of "King Lear" or of the Ninth Symphony, is an easy one.'

But the fallacy does not lie here. The fallacy lies in thinking the matter is a case for specialists at all. It is not a case for specialists. Beethoven's later quartettes may be a case for the specialist, just as the obscurer passages in Shakespeare may be a case for the specialist. This does not alter the fact that the whole of the German nation, and multitudes of people outside Germany, meet together to hear Beethoven's symphonies played, and enjoy them. It does not alter the fact that Shakespeare's

*Tolstoy had great "capacity to admire."
(Homer, for example) He tried for 20 years*

plays are translated into every language and enjoyed, and, when they are performed, are enjoyed by the simplest and the most uneducated people. The highest receipts are obtained at the Théâtre Français on holidays and feast days, when the monumental plays of Molière are given. Tolstoy leaves out the fact that very great art, such as that of Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, Beethoven, Mozart, appeals at the same time, and possibly for different reasons, to the highly trained specialist and to the most uncultivated ignoramus. This, Dr Johnson points out, is the great merit of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'; the most cultivated man cannot find anything to praise more highly, and a child knows nothing more amusing. This is also true of 'Paradise Lost,' an appreciation of which is held in England to be the highest criterion of scholarship. And 'Paradise Lost,' translated into simple prose, is sold in cheap editions, with coloured pictures, all over Russia, and is greedily read by the peasants, who have no idea that it is a poem, but enjoy it as a tale of fantastic adventure and miraculous events. It appeals at the same time to their religious feeling and to their love of fairy tales, and impresses them just as the chants in church impress them, by a certain elevation in the language, which they unconsciously feel does them good.

It is this inability to admire which is the whole defect of Tolstoy, and it arises from his indomitable pride, which is the strength of his character, and causes him to tower like a giant over all his contemporaries. Therefore, in reviewing his whole work and his whole life, and in reviewing it in connexion with that of his contemporaries, one comes to the following conclusion. If Tolstoy, being as great as he is, has this great limitation, we can only repeat the platitude that no genius, however great, is without limitations; no ruby without a flaw. Were it otherwise—had Tolstoy combined with his power and directness of vision and creative genius the all-embracing love and childlike simplicity of Dostoievsky—we should have had, united in one man, the complete expression of the Russian race; that is to say, we should have had a complete man—which is impossible.

Turgenev, on the other hand, is full to the brim of the power of admiration and appreciation which Tolstoy lacks; but then he also lacks Tolstoy's strength and

to understand the value of Shakespeare before deciding he had none.

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power. Dostoievsky has a power different from Tolstoy's, but equal in scale, and titanic. He has a power of admiration, an appreciation wider and deeper than Turgeniev's, and the simplicity and humility of a man who has descended into hell, who has been face to face with the deepest sufferings, the sorest agonies of humanity, and the vilest aspects of human nature; who, far from losing his faith in the divine, has detected it in every human being, however vile, and in every circumstance, however hideous; and who in dust and ashes has felt himself face to face with God. Yet, in spite of all this, Dostoievsky is far from being the complete expression of the Russian genius or a complete man. His limitations are as great as Tolstoy's; and no one was more conscious of them than himself. They do not, however, concern us here. What does concern us is the fact that in modern Russian literature, in the literature of this century, leaving the poets out of the question, the two great figures, the two great columns which support the temple of Russian literature, are Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. Turgeniev's place is inside that temple; there he has a shrine and an altar which are his own, which no one can dispute with him, and which are bathed in serene radiance and visited by shy visions and voices of haunting loveliness. But neither as a writer nor as a man can he be called the great representative of even half the Russian genius, for he complements the genius of neither Tolstoy nor Dostoievsky. He possesses in a minor degree qualities which they both possess; and the qualities which are his and his only, exquisite as they are, are not of the kind which belong to the greatest representatives of a nation or of a race.

MAURICE BARING.

Art. 9.—RECENT STATE FINANCE AND THE BUDGET.

1. *Speech by the Rt Hon. David Lloyd George on introducing the Budget*, May 5, 1909.
2. *Debates on the Budget in the House of Commons*, May and June 1909.
3. *Explanatory Memorandum by Mr Chancellor of the Exchequer with respect to Revenue and Expenditure 1908-09 and 1909-10, and the position of the National Debt at the close of the former year*. Parliamentary paper (Commons) No. 115, April 1909.
4. *Return by the Treasury, giving the estimated yield of new Taxation proposed in the Budget*. 'The Economist,' May 22, 1909.
5. *Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom (1906-07)*.
6. *A Financial Retrospect, 1861-1901*. By Sir Robert Giffen. With discussion. 'Journal of the Statistical Society,' March 1902.

THE sensational Budget of Mr Lloyd George contains such a multiplicity of debatable topics and comes into collision with so many interests that the public is quite bewildered. Everybody is saying that there is matter in it not merely for half a dozen budgets, but for half a dozen parliamentary sessions. Partial abolition of arrangements for debt reduction, with substitution of development grants; new and heavy licence duties for the 'trade'; increased income tax and new forms of graduating it; increased spirit duties; taxes on automobiles, with a tax on petrol supplement; increased and more graduated death duties; taxation of land values, and many more ideas combine to make the Budget difficult to comprehend and follow. Possibly this was intentional on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose astuteness every one admits. It may be allowable, however, since the Budget has been before the public for some time, to attempt in this paper the concentration of discussion on a small number of points, involving the main problems of Imperial finance at the present time. These are somewhat different from what they appear when the Budget is approached in detail; but the wider and more detached view of a looker-on inevitably forces them on his consideration. The main question always is

not the topic of the hour, but how the King's Government is, in finance, to be carried on. The Budget in this view may be taken as an illustration of recent tendencies in politics with reference to Imperial finance, which have been developing more or less slowly for the last half-century, and have been coming into prominence during the last twenty years.

The scheme of the Budget is in reality simple. Much money, it is affirmed, is wanted. The previous year ended with a deficit of 714,000*l.*; and the revenue, in spite of some increase at the end of the year, owing to the withdrawal of goods from bond in expectation of new taxes, fell off by 1,500,000*l.* as compared with the estimate. The explanation is the badness of trade, which affects even more seriously the revenue of the current year. The preliminary estimates of revenue and expenditure for the current year showed accordingly an anticipated expenditure of 164,652,000*l.* and an anticipated revenue of 148,190,000*l.* only, a large falling-off from the previous year, leaving a deficit of over 16,000,000*l.* Therefore new taxes are largely required. Leaving out of account automobile and petrol taxes, which were proposed and earmarked for a special purpose, and might as well have been left out of the general, and made the subject of a special, Budget, the new taxes proposed are mainly additional estate duties estimated to yield 2,850,000*l.*, additional income tax 3,500,000*l.*, additional stamp duties 650,000*l.*, additional spirit duties 1,600,000*l.*, additional tobacco duties 1,900,000*l.*, and liquor licences 2,600,000*l.*—total 13,100,000*l.*; the difference between this sum and the 16,000,000*l.* required to balance the Budget being made up by a diminution of 3,000,000*l.* in the appropriation for the reduction of debt. In addition there are new land taxes, estimated to yield 500,000*l.*, which have been put in the forefront of the Budget statement, but are obviously of comparative insignificance in balancing the current year's account, however important they may be afterwards. Substantially the new money is found by additional income tax and death duties and the new licence duties, and by adding greatly to the existing heavy duties on spirits and tobacco. This is the Budget from the general financial point of view. From this point of view also the new licence duties and the stamp duties are obviously less

important than the other taxes named, on which the main reliance is placed so far as money is concerned.

Such is the scheme of the Budget; and the obvious comment is that it continues to aggravate the vice of swelling direct taxation—income tax and death duties—and neglecting the wide field of indirect taxes, which has been the characteristic feature of our Imperial finance for many years past. The alleged necessity for new taxes at all may be questioned; but, granting the necessity, the significance of the method of throwing the burden mainly on income tax and death duties ‘leaps to the eye.’ This must accordingly be the main topic of the present discussion, the disorder in our national finance being of long standing and most difficult to cure.

It will be most convenient, however, to begin with the question of Expenditure. What is to be said of the alleged need for new taxes of the kind described? How far is the alleged expenditure really necessary?

In answering this question we must of course make the admission that the financial position is unsatisfactory, though not in the way described by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He singled out two causes of increased expense—the desire for social reforms on all sides, and the necessity for a great navy to save the country from invasion and protect our commerce—dwelling most of all on the social reforms for which he is anxious to provide. But the financial position is really far more serious. What is at stake is not merely the balancing of one or two Budgets, so much expenditure on one side, and so much revenue to be found on the other. We have really arrived at a crisis which requires the broadest study of all our financial requirements and the way in which they are to be met.

The elementary facts of this crisis are that the State is now threatened in its very existence in an entirely new way as compared with any former period, except that of the Norman conquest or the Napoleonic wars. Europe has now to fear the predominance of a great military Power, Germany, just as it had to fear France in the time of Napoleon; and Germany, like France under Napoleon, regards England as ‘the’ enemy, just because

we are stronger and richer than any other European Power, are assured for the time against immediate attack by our sea-power, and can thus champion from a position of vantage the liberties and rights of the smaller European States against the might of the predominant continental Power. It is not necessary to suppose any special ill-will on the part of Germany against England; but there is an obvious opposition of ideals and policy which points to a possible conflict. At the same time there is more method in German proceedings than there was in Napoleon's. The sea-power of England being the obstacle, the German Government for a long series of years has laboured at the problem of being great by sea as well as by land, and has obtained no small success. There is a possibility, such as has not existed since the great French wars, that we may have to fight for our very life, since every year that passes adds to the preparations of Germany, and we cannot foresee what accidents or alliances may pave the way for sudden operations which will test to the uttermost every preparation of our own. This is the real cause of the need for looking into our finances, but it does not point to the hasty raising of new taxes almost anyhow—which was Mr Lloyd George's inference—certainly not to the imposition of new taxes for such purposes as social reform.

What is necessary now, in finance as in other matters, is preparation corresponding to that of Germany; that is, the development of all the forces of the State, so that, when an emergency comes, we shall be prepared to act quickly in all directions. This means large expenditure, but not at haphazard. On the contrary, there must be the most careful study of ways and means. We must not be too sure of success.

There is enormous wealth to draw upon. With a gross income-tax income of about 1,000,000,000*l.*, and probably an equal amount not coming under the income tax, it may be considered that the existing charge for army and navy, about 60,000,000*l.*, in other words about 3 per cent. on 2,000,000,000*l.*, is a very small sum for insurance, and the amount could easily be increased; but we have to reflect that England is no longer the only rich country in the world. The United States has both more population and more wealth; France is not

far behind us; while Germany is about equal with France in wealth and has 50 per cent. more people. Our preparations may thus be very easily equalled or exceeded by one of our rivals, quite apart from any superiority in the art of peace preparation which, there is too much reason to believe, Germany possesses. The moral is, therefore, that our financial preparation must be wisely guided, the right things being done without waste and no irrelevant extravagances tolerated. The necessary taxation should also be as scientifically adjusted as may be, should press as little as possible upon the springs of industry, and be as little burdensome as may be to the taxpayer of every class; so that we may be ready for a time of great emergency and unavoidably high taxation. These are the real financial problems to be faced. The defect, however, of our recent finance, aggravated by the present Budget, is that the problem is not faced, that irrelevant expenditure is incurred, that taxation is not adjusted, and that the industry of the country is crippled.

Let us now see how the actual figures stand. The expenditure, according to the Budget estimates, before the changes proposed in the Budget itself, is as follows:

	In thousands.
National Debt	£28,000
Other Consolidated Fund services (Civil Service expenditure)	1,670
Supply services—	
Army	£27,435
Navy	35,143
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	62,578
Civil services	31,820
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	94,398
Customs and Inland Revenue	3,373
Post Office	18,978
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	146,419
Payments to local taxation, etc.	9,483
Old-age pensions	8,750
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Total	£164,652

In spite, therefore, of all we hear about army and navy and their enormous demands, we find they get little more than a third of the appropriations for expenditure, at a time when the very existence of the State is threatened and the country may therefore shortly be called upon for the most serious sacrifices. It is also to be noted that, while army and navy receive an appropriation

of 62,000,000*l.*, this was not a great advance on the total for the previous year, as might be inferred from a hasty reading of Mr Lloyd George's speech. It is an advance of about 3,000,000*l.*; the actual outlay in the previous year having been, army 26,840,000*l.*, and navy 32,188,000*l.*, a total of 59,028,000*l.* This does not look like sensitiveness to the real position of the country in regard to defence.

There are three items at least of the remaining expenditure against which the charge of irrelevance or waste at a time like this may be brought. These are (1) old-age pensions 8,750,000*l.*, as to which there is no need here to say anything except that they have been introduced with too little consideration of the contributory element and perhaps at the wrong time; (2) payments to local taxation account 9,483,000*l.*, which are a means of ministering to local extravagance, though it is a good thing they are now brought to account instead of being concealed as formerly; and (3) the charge for the reduction of the debt, about 10,000,000*l.*, included in the total debt charge of 28,000,000*l.*—an item generally approved of as tending to improve the national credit and prepare for a rainy day, but which is nevertheless subject to the remark that debt-reduction may be and ought to be postponed in times like the present, when the tax system has got out of gear, to the far more important questions of financial reform and preparation for inevitable conflicts. These three items amount in all to no less a sum than 28,000,000*l.* If they were properly handled, the necessity for new taxes, which is the foundation of the present Budget, would disappear, and a balance would remain for the additional expenditure required for preserving the national existence.

It will be urged perhaps that the items of expenditure questioned are not 'irrelevant.' Old-age pensions, it may be said, were made part of the law before the present Budget, and must be provided for along with other State obligations. Although this may be an excuse, so far as the present Budget is concerned, it is no justification of the item in a question of the conduct of the authors of the present financial situation. All that this excuse amounts to is that the bad finance under this head commenced a year ago instead of in the present year. However desirable a proper system of old-age pensions may

be, it is difficult to justify its introduction at a moment when the very existence of the State is in question.

Again, it may be said that the item of payments to local taxation account is really of old standing, and could not be altered suddenly, or without much arrangement. Practically it was unchangeable for the purposes of a particular Budget. Here again, however, our complaint is that, in view of the financial situation, steps have not been taken to save for the State the revenue collected by Imperial authorities, and properly of an Imperial character, instead of paying it over to local authorities. The task would have been arduous, but it has been lying before our political parties and their financial advisers for years, and the country suffers through its not having received attention.

Lastly, as regards debt-reduction, it will be urged that it cannot be described as 'irrelevant' expenditure. It contributes to the maintenance of the public credit, which has suffered great depreciation since the South African war. In a short time also there will be a sensible diminution of the permanent charge for the debt, which will be a real gain. The validity of a case for debt-reduction generally may, however, be admitted, without approving the large reduction proposed in the present Budget. There is a time for everything; and what is here maintained is that the present is a time for seeing, above all, to the defences of the country, and for reducing taxation until new indirect taxes can be applied, not for abstracting large sums from the saving classes in order to maintain the national credit—an object which that proceeding, moreover, fails to attain. The fact that so many other countries, including our rivals, take advantage of what little improvement our debt-reduction makes in the markets for securities should induce us to hold our hands. For instance, the more we reduce our debt, the easier we make it for Germany to raise the loans which it employs in war preparation. Why not use the money ourselves in preparation instead of helping Germany to the same end? If we had large surpluses applicable to debt-reduction arising out of indirect taxes there might be a case for debt-reduction, even at the present time; but, as things stand, there is nothing to be gained.

We maintain, then, that the expenditure specified is
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in fact 'irrelevant.' Under careful financial management the items in question would have been dealt with somehow, so as to avert the alleged necessity for new taxes while yet providing adequately for the defences of the nation. Probably with careful management not a few other items would have proved capable of reduction. The Civil Services are not the sink of expenditure they are supposed to be; but, when one thinks of the growth of expenditure on education, without any certainty that the country gets value for its money, and with the knowledge that school pence and other such aids have been dropped to the loss of the education itself, an uncomfortable conviction of huge waste in our financial arrangements must be the result. The same is the case with the vast development of inspectorships in recent years. There is never any attempt in the annual financial statements to survey the subject as a whole, to explain in detail the supposed benefits to the country from each branch of expenditure, and to grapple with the question whether the amount of the outlay would not be more productive to the State if left in the pockets of individuals.

It may be repeated, then, that, so far as expenditure is concerned, the financial problem is not faced. It has not been faced in recent years, and it is not faced now. At a time when great necessities are pressing and every care should be taken to combine efficiency and economy, much of our expenditure is merely irrelevant waste.

Passing to the matter of Revenue, the question here is whether we have the right taxes, namely, those which press as lightly on the taxpayer as possible and are otherwise levied on sound principles, so that the State may be prepared for the crisis. With regard to this point, we get the following figures:—

	In thousands.
Customs	£28,000
Excise	32,050
Death duties	18,600
Stamps	7,600
Land tax and house duty	2,650
Income tax	33,900
Post-office, telegraphs, and telephones	22,400
Crown lands	330
Suez Canal shares	1,166
Miscellaneous	1,394
Total	£148,090

Upon this the obvious remarks are (1) that, with the omission of the irrelevant expenditure above described, amounting to 28,000,000*l.*, there would be no deficit and no call for an elaborate schedule of new taxes, even if the expenditure on army and navy were to be increased ; and (2) that the amounts receivable under the head of death duties (18,600,000*l.*) and income tax (33,900,000*l.*), total 52,500,000*l.*, are altogether excessive and dangerous, without the heavy additions made by the present Budget. Such sums cannot be raised without becoming real taxes upon capital, taking from the community much that would otherwise have been saved and devoted to industrial investment, that is, to the promotion of the wealth of the country and the payment of wages. This is a consideration too much left out of sight lately under cover of discussions as to the equity of the taxation itself. Quite apart from equity, such high taxation upon property is inexpedient. The payers of income tax and death duties are largely the classes who save and invest and thus increase the wealth of the country ; and, when the tax gets beyond a certain point, savings are *pro tanto* diminished. There is much effort on the part of the victims to avoid this necessity, but it has to be submitted to at last ; and recent phenomena on the Stock Exchange and in the Consol market can be explained in no other way than that the saving classes have been hard hit, and securities are less strongly 'supported' than they were.

It was said in reply, in the course of the Budget debates, that all taxation is bad and tends to diminish saving ; but this is not true in the same degree of the produce of all taxes. On the contrary, one of the advantages of indirect taxes, that is excise and customs duties on commodities, if they are moderate, is that they fall largely on classes whose savings at best are comparatively little or who do not save at all ; and that, as regards the duties falling on other classes, the amount levied is gradually allowed for in daily expenditure and permits of the saving that was possible without the taxation being made in the long run. Taxes upon capital, however, take money from investment to be used in the current outlay of the Government, and *pro tanto* diminish the whole amount of saving. It has also been urged that the objection to taxes upon capital is met when the outlay of Government includes a

large reduction of debt. In this case, it is maintained, the capital taken from the taxpayer remains capital, because the owner of the obligations redeemed immediately reinvests. Unfortunately the amount of the capital taxes above stated is far more than the debt-reduction, the death duties alone exceeding 19,000,000*l.* as against half that amount of debt-reduction; while in any case the reduction of debt, when it is effected by means of taxes on capital, is obviously far less beneficial than when made by means of indirect taxes, which are taken out of current expenditure for a similar purpose, and are therefore an addition to the general fund of savings. The taxes on capital in the Budget are thus a serious blot, whatever may be said on various grounds for the equity of income tax and death duties.

The indirect taxes, moreover, when examined, are obviously too small in proportion to the income tax and death duties. Customs yield 28,100,000*l.* and excise 32,050,000*l.* or about 60,000,000*l.* in all; whereas income tax and death duties, as we have seen, yield no less than 52,500,000*l.*, an amount which comes very near the total of 60,000,000*l.* and would even exceed that sum if the old land tax and house duty yielding 2,650,000*l.* and a portion of the stamps yielding 7,600,000*l.* were to be included. By the Budget also these figures are altered for the worse, no less than 3,500,000*l.* being added to the income tax for the current year, and 2,850,000*l.* to the death duties, the permanent annual addition being two or three millions more;* while the 'indirect taxes,' that is duties on commodities, are only increased by 1,600,000*l.* of additional spirit duties and 1,900,000*l.* of tobacco duties,† these additional duties moreover being additions to duties that were already heavy and objectionable for that reason.

All this is clearly a departure from the traditions and principles of sound finance, which lay stress on the importance of making the payment of taxes as convenient to the taxpayer as possible. As there is nothing so convenient as small duties on commodities, which are hardly felt by the taxpayer at all, a financial system

* The new land-taxes, to yield 500,000*l.*, might be added to this sum.

† The new motor-cars and petrol duties, yielding 600,000*l.*, do not come into this calculation, as they are earmarked for new and special expenditure.

which treats this resource with disfavour stands condemned. There can be no fixed rule for a proportion between direct and indirect taxes; but to levy a comparatively small sum from indirect taxes, which might be made to bear the bulk of the burden, while the direct taxes are levied at high rates, is only too clearly bad finance. The old rules that prevailed in our financial arrangements are simplicity and wisdom itself—on the one hand to have a sufficient number of moderate duties, bearing lightly on every taxpayer, to form the basis of the financial edifice; and on the other to have a moderate income tax and estate duty to supplement the main charges and to be capable of expansion on a sudden emergency, when the taxpayer's blood is up and the emergency is recognised. Thus the rule of pressing lightly on the taxpayer is complied with; and the State has a tax reserve which can readily be drawn upon. But these rules are now obviously set at naught.

How the change has come about may deserve a little attention. In the early part of last century, after the close of the great French war and down to the early forties, the financial circumstances were so different from the present that we can hardly realise what our ancestors had to go through. The whole country laboured to put its finances straight after the great disorder of the war and in the midst of heavy economic difficulties. The work was accomplished, debt being reduced or converted into obligations at a lower rate of interest; but the taxation was hard to bear, and gave rise to a customary tone in public discussions about taxation itself which is still in use when we live in happier times. Then, after the early forties, came a long period of what, by comparison, may be described as a financial paradise. The wealth of the country began to progress by leaps and bounds; trade was simultaneously relieved of heavy and protective import duties, navigation laws and other hindrances; till, in the early seventies, a difficulty was experienced in finding taxes to remit, and the income tax was so low that Gladstone's famous electioneering bid in 1874 to abolish it altogether roused no response.

It is since that date that tendencies have been showing themselves in Imperial finance which would have shocked the great financial authorities of last century, including

Gladstone in his prime. On the one hand expenditure steadily increased, having perhaps been too long checked in an improper degree in deference to the impressions of a bygone period and without thought of the new obligations of a richer country. At the same time much reluctance was naturally felt at reimposing any of the customs duties which had been got rid of in the free-trade era, however little protectionist they were in reality; and, by a natural drift, reliance was placed more and more on the income tax and death duties whenever the natural increase of revenue was insufficient to keep pace with the growing expenditure. The South African War caused enormous demands for money, but the reluctance to reimpose import duties continued; and, when the war was over, such duties as it had been necessary to impose were quickly got rid of, while the additional income tax and death duties were for the most part retained.

The final result is that, although the rates of taxation are no higher or little higher now than they were in the early seventies, having regard to the large increase of population and wealth in the interval, yet the burden of taxation itself is largely shifted, being levied by means of 'direct' instead of 'indirect' taxes and pressing upon the community more severely in consequence.* It is this tendency in Imperial finance, apart from theories, which the Budget of the present year accentuates. Again there is a call for more money, and substantially recourse is had to income tax and death duties, but in a degree and to an extent which go beyond anything yet experienced.

Worst of all, along with the drift in finance thus described there has been a remarkable change in current ideas with regard to difficult problems of taxation. In the early periods of last century no one acted on any principle but that of keeping taxation as low as possible, on the assumption that the burden spread itself equally; perhaps too little was said or thought about the relative incidence on different classes. The income tax was accepted by the classes who paid it as the only practicable substitute for taxes weighing down 'the springs of industry.' No question between different classes of the

* See Financial Retrospect, 1861-1901. 'Statistical Society's Journal, March 1902.

community had yet arisen or at least had passed into general discussion. Now there is nothing so familiar as the discussion of the incidence of taxes on different classes, although the ambiguities of the subject make adequate discussion extremely difficult. An increase of income tax and death duties is openly urged in order to redress the balance of taxation falling disproportionately on the poorer classes. These duties are also openly advocated on the Socialist principle of redistributing wealth by throwing public burdens on the rich. At the same time little is heard of some ideas which used to be familiar, such as the mischief of taxes on capital by which money is diverted from industry and the payment of wages, and the convenience of indirect taxes which bear more easily on the taxpayer and the community, pound for pound of what they bring to the State, than direct taxes do. The whole atmosphere is indeed changed from that of former periods; and, apart from what is directly done by the Budget, there is an almost formal adoption of the new ideas by the Government which increases the gravity of their action. The nature and mischiefs of the new policy and the necessity for reversion to older methods have therefore to be studied, and not merely the details of a single Budget.

The task of making a proper adjustment of taxes would however be easy enough if only the problem were faced. No later than in the Budget of 1908 nearly 4,000,000*l.* of indirect taxation arising from the sugar duty were thrown away, while in the last ten years the coal duty and the corn duty, from which from five to eight millions could easily be raised, have been wantonly sacrificed. Other moderate duties could also be easily tried. The name of Free-trade, as well as that of equality of taxation, is invoked against such duties, but equally without cause. Duties on imports, where there are equivalent excises, are obviously not against Free-trade; and it is also clear that there may well be an import duty without an equivalent excise duty in a case where the protective effect is slight and a substantial revenue accrues to the Government, enabling it to dispense *pro tanto* with a severe income tax. One evil has to be set against another; and economic pedantry is out of place in practical politics. There is plenty of room in

our finance for more duties without any breach of Free-trade principles, as understood and practised by the great men of the Free-trade era, who were quite tolerant of a shilling corn duty, sugar duties, tea duties, and others, which are now anathematised in the name of Free-trade.

To sum up. Neither in regard to revenue nor in regard to expenditure has the financial problem been faced. Not only is the deficit more or less artificial, but the wrong sources of revenue are drawn upon, and those sources which would ease the burden to the taxpayer are neglected. The present Budget aggravates the evil by adding heavily to the direct taxes with the one hand, and adding new indirect taxes of an immoderate sort with the other, while neglecting numerous moderate duties which lay to hand, supposing that increased taxation were necessary at all.

It is not proposed here to discuss the whole of the various proposals of the Budget separately, the relative importance of the main problem quite overshadowing the details. Two or three topics, however, must be mentioned, as they are more or less connected with the general problems, and have aroused much discussion.

First among these topics come the proposed land-taxes. These, as we have seen, are unimportant as regards the amount of money they are expected to yield, at least at first, but have become important in the discussion for various reasons, not least perhaps as indicating a very weak point in the general policy of the Government and even the possibility of a split in the Liberal ranks. It is obvious that they suggest an intention to satisfy class jealousy and stir up controversies, rather than a desire to find easy revenue, coupled with good finance.

In all, three, if not four, forms of taxation are proposed—(1) a direct tax on what is called increment value, to the extent of 20 per cent., estimated to yield 50,000*l.* annually at first, though more is expected afterwards; (2) a tax of $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per \pounds upon the capital value of undeveloped land, defined to be land suitable for non-agricultural development, such as buildings, and not so used; (3) a tax of $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per \pounds upon the capital value of unworked minerals—these last two forms together being estimated to yield 350,000*l.* annually, and no separate calculation

being made for each; (4) a duty of 10 per cent. on the value of the reversion of a lease, that is, the difference between the consideration for which it was originally granted and the value of the property when the lease falls in—a kind of duty analogous to the increment duty itself, and estimated to yield 100,000*l.* a year. The total yield is 500,000*l.* This is a very small sum compared with the main business of the Budget; and the increment value duty, which comes first in order and is argumentatively the main tax, yields only 50,000*l.*!

The theoretical idea underlying all these taxes is that there is an increment of value unearned, accruing to the landowner by the mere possession of land, which it is desirable for the State to appropriate in part. The idea has been a favourite one in economic as well as socialist literature, and has been warmly taken up by a certain section of the Liberal party, which has convinced itself that there is an unworked mine of profit to the State in 'taxes on land.' Still, it is a strange delusion that, in a State where property of all kinds is regularly burdened, land can have escaped; and there is abundant evidence that owners and occupiers of land have not escaped, inasmuch as they—at all events if owning agricultural land—pay income tax at practically higher rates than do owners of other property, while the rates are so heavy as to have been the subject of loud complaints for more than half a century. The delusion, however, becomes a serious matter indeed when it finds expression in a formal Budget.

That there *is* delusion in the matter is easily shown. Whatever occasion there may have been in the past, and as a matter of general theory, for putting a special charge on land—and I confess for my own part to have been taken with the idea as expounded by J. S. Mill—yet the time has long gone by for imposing such a charge. For thirty years and more, agricultural land, which is the bulk of the whole, has by no means been increasing in value. This was admitted by Mr Lloyd George in his speech; and he proposes to aim at non-agricultural land only; but the magnitude of the actual depreciation which has occurred, and not merely the absence of increase of value, is surely a material circumstance, especially when it is considered that agricultural and non-agricultural

lands are largely owned by the same persons. If we look at the last Statistical Abstract, we find that the annual income of land brought under review for the income tax was 40,804,000*l.* in England in 1892-3, and 36,515,000*l.* only in 1906-7. In Scotland the corresponding figures were 6,291,000*l.* and 5,811,000*l.*; and in Ireland 9,844,000*l.* and 9,726,000*l.** There is no increment here, but the reverse; and this can only be partially explained by a gradual diminution of the area of lands owing to their appropriation for roads, railways, buildings and other non-agricultural purposes, which takes them out of the category of lands for income tax returns. The capital valuation, according to land experts, has declined even more than the income itself. If we go farther back, the absence of any increment of value is even more striking. So long ago as 1843, when Sir R. Peel reintroduced the income tax, the annual assessment of lands in England amounted to 42,127,000*l.*, as compared with the above figure of 36,515,000*l.* at the present time; while, in the interval, the capital expenditure on the same land—a quarter to a third of the annual income at least—cannot have been less than about 700,000,000*l.*, a sum which has practically been sunk without return.

While this has been the experience of agricultural land, real property, other than such land, has been only too heavily burdened with rapidly increasing rates, which have already reserved for the community a large share of the increasing value, wherever there has been an increase. Witness, for instance, the complaints of railway companies, gas companies, and others, of the effect of rates in eating into their dividends. The broad statistical facts are, moreover, plain enough. Rates in England since 1868 have risen from 16,000,000*l.* to 58,000,000*l.* at the present time, falling chiefly on urban property; and the difference of 42,000,000*l.* must of course have weighed on the ground landlord as well as on the leaseholder and other beneficial owners deriving their title from him.

Objections like these, it might have been thought, would have been sufficient to warn off a Chancellor of

* Subject to the observation that there is an official valuation of old standing in Ireland which does not show changes from year to year.

the Exchequer desirous of finding revenue; but there are more than the usual objections to almost all new taxes on other grounds. The very essence of taxes on increment value, or upon undeveloped land, or upon unworked minerals, is that there should be valuations, so that changes in value may be computed from time to time or capital values assessed; but there can be no more unsatisfactory basis for taxation, and such a basis is accordingly avoided in all easy taxation—in specific instead of *ad valorem* duties on commodities, in the stamps of the Post-office department, in ordinary stamp duties so far as possible, in income tax, especially when levied at its source; and so of almost all taxes that could be named. There is an old exception in death duties, which are paid on 'valuations' of property, but valuations for the most part of an easy kind, such as can be tested by a stock exchange price-list, or which can be verified shortly after by actual sales. But now, for the sake of a small revenue, which will probably prove even smaller than estimated, the gigantic real property of the country is to be subjected to 'valuations' and duties assessed accordingly.

The valuations, moreover, are not of the kind familiar enough in rates upon annual value, where a rackrent actually arrived at between landlord and tenant is a substantial guide in most cases to the assessment of annual value. What is proposed is a valuation of capital value, for the express reason that the tax is to apply where property is not used for the moment to earn the highest possible income, but is held back from the market for future realisation. The valuations will therefore be most difficult, as well as essential to the tax; and for the taxpayer there is no escape. It is to be observed, moreover, that the task of valuation, and consequently the power of taxation, is entrusted to commissioners from whom there is to be no legal appeal—a most dangerous provision, closely resembling one of the worst items in the rejected Education Bill of last year. Besides the certainty of inflicting heavy injustice in many cases, this is to impose a pecuniary burden on the taxpayer far exceeding in amount the sum which will eventually find its way into the hands of the Government. Against Government valuers and

solicitors the landlord must have experts of his own; and what the real burden all round will be it is impossible to calculate. The taxpayer himself is also required to make returns under heavy penalties as a preliminary to the Government valuation; and the expense of such returns must be enormous. Quite apart from battling against Government valuations, the taxpayer must incur expense and vexation. The new land taxes are not the only taxes in the present Budget to which the same objection would apply, but it seems to apply here with special force. Whatever money the Government gets, the taxpayer will be bled severely.

Other objections remain. Among these I would attach importance to the consideration that, when increment value is to be taxed, the increase, being necessarily reckoned in money, is quite as likely as not to be merely nominal. The increase in money value, if accompanied by a rise of prices all round, as was the case between 1850 and 1870, is of no particular advantage to the owner, because every one is in the same position. A landlord therefore, the capital value of whose property has risen from 5000*l.* or 7500*l.* to 10,000*l.*, may be no better off, in reality, than he was before. Consequently, if a fifth or any portion of the nominal increase is taken from him, it is really his original property which is *pro tanto* diminished; and this is simple confiscation.

Another objection which has been urged in the debates is the injustice of applying the principle of unearned increment to land only. No answer has been given or can be given. Unless we are to suppose that ownership of land is universally diffused in a community, to tax land *de novo* in the hands of existing possessors is to select the owners for what can only be described as confiscation. Every one who enjoys income above a certain limit pays income tax, because an income tax is the equivalent of indirect taxes which fall most heavily on incomes below the limit. But the incidence of the new land taxes will be that of a special income tax upon an arbitrarily selected class, while others whose property is mainly stocks or shares, or pictures and art objects, or furniture, or racehorses, go scot free. Nor can it be said that there is no other property besides land

which enjoys unearned increment, and has capital value as well as income value. On the contrary, large amounts of personal property—pictures, jewellery, antique furniture, and the like—are in precisely similar conditions; and there have been suggestions to subject such property to the equivalent of an income tax, as supplying enjoyment, though not a money income, to the owners.

Much is said of American experience in connexion with taxation of land values. Capital values are taxed generally in America; and there are, it is said, none of those difficulties about valuations or other matters that are so much dwelt on here. To this the rejoinder is that in America there are endless complaints of movable property escaping its due share of taxation when compared with real property; while, in practice, taxes on the capital values of land not yielding income frequently have the effect of wiping out the property, as many English investors have known. There may be reasons in special cases for subjecting unused land held up for profitable sale to the equivalent of the local rates on similar property which is put to use; but this does not justify the wholesale introduction of the taxation of capital values in a system where the practice has been to tax actual income only.

The whole cry for taxing land values has in truth been a blunder. Because one of the owners interested in real property—the ground landlord—appears to receive a great deal for nothing, political philanthropists have attacked him, forgetful that real property does not always increase in value, and, where there is an increase, does not now escape being charged; while there is absolutely no means of getting at the ground landlord without upsetting contracts and disturbing the whole order of society, and without imposing heavy additional burdens on the taxpayers in the form of valuations and returns. Is it too much to hope that the taxation of land values will not be prosecuted farther, not because of the want of will, but want of way?

It is an obvious sign of weakening on the part of the Government that they have offered to divide the proceeds of the new land-taxes between the Imperial Exchequer and the local authorities. Some of the Liberal

agitators have maintained, as regards undeveloped land, that the increase in the capital value of such land is largely due, not so much to the progress of the country generally, as to the development of the local community, which has consequently a claim to the unearned increment in question. To meet this division in their ranks, the Government have so far modified their proposals; but the change does not help them. The plea for the taxes is that money is badly wanted for Imperial purposes; but the total yield, already immaterial in a question of serious finance, will, when halved, become a vanishing quantity; so that the whole plea for the new taxes is destroyed. The arrangement would also result in a continuance and extension of that confusion of accounts between the Imperial Government and local authorities which is one of the main causes (as we have seen) of Imperial extravagance itself.

Next after the land-taxes among special topics for discussion comes the question of the precise nature and effect of taxes on capital—a question which has come into prominence, not merely in connexion with the land taxes, but even more in connexion with the high income tax and death duties. It has been the subject of more than one debate. To the arguments of Mr Balfour, who pointed out some of the injurious effects of high death duties, in compelling sales of property and diminishing the employment of labour in localities, Mr Lloyd George rejoined by referring to the magnitude of our 'capital,' and asserting that the additional 6,000,000*l.* annually which he proposed to take would be the merest fraction of the 15,000,000,000*l.* of 'capital' which the country possessed, and of the 3,500,000,000*l.* by which it was estimated that the capital had increased in the last fifteen years during which the new estate duties introduced by Sir William Harcourt had been in force. He gave my own name as the authority for the 3,500,000,000*l.*, without indicating, however, that my estimate of an annual growth of capital amounting to 250,000,000*l.* was a very old one and may no longer be correct when applied to the latest period. Such figures are avowedly and necessarily based on the assumption that for certain statistical purposes the country can be treated as a going

concern, and an addition made of the various capitals which individuals credit themselves with on the same assumption. But the fact of an assumption being made and the nature of the assumption itself should never be forgotten, especially in dealing with certain national problems such as taxation and Imperial defence. Changes in our international position; the threat of interruptions to our commerce by hostile attack; the threat of invasion, should an accident or serious defeat befall our naval defence—all these would vitally affect the wealth of the country as a going concern, and perhaps extinguish, for a time at least, the larger part of the capital values which it is easy to reckon up in time of peace. Assuming for the moment, however, the fairness of the estimate—and the figure must certainly be enormous—it may be pointed out that to use such figures and nothing else is to discuss the subject inadequately. Our capital may well be enormous in the aggregate, and yet it may be in the highest degree inexpedient to take away from special localities or people what is *their* capital. The particular ought not to be so lost in the general.

There is also the question of income which is on the way to become capital. While the aggregate of realised wealth may be enormous, and the annual savings of the whole community, when everything is counted, also enormous, yet to tax capital at the precise stage where it is being saved may be specially injurious to the community; and this is no doubt done by high income taxes and death duties. The proportion of the special savings thus absorbed may be very large indeed, most vexatious to those affected, and most fatal to some large new accumulations, although in the aggregate, and compared with the large total of realised wealth, the proportion may seem insignificant. The importance of accumulation to the welfare of the State is so great that it is not safe to check the process in the slightest degree, as is manifestly done by appropriating capital, and savings which are becoming capital, to meet current expenditure.

Another point deserving special discussion appears to be that of 'graduation' of income tax and death duties, which has been definitely incorporated in our financial system, and has received another turn of the screw in

the Budget of 1909. As regards income tax, not only are the abatements of former years up to 700*l.* of income maintained, and also the abatement on earned incomes under 2000*l.* which was the special feature of Mr Asquith's Budget of 1907, but a new differentiation on incomes between 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* as above mentioned has been introduced, and a new special supertax of 6*d.* per *£* on incomes above 5000*l.* to the extent by which they exceed 3000*l.* is imposed. Changes of a similar character are also introduced in the death duties.

The question is whether such graduation is equitable or expedient, apart from the general objections, which have been discussed above, to high income tax or death duties. For answer, I should say that, quite apart from practical difficulties in applying the principle of graduation, even if it is believed to be theoretically equitable, there may be grave doubts as to the theory itself; and I am sorry to find Mr Balfour accepting the theory rather unreservedly while laying stress on the practical difficulties of application. The popular idea in favour of graduation is of somewhat recent origin, being entirely opposed to the old ideas on taxation, especially of the French economists, and appears to be due in part to some recent theorising on the part of a few political economists. It is based on the assumption that taxation is necessarily more severe on a poor man than on the rich, and is severe in proportion to the smallness of the income. Five pounds in taxes from a man with 100*l.* a year, it is said, will deprive him more largely of comforts and even necessities than 50*l.* from a man with 1000*l.* a year or 500*l.* from a man with 10,000*l.* a year. Therefore, it is urged, when 5*l.* is taken from 100*l.* a year, 100*l.* and not merely 50*l.* may equitably be taken from the man with 1000*l.*; 2000*l.* and not merely 500*l.* from the man with 10,000*l.*; and so on.

To this reasoning, I venture to suggest, there are the strongest common-sense objections. There are no means of appreciating the real pressure of taxes, without knowing the nature of the incomes and the infinitely varying charges upon them, so that a man with 1000*l.* a year nominal may, in reality, be 'poorer' for tax purposes than a man with 100*l.* Inequalities of fortune being unavoidable, and being often due to in-

equalities of conduct, the State can hardly take notice of them in the exercise of its sovereign rights. Every individual income has duties and obligations attached to it; and, when the rule of equal taxation is departed from as between the highest and lowest of the community, equity is impossible unless the duties and obligations in the matter of expenditure and the way in which these duties and obligations are fulfilled is also recognised. In this view all graduation is an interference with individual right which it is one of the main functions of the State to support.

The temptation to graduate is very great, because the poor among the electors are the majority and, however honestly inclined, will believe only too readily that, instead of all citizens being taxed fairly and equally, the 'rich' should pay everything; but it is a grave misfortune nevertheless that such an idea should have got implanted in our politics and found so many to support it. That it leads to the disregard of other sound financial rules, and to such abuses as the taxation of capital in order to meet current annual expenditure, is an additional reason against 'graduation.' It is open to discussion perhaps whether there may not be reasons for graduating the death duties which do not apply to other taxes, since death duties are largely burdens upon the dead and not on the living, and the State may have sumptuary reasons for breaking up large estates; but this is a theoretical point only, as the practical objections to the idea of graduation of any kind are so strong.

It is sometimes argued also that, whatever may be the case against exact graduation, or the graduation of particular taxes, yet there may be good reasons for special direct taxes on the rich, and especially the very rich, in order to restore the equality which is disturbed by a Budget imposing indirect taxes exclusively or almost exclusively. But, while this might be an excuse for moderate income tax and death duties, it is not enough to show that special direct taxes on the rich are expedient. In order to make such taxes equitably possible, information as to the incidence of taxes on different classes would have to be full and complete; which is certainly not the case at present, and is not likely to be the case, I

believe, at any time in countries of complex civilisation. The argument, moreover, obviously disregards the tendency of all taxation to equalise itself, so that the rich do not escape, even when they seem to escape, and equally disregards such dangers as that of taxing capital and not keeping a convenient reserve for emergencies.

The question of the indirect taxes of the Budget—the increased spirit and tobacco duties—appears also to require further discussion on the score of the suitability of the commodities selected. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of broadening the basis of taxation in any way, has stuck to two old commodities—spirits and tobacco—and made duties which were already enormous higher than ever. Spirits are to pay 14s. 9d. per gallon instead of 11s., and tobacco 3s. 8d. instead of 3s. per lb.; apart from these, the whole field open for indirect taxes is left untouched. As regards spirits, moreover, the change is avowedly made with the expectation that consumption will be seriously diminished, which means that the taxpayer and the community will be seriously aggrieved, and the very object of indirect taxes, that of bearing lightly on the taxpayer, will not be fulfilled.

This persistence in charging high duties on a few articles only, must be regarded as a serious blot on the present Budget and on recent finance generally. The essential principle is moderation in each case, so that the burden will fall lightly on the taxpayer. The defence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is that duties on bread and tea or on other necessities of life, which press heavily on the very poorest, would be the alternative; and he referred specially to the facts that came before him, when enquiring into old-age pensions, as to the food of the very poor being largely bread and tea. To which the obvious rejoinder is that this is hardly an answer to make when the very poor are so largely supported, as they now are, by the poor law and old-age pensions; while it does not alter the fact that, owing to the nature and incidence of indirect taxes, there is no way in which the lower middle classes and the 'working' classes, as well as the poor, can contribute so easily to the support of the State as by the payment of taxes on tea, sugar, and the like. For all but the very poor such taxes are

ideal. The defence is thus most inadequate; and the departure from old financial maxims is unjustified.

The Budget adds largely to the already high spirit duty. Spirits alone of the alcoholic beverages being selected for the increased taxation, and having previously been disproportionately charged, the effect is (1) that the industry of making spirits, as compared with beer, is disfavoured or penalised to the prejudice of Scotland and Ireland, and especially of Scotland, where the trade of distillation is largely carried on and gives a much valued support to agriculture; and (2) that the importation of wine, a foreign product, is also favoured, which manifestly gives a weapon to the tariff reformer that he is not slow to take advantage of. A certain amount of real injury to the community is undoubtedly the result of high spirit duties, and, as every little helps, injuries of that sort ought to have been specially avoided even when more money is required.

A few observations may be added on the proposals in the Budget touching the licence duties on the 'Trade' and the stamp duties, though the licence duties alone of these taxes are important as regards amount of money. The licence duties, then, really belong to the controversies of last year, and not properly to the question of finance. No one questions the right and duty of the State to exact a fair charge for a monopoly; and the question here really is whether the new charge is in all cases moderate and fair, and whether it can be fairly introduced and levied on one trade only, and after capital has been invested and large industries developed on a different footing. Suddenly to impose on one particular trade, and no other, so large a sum as 2,600,000*l.* is, to say the least of it, not sound business; and a few years' notice ought surely to be given, as was done by the Licensing Bill of last year. The Trade then complained of the notice being too short; now they get no notice at all! Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the Act of 1904, which is working well in the matter of reduction, already lays a considerable burden on the Trade. In the search for new taxes, intended to improve the financial situation, one can hardly approve of so controversial a solution as that now offered.

The new stamp duties are to yield a comparatively

small sum, 650,000*l.*, not very much more than the balance in hand at closing the Budget (480,000*l.*), and for that reason might have been left alone, as there can be little need for disturbing trade in order to balance a Budget formally. Stamp duties would probably yield a fair haul to the Government if closely studied; but a new Stamp Act is hardly matter for a Budget when money is wanted in a hurry. Stamps should be regarded and treated as a permanent and non-varying, or at least little-varying, source of revenue, though their produce can never equal that of the best indirect taxes.

This review of miscellaneous topics in the Budget leaves the verdict much the same as that on the main questions. The Budget should stand or fall by its general method of dealing with the financial problems that press; but in any case the raising of these miscellaneous issues is not to the good for the authors of the scheme. The fatal faults of injudicious dealing with expenditure, substitution of direct for indirect taxation, and new land taxes dependent on valuation remain. These faults, it must be confessed, are not peculiar to the present Budget, though it has aggravated the evils of a serious position.

The general financial situation is unsatisfactory indeed. What is to be done? On this head I may be permitted, as a non-party politician, to refrain from suggesting or discussing any course such as the rejection of the Government Finance Bill by the Lords, which would precipitate a political or constitutional crisis. The pros and cons of a proceeding of this kind raise so many issues of a non-financial character as to lie beyond the special limits of the present argument. In any case, having walked in the wrong path for so long a period already, we shall not be so much worse off than we are by another year or two of bad finance. The country is strong and can bear some mismanagement; and, after all, some of the errors are on the right side, from the Exchequer point of view. The new taxes are, as we have shown, in reality needless; but meanwhile they help to guarantee financial equilibrium and the strength of the Exchequer; while, for future years, it will be possible, with a change of Government, to readjust the finances in time to prevent many of the

mischiefs that are fairly to be apprehended. All these are reasons for discussing with equanimity the remedies for the present situation, although their application is necessarily delayed.

What we must look forward to then, when remedies are seriously considered, is (1) an overhauling of expenditure, (2) a reduction of the income tax and death duties, and (3) the imposition of a sufficient number of productive indirect taxes to yield the needful revenue. As regards expenditure, I have little to add to what is said above. A serious reduction of the present total is perhaps hardly to be expected. We shall be lucky if the total is not increased, or but little increased. What is desirable is rather that right should be substituted for wrong expenditure, and that there should be no indulgence in costly fancies when the country is really in danger. On the second point—the substitution of indirect for direct taxes—the thing to lay stress upon is perhaps the immediate reduction of the income tax to a peace level, along with the abolition of the system of graduations and abatements by which the tax is apparently lowered to some extent, while in reality maintained at a higher level than that properly allowable in time of peace. For instance, earned incomes up to 2000*l.* a year now pay 9*d.* per *£*; and it is proposed that earned incomes between 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* should pay 1*s.* only instead of the full 1*s.* 2*d.* Much is made of these discriminations in favour of the earners of such incomes. They are clearly better off, it is said, than others who pay the full 1*s.* 2*d.* per *£*, and who perhaps pay the super-tax of 6*d.* per *£* as well. No doubt this is so; but in what way are they better off than they would be if they only paid 6*d.* in the *£*? The condition of those who pay 9*d.* or 1*s.* is in no way improved by the fact that others pay 1*s.* 2*d.* or even 1*s.* 8*d.* These devices to make a high income tax endurable are in truth one of the worst evils of a high income tax itself. They obscure the facts to the taxpayer supposed to be favoured, and, by diminishing the proportional productiveness of the tax, make it less useful for the purposes of a reserve.

Of course a reduction of the income tax to 6*d.*, or anything like that figure, would be very costly, even when accompanied by the abolition of abatements and gradua-

tion. The substitution *pro tanto* of indirect taxes would have to be on a large scale, to be followed by a corresponding substitution on account of diminution of death duties; but the money could undoubtedly be found. One has only to look at the list of import duties abolished since the date when the present disorder began, to see that there is no lack of money if there is courage to apply the principle. We have entirely surrendered at least two duties—those on corn and timber—which were only technically breaches of Free-trade principle; while others that were most productive have been greatly reduced and could be increased at once. 30,000,000*l.* of revenue, at least, are probably lying to hand for a Chancellor of the Exchequer who desires to get rid of burdensome income tax and death duties.

The change will be the easier if the fact of the elasticity of the revenue itself is duly appreciated. There need be no feverish haste to substitute new taxes for every pound of revenue surrendered in the reduction of income tax and death duties. With a little patience the substitution will be effectual, although the substituted taxes may not become fully productive at once. Indeed, it may be considered as one of the worst vices of our financial management for many years that so much is thought of small surpluses and small deficits. Let the revenue calculated in the Budget fall short of expenditure by only half-a-million, that is by half-a-million out of 150,000,000*l.* and immediately there is a cry that the gap must be filled, if we are not to incur financial disgrace, although the gap may be only momentary and will probably be filled by the elasticity of the revenue itself. Or the revenue may be in excess of the calculated expenditure by half-a-million, and immediately there is a cry that an undue amount is being exacted from the taxpayer, although the chapter of accidents is such that the revenue may fall short in the end or a new expense be needed. Such proceedings are simply childish. A master of finance should provide, if possible, for a steady surplus of considerable magnitude, say three or four millions in a Budget such as ours; but he ought not to be frightened out of his wits even by a deficit of the same amount for a year or two, if his taxes are sound. There ought to be genuine confidence in the growth of our revenue, and no chopping or changing from

year to year. Even the amount of the growth is fairly calculable. One year with another, there is an expansion of two millions with the same taxes, so that in ten years twenty millions a year may be counted on. Consequently, there should be no exultation over small surpluses and no depression at small deficits.

There is, nevertheless, in the course proposed, a great danger, on which a final word must be said. When indirect taxes are talked of, the tariff reformer rushes immediately to the front. Practically, he affirms, the failure of the Government in its Budget is to the advantage of tariff reform. There must be import duties; and import duties and tariff reform, it is said, are identical. Unfortunately also there is too much talk on the Liberal and Radical side to the same effect. The distinction between protective and non-protective import duties is forgotten; and duties on such articles as tea, sugar, corn, etc., are argued against on wrong grounds, as if they were altogether bad, because they fall on the necessities of the poor. An import duty on corn especially, however small in amount, is most vehemently reprobated, as taxing a necessary of life; and the smallness of the advantage it gives to the home grower, which made it tolerable to the Free-trade leaders of a former time, is ignored. Thus protective and non-protective import duties are alike condemned. These tendencies in argument were but too manifest in the recent debates. It was common ground on both sides that the only alternatives are the present Budget or tariff reform.

We hope, in spite of many omens to the contrary, that the financial reform Government of the future will escape the suggested blunder, which will be a most serious one. To substitute indirect taxes certain to disturb industry for taxes pressing directly and severely on the taxpayer will be no great gain. It should help to keep our future leaders in a saner course if they rest in the conviction that it is always Free-trade import duties which are productive of revenue, and not protective import duties. Out of about 19,000,000*l.* derived from customs duties in France, about 13,000,000*l.*, or two-thirds, are from coffee, mineral oils, sugar, and such-like articles where there can be no protection, or little protection; and the remainder of the long list of

duties yields little money in proportion.* Similarly, in this country, duties on such articles as corn, with a preference to the colonies, are only likely to be productive if kept at a low rate, so as to yield but a small advantage either to the home or colonial grower. Still more is this the case with such articles as tea, where colonial preference would almost be fatal to the productiveness of the duty, since the articles in question are mainly produced in British possessions themselves. The same is the case with a timber duty, if such a duty should be tried. Timber is largely imported from British possessions, so that here again a preference to colonies would diminish the productiveness of the tax.

Both sides, then, it may be maintained, are in error in the expectation that the financial failure of the present Government makes tariff reform more certain. The circumstances may give some encouragement to the trial of a sham scheme of tariff reform, for the sake of catching votes or pacifying a large party; but the difficulties of the subject, from a financial point of view, are overwhelming, and will infallibly give pause to the leaders, whatever the followers may think. Still, there is plentiful cause of anxiety for Free-traders in the present condition of politics, with a Radical party in power trying one set of financial measures contrary to Free-trade principles, and an Opposition intent upon carrying another set of financial measures still more opposed to those principles. The Free-trade cause, however, is by no means lost, since bad proposals, when actually brought forward, will rouse opposition, and be subjected to a kind of criticism very different from what is expected by most Tariff Reformers.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

* In France the import duties for 1907 produced the following amounts—coffee, 136·7 million francs; mineral oils, 56·3 million; cereals, 26·4 million; cacao, 24·7; machines, 22·1; French colonial sugar, 20·8; coal, 20·5; and timber, 17·7—total 325·2 million francs; all other articles, 154·4—total 479·6 million francs (19,184,000*l.*).

Art. 10.—GEORGE CANNING AND HIS FRIENDS.

1. *George Canning and his Friends, containing hitherto unpublished Letters, jeux d'esprit, etc.* Edited by Capt. Josceline Bagot. Two vols. London: Murray, 1909.
2. *Speeches of the Rt Hon. George Canning, with a Memoir of his Life.* By R. Therry. Six vols. London: Ridgeway, 1828.
3. *The Political Life of George Canning.* By A. G. Stapleton. Three vols. London: Longmans, 1836.
4. *John Hookham Frere and his Friends.* By Gabrielle Festing. London: Nisbet, 1899.
5. *George Canning.* By W. Alison Phillips. London: Methuen, 1903.
6. *Life of Canning.* By H. W. V. Temperley. London: Finch, 1905.
7. *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society.* Papers on *Canning and Spanish America*, by Col. E. M. Lloyd; on *Canning's 'Rhyming Despatch,'* by Sir H. Poland, K.C.; and on *Canning and the Secret Intelligence from Tilsit*, by J. H. Rose. New series. Vols. *xviii*, *xx*. London, 1904, 1906.
8. *Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission.* (Thirteenth Report.) Dropmore Papers and Lonsdale MSS. London, 1892-1908.

And other works.

CANNING has lacked neither eulogists nor critics; but that he has hitherto found no adequate biographer is the commonplace of all who have essayed to write his life. Nor is the explanation far to seek. That it is not due to any lack of interest either in the personality of the man or in the political events of which he was the pivot, is obvious to any one conversant with the historical literature bearing on Canning and his time. But, despite much patient investigation and not a little brilliant criticism, Canning the man has hitherto eluded analysis; and his place in the history of English statesmanship has not yet been finally determined. The fact is that English statesmen fall into two very distinct categories. Some find, almost at once, their appropriate niche in the temple of fame; and no subsequent criticism avails to dislodge them. The shades of others flit uncertainly

through the aisles, finding no assured or final resting-place. Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, and Peel belong indisputably to the former class; Bolingbroke, Carteret, Shelburne, Castlereagh, and most conspicuously Canning, to the latter.

Canning has thus curiously belied the prediction of his great opponent Metternich. 'The task,' said Metternich, 'which the impartial historian will have to fulfil concerning the public life of this man will be easy. He has shaken everything and destroyed a great deal, but he has built up nothing'; and again, writing to Esterhazy on hearing of Canning's death, 'England is delivered from a great scourge.'* Metternich, it must be admitted, was not alone in his opinion. A letter from the Princess Lieven (January 27 [Feb. 8], 1827) throws an interesting light upon the views of the diplomatic world:

'Mr Canning is very ill, and nothing is more likely than that he may die. Many people are finding satisfaction in this thought; I am not one of them. . . . He is the only member of the English Cabinet who is well disposed, entirely well disposed, towards Russia. . . . As between the two Ministers who hate one another (Canning and Metternich), Canning is not the greater rogue.'†

Even his supporters could be under no illusion as to the extent of his unpopularity. 'It remains now for his friends (wrote Lord Melros to Sir Charles Bagot) only to endure the torture that the unappeasable hostility of his enemies will inflict upon them by their attacks on his character and memory.'‡ Death, as was natural, momentarily softened this asperity of judgment. Thus we find a Whig antagonist declaring his belief that Canning 'had greater weight abroad than any of our statesmen since Lord Chatham.' 'I think so too,' adds Lord Lyttelton, who quotes this favourable opinion.§ Long years, however, were to elapse before Sir Spencer Walpole could describe him as 'the most brilliant minister of the nineteenth century,' and before Lord Acton could affirm, without fear of contradiction, that 'no Foreign Secretary has equalled Canning.' History may indeed correct the harsh and hasty judgments of contem-

* *Memoirs*, iv, 392.

‡ Bagot, ii, 422.

† *Letters*, pp. 90, 91.

§ *Ib.* ii, 425.

poraries, but it cannot ignore them. Explain it how we may, the fact remains that Canning was the best hated man of his time. 'He has more enemies than anybody living,' wrote his friend Lady Malmesbury in 1801; and there is obvious reticence rather than exaggeration in the following letter from Lyttelton to Charles Bagot:

'I have too much *αἰδώς* about your old connexion with Canning to tell you one thousandth part of what I think about him; but take this along with you as a matter of fact, that of all the public men who have appeared in our time, there is assuredly not one that ever had so many bitter enemies, public and private.'*

And it is notorious that he was hardly less mistrusted by his allies than by his opponents.

What is the explanation? His friends were apt to ascribe it partly to 'the malice generated by political hostility,' and still more to 'the natural hatred borne by blockheads to transcendent talent.' That this should have been the glib explanation accepted by a group of friends who had lived with him on terms of affectionate intimacy, and who bitterly deplored the untimely death of one who was 'hunted to his grave,' is natural enough. But impartial history cannot accept it as adequate or satisfactory. Political hostility does not always generate malice; and there have been men of transcendent talent, even in politics, who have not failed to conciliate blockheads. Canning was undeniably impatient of mediocrity, and never learnt the supreme but difficult art of successful party-leadership—to suffer fools gladly. Lord Strangford alluded to him as 'our classical and choleric chief ever ready in giving tongue.' Lord Erskine declared that 'he rarely delivers an important speech without making an enemy for life.' His jests were often unseasonable, and occasionally (as in the allusion to 'the revered and ruptured Ogden') they exhibit lapses of taste. By the exclusive ring who considered political office as the monopoly belonging to a few great families, Canning was regarded as an interloper and an adventurer. But so was Castlereagh. The 'high and dry' Tories were apt, as we know, to look with small favour and much suspicion upon those 'confounded men of genius.'

* Bagot, ii, 27.

But that did not prevent their whole-hearted allegiance to Pitt. In a word, we cannot feel that the current explanations of Canning's exceptional unpopularity are in any sense adequate.

More plausible are those judgments which question his sincerity. 'An actor stood before us,' said Lord Brougham of his oratory, 'a first-rate one, no doubt, but still an actor; and we never forgot that it was a representation we were witnessing, not a real scene.' That Canning inherited something of the histrionic temper of his mother is likely enough; and there is no temper more apt to inspire mistrust in the House of Commons. But again we ask, is it enough? More serious still is the imputation of an incurable fondness for intrigue, a persistent partiality for devious ways. 'It is Canning's misfortune,' said J. W. Croker, a personal friend, 'that nobody will believe that he can take his tea without a stratagem.' Here we seem to get nearer to the heart of the enigma; but the charge, if sustained, would be fatal to that genius for friendship which we know that Canning possessed in exceptional degree.

This knowledge in its fullness we owe to Captain Josceline Bagot's recently published work 'George Canning and his Friends.' Here, for the first time, we have, not a full-length portrait of the man, but the materials from which the deft hand may draw it. Of Canning the *littérateur*, the statesman, and the diplomatist, we have had many studies, though none of them are at once adequate in scale and critical in temper. Stapleton was too near Canning both in time and allegiance to perform the task of a critical biographer. Nor is his work free from errors in points of detail on which he might have been expected to be exact. To Stapleton, for example, we owe the small but persistent blunder into which so many of his biographers* have fallen, that Canning first entered the House of Commons as member for Newport, Isle of Wight. He did indeed sit for Newport towards the close of his career (1826), and his name is duly inscribed in the extraordinarily distinguished

* Stapleton was followed in his error by Mr Alison Phillips, by the writer of the article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and by the present writer. The blunder was fully and finally exposed in 1903 by the Rev. A. B. Beaven, but had been already avoided by Mr F. H. Hill (1888).

list which adorns the walls of the Newport Town Hall.* But his first constituency was the neighbouring borough of Newtown, now an almost deserted hamlet.

Apart, however, from errors such as these, Stapleton's work, though immensely industrious and indispensable to future biographers, lacks critical insight and the sense of perspective. The studies of Mr Hill and Mr Alison Phillips, though admirable in temper, are inadequate in scale, while that of Mr Temperley, though obviously based upon careful and painstaking documentary research, is more successful in the analysis of policy than in delineation of character. Many side-lights have from time to time been thrown upon the personality of Canning by the publication of contemporary memoirs, diaries, and letters—notably by the letters printed in Miss Festing's 'John Hookham Frere and his Friends' (1899). But never until now have we possessed the materials for a full-length portrait of the man.

On the many vexed questions of Canning's political career, the Bagot letters throw less fresh light than might have been anticipated; though, even in this respect, they will prove, as I shall attempt to show, indispensable to the future historian of the period. But not in this does their special and supreme value consist. It lies rather in the fact that here, for the first time, we see and know Canning as he was, revealed in familiar converse and correspondence with a small group of chosen friends: John Sneyd, a Staffordshire 'squarson'; the Ellises and Hookham Frere; Bootle-Wilbraham, afterwards Lord Skelmersdale; Binning, afterwards Lord Melros; and, above all, Charles Bagot, afterwards the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, whom Canning treated as a son, and whose grandson, Captain Josceline Bagot, has given these familiar letters to the world.

By this gift Captain Bagot has placed historical students under a heavy obligation. He has, moreover,

* Few boroughs, even in pre-Reform days, can show such a list. Among its representatives were Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, General (afterwards first Earl) Stanhope, Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington), Lord Palmerston, William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), Canning himself, and others hardly less distinguished. It will be noted that the list contains no fewer than five Prime Ministers (if Stanhope be counted a Premier) and a Secretary of State.

performed his editorial duties with great discretion and modesty and a considerable measure of success. To the title of an historical expert he makes no claim, and the connecting historical narratives are not the most satisfactory portion of the work; but he is an admirable biographical commentator, and the utility and charm of the letters are much enhanced by the sureness and ease with which Captain Bagot moves among the brilliant throng to whom in these pages we are introduced. As to persons, he is never at fault; and he imparts to the reader just so much of his own complete information as is essential to a thorough comprehension of the personal allusions, and no more. In this respect nothing could exceed the tact and skill with which Captain Bagot has performed his pleasant but exacting task.

Until now, the public has possessed 'no adequate means of forming a true estimate of the man; his private life has been to a great extent concealed'; with the result, inevitable in the case of a man of Canning's temperament, that 'his public life has failed to fall into its true perspective.' In this sentence the editor summarises the peculiar value of this latest addition to the materials for a Canning biography. In the revelation of the man afforded by this intimate correspondence, we have, I strongly suspect, the clue to many of the enigmas which perplex the students of his personality.

Hitherto we have concentrated our gaze, inevitably but too exclusively, upon the hard, polished, brilliant surface of the satirist, the diplomatist, and the orator. We have seen only the externals of an exceptional career. We have known him as the son of a disinherited Irish squireen and a penniless beauty; plunged by the premature death of his father and the remarriage of his mother into the society of none too reputable provincial players; rescued from his sordid surroundings by a wealthy uncle; the centre of a brilliant coterie at Eton and Christ Church; brought into the House of Commons under the immediate auspices of Pitt; at six-and-twenty an Under-Secretary and the trusted confidant of his great leader; secured in fortune and social influence by marriage with a great heiress who made him a devoted wife; the facile political satirist of the 'Anti-Jacobin'; the most brilliant of the early contributors to the 'Quarterly

Review'; the ardent disciple of the 'Pilot who weathered the storm,' and his obviously predestined successor in the Tory leadership; the great diplomatist who foiled the Tilsit conspiracy and fanned the flames which blazed up in the Peninsula; the impatient colleague of a rival Minister whose powers, curiously contrasted with his own, he grievously underrated; compelled by a personal quarrel, for which he was not primarily responsible, to abandon place and power at a moment critical in the fortunes of his country and himself; sentenced to prolonged political exile, partly by the jealousies of his political associates, much more by his own proud and unyielding temper; discredited by the acceptance of a 'job' undertaken in the interests of a beloved child; content to creep back to official life in a situation which he would have spurned ten years before; and then, at last, by the self-sought death of his great rival, coming into the political inheritance which he knew to be his own, and able, for the too brief remainder of his life, to sway the destinies both of the Old World and the New.

All these successive phases of a career remarkable for sudden turns of fortune, exceptionally rich both in lights and shadows, have long been familiar to the student of English politics. But, though we have known every outward detail of a striking public career, curiosity has been completely baffled in the attempt to penetrate the enigma of a still more striking personality. Nor have the attempts been inspired by a mere vulgar curiosity. By some subtle intuition those who have cared most for George Canning have felt convinced that, could they but be admitted to a knowledge of the man, much that was obscure in the several crises of his political fortunes would be made plain. 'Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner,' is an aphorism of general application. It is in an exceptional degree true of Canning. If we do not even now know all, we do, thanks to Captain Bagot, at last know much; and, in the light of the new knowledge thus gained, we may profitably review the critical incidents of Canning's career.

But a preliminary question must be answered. In what light does the personality of George Canning now stand revealed? Intense pride, limitless ambition, uncontrolled acerbity of tongue, a too obvious intolerance of

stupidity and even of mediocrity, a rigorous insistence on discipline in the conduct of public business, an omnivorous passion for work, a high sense of official responsibility, a haughty inaccessibility to strangers and mere acquaintances—all these are attributes as to the possession of which the world has long had ample evidence. Extreme sensitiveness to personal attacks, unbounded capacity for intimate friendship, a disposition to generosity almost indiscriminate, a childlike enjoyment of domestic delights, the tenderest affection for wife and children, life-long devotion to his mother, uncommon delicacy of feeling in some relations, more than average obtuseness in others—these are characteristics, partly known, partly suspected by his admirers. What has hitherto been lacking has been the opportunity of bringing the two sides of Canning's character into relation with each other, of harmonising apparent contradictions, and of reconciling opposites. It is clear that, despite the brilliant successes of boyhood and youth, despite political and literary fame perhaps prematurely achieved, despite the exceptional harmony and happiness of his married life, the circumstances of early childhood had left an indelible impression upon a nature characteristically Irish. There was a shyness, a shrinking, a sensitiveness and self-distrust little suspected by the mass of his contemporaries, but known to his friends and now revealed to the world. In bitter invective and scathing sarcasm contemporaries saw only—and saw naturally—a callous disregard for the feelings of others, arising from an overweening sense of intellectual superiority. Of the sensitiveness to criticism which was at least as characteristic of the man, they could know nothing. They could not suspect that ebullient self-confidence was often a cloak to shyness, and that apparent deviousness in the methods of approach was due to a shrinking from the wound which public failure would inflict.

A few illustrations must suffice to substantiate some of these generalities. We know now from Canning's own lips that, before accepting the offer of a seat in the House of Commons under the ægis of Pitt, he definitely 'refused one from another quarter.' To Frere he gave as his reason the probability that his self-proposed patron Portland would go over to Pitt before long—as he did.

'I will go over in no man's train,' said Canning; 'if I join Pitt, I will go by myself.*' Such a spirit in a youth quite devoid of political connexions is not remote from that which inspired Pitt, at the age of twenty-two, to refuse a lucrative office because it did not carry with it Cabinet rank. The two men had indeed much in common; and almost from their first meeting a bond was sealed between them which was never really broken. Canning, said Frere, 'had much more in common with Pitt than any one else about him. His love for Pitt was quite filial; and Pitt's feeling for him was more that of a father than of a mere political leader. I am sure that, from the first, Pitt marked Canning out as his political heir, and had in addition the warmest personal regard for him.' It is Frere again who talks of Pitt's paternal interest in Canning's fortunate marriage.

'After the ceremony' (says Frere) 'he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness; and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position necessary to lead a party; and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son I do not think he could have been more interested in all that related to this marriage.' (Festing, 'Frere,' pp. 29, 31.)

That Pitt's affection was warmly reciprocated by Canning is evident from numberless touches in Captain Bagot's volumes. Much more than the mere 'political allegiance' of Canning was 'buried in Pitt's grave.'

Once only was there anything approaching a breach in their relations. It occurred in the interval between Pitt's resignation in 1801 and his return to power in 1804, and was caused by Canning's attitude towards Pitt's successor. Into the vexed question of Pitt's motives for resignation in 1801 it is unnecessary and impossible to enter here; but Canning's conduct at this important juncture is so eminently characteristic of the man that it cannot be summarily dismissed. Pitt, for reasons which it is not difficult to surmise, desired that his friends should retain office under Addington. Many of them, including

* Bagot, i, 45; Festing's 'Frere,' p. 28.

his brother Lord Chatham, did so. Canning, despite Addington's efforts to retain him, insisted on going out with his chief. No one who reads his own account of the matter can doubt that he was actuated by the most loyal and unselfish motives.

'My story' (he writes to Sneyd) 'is a very short one—Pitt resigns, no matter for what reason; and I feel it right to follow him out of office. Most other people feel it right to stay in and form the new administration. *He* is of their opinion—which is rather hard upon me, you will say; and so it is perhaps. But *I* am of my own, and that is enough. It is not at all good fun going out of office, I can tell you. . . . I never liked anything less, but I think I should have liked myself less if I could have allowed myself to be prevailed upon by Pitt's arguments or entreaties to let him transfer me to his successor, Mr Addington.' (Bagot, i, 180.)

It would appear that Canning's conduct and motives were canvassed only less hotly than Pitt's. 'You will hear with pleasure,' wrote Charles Ellis to Frere, 'that people very generally do justice to Canning's conduct and feelings towards Pitt.* Charles Ellis's complacency was not shared by his brother George, who wrote to Sneyd:

'I do want to swear . . . against the vile friends and adherents of our new gallipot Ministry, who go about telling the vilest lies about Canning, and when they have discharged their venom creep back into their insignificance and disappear. They, however, have succeeded in persuading many wise people that a man who voluntarily gives up two thousand a year must have some malevolent and wicked designs against his country, because no good politician ever parts with what he is able to keep. And yet, in truth, besides behaving with real honour (which indeed he was sure to do), which *no other* of Pitt's friends in my apprehension has done, he has shown a gentleness and forbearance towards the brother of "Punch," this wig-block, this "Basilicon Doron," most truly Christian.†

The 'forbearance,' it must be remarked, was not of long duration; and another account received by Sneyd from another correspondent, Lady Malmesbury, puts a somewhat different complexion on the matter.

* Festing's 'Frere,' p. 43.

† Bagot, i, 181.

'It is impossible' (she writes) 'to conceive the abuse that has fallen upon him [Canning] on this occasion, as all the evil is attributed to his advice and influence. . . . I have little doubt that his counsels were far from temperate ones, as his head has been much impaired by the weight of fortune and favours that have been showered upon it.' (Bagot, i, 128, 129.)

Lady Malmesbury, it is true, chose to consider herself at the moment 'neglected' by Canning; but it is none the less certain that the gossip she retails was widely circulated, and represented a view of the situation generally if not universally accepted.

Nor did Canning's attitude towards the new Ministry serve to allay suspicion or conciliate jealousies. That attitude was, however, extraordinarily characteristic of the man; and his adoption of it reveals, more strikingly perhaps than any other episode in his career, the elements of strength and weakness, the loyalty and generosity, the impulsive and uncalculating zeal on behalf of friends, the contemptuous scorn of intellectual inferiority, the external self-consciousness and the essential self-forgetfulness which went to the making of his strangely compounded character. The coarse lampoons levelled at the unfortunate 'Doctor' were as indecorous as they were indefensible. Like so many of his countrymen, Canning never quite 'grew up'; there was in him, even to the last, much of the school-boy intent on 'scoring off' those in authority, and determined to perpetrate his practical jokes, cost what they might.

This perhaps was at the root of the mistrust which he inspired in eminently prosaic statesmen like Castlereagh and Metternich. 'The malevolent meteor hurled by Providence upon England and Europe' was apt to descend inconveniently amid inflammable materials. But never did Canning employ his peculiar gifts to such ill purpose as during the Addington Ministry. His purpose was perfectly serious. To him it was intolerable that at that highly critical moment in the fortunes of England and of Europe the helm should be entrusted to the 'Pilot that moored us in peace'; that, owing to the partiality or stupidity of a sovereign hovering on the verge of insanity, a respectable 'wig-block' should be ensconced in the seat of Pitt; and that a man who 'means so well' should be placed in a position to do so much ill. But

the truth remains that Canning gravely underrated—as he lived to acknowledge—the character and abilities of the ‘Doctor’; and that the squibs which he loved to fire off against his victim more often than not scorched himself.

Pitt did his utmost to restrain the injudicious impetuosity of his lieutenant; and Canning bitterly resented the prudent advice. Again and again he complains in letters to his friends of Pitt’s ‘complete and unreserved sacrifice of me to A.’ He charges his leader with ‘want of candour,’ with cruelty and unfairness, and so forth. In regard to Addington he seems really to have thought his behaviour extraordinarily temperate and restrained. ‘Not but even now, though I must not goad and pelt the Doctor as I could wish, I am enabled just to put a thistle under his tail.’ But all through—even when he imagines ‘that our intercourse was closed for ever’—he never wavered in his devotion to Pitt.

‘I had a pride and a pleasure in exhausting all the sacrifices that I could make for him; in adding to those of office, of ambition, of hopes and prospects, which he did not chuse to take to himself, the more acceptable offerings of all the prejudices and dislikes—proud, resentful or jealous feelings as he would call them—all the natural and justifiable manly and consistent judgment of others and estimation of one’s self, as I think them.’ (Festing, ‘Frere,’ pp. 49, 58.)

Had the disciple been content to follow the master’s advice, it would have saved him many bitter disappointments in the future. But as to the essential rightness of the line he took, apart from consequences even then foreseen, he had no misgivings.

‘I do not disguise from myself that . . . I have preferred character and my own consciousness of doing right to opportunities of fame and power such as may not easily come within my reach again, and (I am afraid) to Pitt’s friendship, or at least to that place in it which, with such a man, is alone worth holding.’ (Festing, ‘Frere,’ p. 83.)

But within twelve months he had the immense satisfaction of wringing from Pitt an acknowledgment that ‘I was right and *he* was wrong in the discussion about the propriety of my taking office last year.’

With the renewal of the war Addington’s makeshift

Administration was doomed. Even Pitt's reserve gave way; and Canning was able to report with glee 'his contempt, dislike, and thorough ungovernable indignation against the Doctor and his whole system . . . a temper to which mine was mildness.' In 1804 Pitt himself took up the reins; and Canning, after a moment's hesitation, genuine and honourable, accepted office as Treasurer of the Navy. In less than two years the master was dead; his Administration was shattered; and Canning himself was plunged into grief almost inconsolable.

If it was Austerlitz that inflicted the final blow upon Pitt's broken constitution, the attack upon his friend Henry Dundas, Lord Melville, had done much to undermine it. It was during Melville's trial that Canning wrote the well known 'Fragments of an Oration by Mr Whitbread on Lord Melville's Trial.' Of these lines—

'I am like Archimedes for science and skill,

I am like a young Prince that went straight up the hill,' etc.,

Captain Bagot prints a corrected version from a copy given by Canning himself to Sneyd. He also prints from the papers in his possession a copy of verses written by Warren Hastings during his own trial. In this poem, entitled 'The Jackdaw and Peacocks,' Hastings predicts that his own accuser, Henry Dundas, will some day find himself in similar case :

'But thus, tho' now he knows no equal,

Shall Justice save him in the sequel,

Expose him to the face of day,

And all his cunning arts betray; . . .

Shall lastly from his state dethrone him,

And Foes impeach and Friends disown him.'

The prediction so singularly fulfilled in 1806 may well have inspired Canning—to whom Hastings' lines were apparently known—to a parallel effusion.

This is not the only instance in which Captain Bagot is able from authentic manuscripts to correct a good many literary traditions hitherto generally accepted. He proves, for example, from a copy among Sneyd's papers, that the Mrs Legh, to whom the 'Ode to a Pair of Breeches' was addressed, was not, as has been gener-

ally asserted, a Mrs Leigh of Cheshire, but Canning's aunt, Mrs Leigh. The verses were written at Ashbourne Hall, where Mrs Leigh was then living, on the anniversary of her wedding day, 'in consequence of her presenting her nephew, George Canning, with a piece of yellow corduroy.' Again, the version of Colonel Fitz-Patrick's well-known epigram, given by Canning himself in a letter to Sneyd, differs materially from that usually quoted (Bagot, i, 48).

But most important of all, in this connexion, is the final and authoritative settlement of the vexed question of the rhyming despatch to Sir Charles Bagot at the Hague. Various versions have long been current. Canning's most recent biographer, Mr Temperley, who treats the matter primarily from an economic standpoint, prints the version to which Greville first gave currency, and adds (pp. 192, 193) the remark that 'fortunately the true and proper version has been discovered at the Foreign Office, a copy of which is placed at the Record Office.' No such discovery is known at the Record Office; and the 'true and proper' version is that in the possession of Captain Bagot, printed in this work (vol. ii, p. 321), but originally published in 1905, on the strength of materials supplied by Captain Bagot, to Sir Harry Poland.* It is appropriate that the matter should be definitely set at rest by the grandson of the man on whom the joke was originally played. It is well also that Canning's memory should be authoritatively cleared of the reproach† of incorrigible levity in the conduct of responsible affairs. The rhyming despatch is now clearly shown to be merely a jesting *addendum* to an official despatch in the usual form.

In 1826 the Dutch Government refused to accept terms identical with those of the reciprocity treaty just concluded with France; and consequently Sir Charles Bagot was instructed (January 31, 1826) to inform them that Great Britain had, by Orders in Council, imposed upon Netherlands vessels and merchandise an *additional* duty of 20 per cent. Having duly despatched the official

* Cf. 'Transactions of the Royal Historical Society,' vol. xx, pp. 49-60.

† A reproach to which the present writer, writing before the original letters had seen the light, was, to his regret, a party.

information, Canning bethought him to mystify his friend Bagot by sending in cipher the following :

'FOREIGN OFFICE, January 31, 1826.

'Separate, secret and confidential.

'SIR,

'In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.

The French are with equal advantage content,
So we clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.

(Chorus)—20 per cent., 20 per cent.

(Chorus of English Custom House officers and French
douaniers):

(English) We clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.

(French) Vous frapperez Falck avec 20 per cent.'

The joke derived additional zest from the fact that Bagot did not possess the particular code in which the despatch was written, and after vain efforts to decipher it, wrote off to Canning, begging him to send it. With all due gravity it was despatched; and Bagot was generous enough to tell Canning how completely his mystification had succeeded.

'You have fretted me to fiddle-strings . . . and it was not till after an hour of most indescribable anxiety that we were put "out of our fear" by finding what it really was, and that "you Pyramus" were not Pyramus, but only "Bottom the weaver."'

It was Canning's best joke, and it was his last. Much less happy, in every sense, are the '*Musæ Cateatonenses*,' printed for the first time in this work and occupying some forty pages of it. These represent an elaborate and long-drawn-out joke, perpetrated by Canning and Frere at the expense of their common friends, Lord Boringdon and Dr Legge, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, and nicknamed by the King '*Mother Frump*.' This medley, as the editor justly says, 'is an excellent example of a singularly ponderous type of jest frequently indulged in by the literary wit of the eighteenth century.' The authors were evidently vastly proud of it; but for the average reader of to-day the '*salt has lost its savour*.' We would gladly have bartered our acquaintance with the '*Musæ Cateatonenses*' for some further light on the authorship of the several pieces in the '*Anti-Jacobin*.'

But this information Captain Bagot is not, apparently, in a position to afford.

It is time, however, to turn from Canning's literary *jeux d'esprit* to his achievements on the political stage, and to consider how much fresh light recent research has thrown upon them. To the political confusion which ensued upon the death of Pitt, Canning cannot be fairly accused of having contributed. His action at this, as at other critical moments of his career, has frequently been interpreted to his disadvantage, but upon inadequate grounds. In this connexion, students will find in the 13th Report of the Historical MSS. Commission reference to two bundles of correspondence among the Lonsdale MSS. which are of great interest and importance. The one is labelled 'Correspondence relating to Mr Pitt's death,' the other 'Negotiations with the Grenville party.' These letters not only throw a lurid light upon the party intrigues of the day, but reveal quite unmistakably the attitude adopted by Canning at this critical juncture in the history of the Tory party. His primary anxiety, on his master's death, was that Grenville, and not Sidmouth, should be recognised as 'the direct and lawful inheritor of the support of Mr Pitt's friends.' His second was to maintain some degree of parliamentary cohesion among those 'friends.' As to the first he was tolerably successful; in the second endeavour, perhaps fortunately, he failed.

'There is,' wrote Lord Essex to Lord Lowther, 'very little chance of that degree of unanimity or close connexion being kept up between what was called Mr Pitt's party. . . . I fancy amongst that party there are too many jarring interests and political speculations' (March 10, 1806). The King, too, was strongly against anything which might savour of factious opposition to the Talents.' On Fox's death (Sept. 13, 1806) an effort was made, chiefly by Canning and Lord Lowther, to induce Grenville to throw himself frankly upon the support of the Pittites and effect a junction with them. To Canning himself Grenville offered high Cabinet rank; but Canning, with commendable loyalty, refused to take office except in company with his friends, while Grenville on his part declined to sacrifice Lord Sidmouth. On both sides, the negotiations, though abortive, were entirely friendly.

'Nothing' (wrote Canning to Lord Lowther, October 15, 1806) 'that passed in any part of the transaction was or could be felt or could by any mistake be represented as otherwise than perfectly cordial and friendly between Lord Grenville and myself personally; nothing on his part but what was flattering to me and kind in the highest degree; nothing on my part towards him but what I hope carried my sense of those dispositions and my wish that circumstances on both sides had not rendered them, for the present, unavailing. Where we have differed, it has been in reference to those with whom we are respectively connected.'*

This letter ought to dispose of much malicious insinuation against the conduct of Canning at this painful juncture of his fortunes. In 1807 the Grenville Ministry foundered on an outlying rock of the Catholic question; and Canning for the first time entered the Cabinet as Foreign Secretary in the Duke of Portland's Government.

The two years spent by Canning at the Foreign Office (March 25, 1807–September 9, 1809) were in the highest degree momentous alike in his own career and in the history of Europe. They mark indisputably the turning-point in the great duel between England and Napoleon. The naval campaign of 1805, culminating at Trafalgar, had left England supreme at sea. Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena had made Napoleon virtually master of the Continent. But how was the 'elephant' to reach the 'whale'? In the early summer of 1807 Napoleon, ever fertile in resource, decided upon one of those startling turns of policy for which his career is remarkable, and came to terms with the Tsar Alexander of Russia. Incidentally Prussia was to be sacrificed; but the aim of the pact of Tilsit was to destroy Great Britain.

The countermining of the conspiracy of Tilsit was perhaps the highest, as it was unquestionably the most dramatic, achievement in Canning's career. Its intrinsic importance, added to the mystery which, despite much minute investigation and laborious research,† still enshrouds some of the details, accounts for the interest it continues to excite among historical critics, and may justify a brief *résumé* of the matter. The material facts

* Hist. MSS. Comm. Report xiii, Appendix, Part vii.

† Notably on the part of Dr J. Holland Rose; see, in particular, 'Napoleonic Studies,' and the paper mentioned at the head of this article.

are no longer in dispute. It is certain that the prime object of the Tilsit agreement was to crush the power of Great Britain; that, to this end, professions of neutrality were henceforward to be disregarded; and that, as a first step, the navies of Denmark and Portugal were to be seized by the allies and turned against Great Britain. It is certain also that, by Canning's prompt action in despatching a powerful British squadron to Copenhagen, by the regrettable though unavoidable bombardment of the Danish capital, and by the 'deposit' of the Danish fleet in English hands, the conspiracy was foiled. But there are subsidiary points which are still obscure.

In view of the facts adduced by Dr Rose, it can no longer be contended that Canning's action was the result merely of brilliant political intuition. Some information of the secret negotiations at Tilsit he unquestionably had. How much, and how obtained, is still a matter of acute controversy. According to one story, first revealed by Lord Malmesbury,* Canning's information came through Portland from the Prince of Wales, who derived it from the Court of Portugal. Another theory suggests that it came from an English spy—perhaps Mackenzie, perhaps Sir Robert Wilson, perhaps the Tsar's Scotch physician Dr Wylie—concealed upon the floating pavilion moored in the middle of the Niemen, where the famous interview between Napoleon and Alexander took place.

Mr Temperley holds it to be conclusively established that Canning's informant was Talleyrand. But the grounds upon which he bases his conclusion are inadequate. Mr Temperley shows indeed that Talleyrand was aware that his dismissal was impending; that he disapproved Napoleon's policy towards Prussia; and finally, that the so-called 'Memoirs' of Fouché testify to Napoleon's own belief that Talleyrand was the betrayer of his secrets. 'Stapleton,' says Mr Temperley, 'showed the passage in question to Canning, who smilingly accepted it as a justification for his policy. This is more than significant, it is conclusive.' The 'smile' is due to the elegant but innocent embroidery of Mr Temperley; and, to be strictly accurate, it was Canning who pointed out the passage to Stapleton. Apart from this, it is difficult to understand

* Diaries, iv, 391-99.

how any historical critic can regard the evidence as being conclusive as to the source of Canning's information. Stapleton himself states definitely ('George Canning and his Times,' p. 125) that 'an individual was concealed behind a curtain and was a secret witness of that most curious conversation,' and as definitely states that it was on this information that Canning acted. But that individual could not have been Talleyrand, who, as a later critic has shown, was at the time of the interview 'at Königsberg, fifty-five English miles distant from Tilsit,'* and was not cognisant of what was taking place. Talleyrand therefore could not have betrayed a secret which he did not know.

In regard to this vexed question, Capt. Bagot throws out (ii, 404), though very tentatively, the interesting suggestion that the real source of the information may have been Lord Granville Leveson-Gower. In support of this theory he quotes a letter from Lady Sarah Spencer, afterwards the wife of Lord Lyttelton. Writing to her father on January 2, 1808, she says :

'Lord Glastonbury is in town, grumbling as usual, but he quite approves of the Copenhagen business, and says Lord G. L. Gower had got possession (for 20,000*l.*) of the original treaty of Tilsit; and that one of the secret articles stipulated that the Danish fleet should be employed against us, which induced Ministers to adopt such vigorous measures.'

This, it is true, is mere gossip; but this at least may be said for it, that Lord Granville Leveson-Gower was on the spot; and the theory is not inconsistent either with Canning's own statement or with the ascertained facts. On the other hand, Captain Bagot himself, in another connexion, points out that the accounts of the Secret Service Fund for that period are in his possession; and, 'though they account for an expenditure of some 80,000*l.*, they throw no light on a supposition of any one who was at Tilsit getting a large reward.'† It would seem therefore that, as regards precise details, we are as far from certainty as ever. Fortunately for Canning's fame, the case does not rest upon minutiae. The broad facts are clear and indisputable. The two Emperors had agreed at Tilsit to get possession of the Danish fleet and

* 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. 203, p. 353.

† Bagot, i, 233, *note*.

use it against Great Britain; Canning's sagacity and promptitude ruined their game.

On other critical episodes in Canning's political life—on his support of the Spanish patriots; on his disastrous quarrel with Castlereagh; on the negotiations with Wellesley and Perceval in 1810 and with Lord Liverpool in 1812; on the Lisbon Embassy; on his acceptance of the Board of Control in 1816 and his resignation in 1821—on all these points the letters printed in Captain Bagot's collection throw much interesting light. But the general effect is confirmatory of accepted views. An interesting point clearly established by these letters, and one upon which the editor lays judicious emphasis, is the essential unity which underlay Canning's policy towards Spain during both its earlier and later periods. As Captain Bagot remarks (i, 258),

'that, if the French were to have Spain, it should be Spain only and not her possessions in the New World, was as evident to Canning's mind in Napoleon's time as it was when French troops occupied the country in 1823.'

To the Napoleonic period belong other letters of great interest, more particularly those which refer to the Convention of Cintra (i, 276), and to the appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the command in the Peninsula (i, 290, 318).

Of even greater interest from the personal point of view are the letters referring to the duel with Castlereagh, notably those from Huskisson (i, 325), Lord Wellesley (i, 337), and Canning himself, to Bootle-Wilbraham (i, 344). Lord Wellesley's emphatic assurance should go far indeed to clear Canning of one of the most serious imputations on his personal good faith. 'I know positively,' Wellesley wrote to Bagot, 'that Canning never entertained the idea of concealment from Lord Castlereagh; and I know also that Canning thought that the whole had been communicated to Lord Castlereagh' (i, 337). Another letter reflects the extraordinary effect produced by Canning's own speech on the Lisbon mission. 'Last night,' writes Wellesley Pole to Bagot (May 7, 1817), 'Canning made the very best speech in every particular I ever heard. His defence was complete in all its parts, and he carried many of the Opposition with him' (ii, 44). Exceedingly

interesting too are the references to the precocious prudence of Sir Robert Peel, and the striking contrast between his character and that of Canning. It was one of the latter's keenest ambitions to be chosen to represent his university in the House of Commons. Peel, however, to his great chagrin, was preferred. Canning, owing to his views on the Catholic question, was, in truth, impossible. 'You must have forgotten English politics,' wrote Wellesley Pole to Bagot, 'to suppose that Canning could have a chance for Oxford' (ii, 9).

But these are the bypaths in Canning's career. Its real importance is concentrated upon the seven years which he spent at the Foreign Office—from 1807 to 1809, and again from 1822 to 1827. To the main incidents of the former tenure reference has been already made; to deal with the latter would be to rewrite the main chapters in Canning's political life. Such a task cannot be attempted here. His greatest achievements in the domain of foreign policy are admirably summarised by Charles Bagot in a letter to Binning (ii, 370-373). 'After all, he has effected what were probably the great objects of his foreign administration, viz. the independence of South America, the liberation of England from the Holy Alliance and *Metternichism*, and the foundations of the independence of Greece.' There is a pathetic interest attaching to this letter, written on the receipt of the news of Lord Liverpool's seizure. Bagot was supremely anxious that his old chief should give up the Foreign Office and take the Premiership. It 'would add ten years to his life and his public utility.' But, in truth, the mischief was already done. Not even relief from the immediate responsibilities of the Foreign Office, not even the attainment of the goal of his ambition, could avail to prolong a life already doomed. Canning's Premiership lasted less than six months. On April 10, 1827, he was commissioned by the King to form a Ministry; on July 2 his first parliamentary session was brought to a close; on August 8 he died.

If I pass thus rapidly over the last five and most important years of Canning's life, it is not because there is little to learn in regard to them from the Bagot Letters. On the contrary, the future biographer of Canning will glean from these letters much that is of high value in

reference to the leading incidents of this difficult period ; on the attitude of Canning towards the Holy Alliance in general and towards Metternich in particular ; on his policy towards old and new Spain ; on his skilful unravelling of the tortuous skein of Portuguese politics ; on his firm and judicious handling of the complex and threatening issues arising out of the revolt of the Greeks ; and, above all, on his courageous recognition of the independence of the Spanish colonies in South America. Stapleton regarded the last as 'the most important measure adopted while Canning was Foreign Minister' ; and Captain Bagot would seem to be at one with Stapleton.

In no direction did Canning show himself more truly the disciple of his master Pitt, and in none was his own policy more continuous and more consistent from the opening to the close of his career. So far back as 1790 Pitt had told Miranda that the emancipation of Spanish America was a matter which would infallibly engage the attention of every Minister in the country.* It engaged the attention of Canning from his first day at the Foreign Office until the final accomplishment of independence. Thus 'the calling in the new world to redress the balance of the old' was, as Captain Bagot carefully and conclusively shows, neither a mere rhetorical ebullition, nor a sudden inspiration. It was a deliberate and essential part of Canning's policy, long contemplated and tenaciously adhered to. So far back as 1808, the separation of the Spanish colonies under British protection was an idea present to the minds of Canning and Castlereagh.† Hardly was Canning back at the Foreign Office when he wrote to the Duke of Wellington, then representing Great Britain at the Congress of Verona :

'Every day convinces me more and more that, in the present state of the Peninsula, and in the present state of this country, the American questions are out of all proportion more important to us than the European ; and that, if we do not seize and turn them to our advantage in time, we shall rue the loss of an opportunity never, never to be recovered.'‡

President Monroe sent his famous message to Congress

* Col. E. M. Lloyd, 'Transactions of the Royal Historical Society,' xviii, 82.

† Bagot, i, 258, 266.

‡ Quoted by Col. Lloyd, *ap. Transactions, supra*, p. 85.

on December 2, 1823; and at the beginning of 1824 Canning writes to Sir Charles Bagot:

'I have very little doubt that the President was encouraged to make his declaration about the South American States by his knowledge of our sentiments. . . . The effect of the ultra-liberalism of our Yankee co-operators on the ultra-despotism of our Aix-la-Chapelle allies gives me just the balance that I wanted.' (Bagot, ii, 215, 218.)

Just a year afterwards he writes exultingly to Frere:

'The thing is done . . . an act which will make a change in the face of the world almost as great as that of the discovery of the Continent now set free. The Allies will fret, but they will venture no serious remonstrance. France will fidget, but it will be with a view of hastening after our example. The Yankees will shout in triumph, but it is they who lose most by our decision.' (Festing's 'Frere,' p. 267.)

The new material provided by Captain Bagot tends, in the main, as I have hinted, to substantiate rather than correct the received opinion of Canning's foreign policy. I have therefore touched lightly on a matter which is, in itself, of pre-eminent importance.

The special value and significance of this latest addition to Canning literature may, by this means, be most clearly indicated. The Bagot Letters will indisputably have an important place among the illustrative sources of English history for the period which they cover. No subsequent historian of this period will be able to ignore them. Valuable to him, to the biographer of Canning they will of course be indispensable, but less, I think, as a commentary on policy than as a revelation of personality. It is Canning the man even more than Canning the statesman that these letters make manifest to the world. As husband, father, and friend we here see him, perhaps for the first time, as he was—one of the most sensitive, most tender-hearted, most generous, affectionate, and lovable of men.

[J. A. R. MARRIOTT.]

Art. 11.—THE PRIVILEGES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN REGARD TO FINANCE.

1. *Journals of the House of Lords, 1509–1908.*
2. *Journals of the House of Commons, 1547–1908.*
3. *Precedents of Proceedings in the House of Commons.* By J. Hatsell. New edition. Four vols. London, 1818.
4. *A Treatise on the Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament.* By Sir T. Erskine May. Eleventh edition. London: Longmans, 1906.
5. *The Procedure of the House of Commons.* By Josef Redlich. Translated by A. E. Steinthal. Three vols. London: Constable, 1908.

THE question of the privileges of the House of Commons is one of considerable antiquity and interest. As a rule it slumbers peacefully, while the House of Commons waives its privileges on many occasions; but occasionally a crisis occurs, when on some subject the two Houses take different views of what is desirable, and the doctrine of privilege is used as a convenient weapon by the one, although its employment is often protested against by the other. Such a case occurred last year in connexion with the Old-age Pensions Bill. In the final debate on that measure, July 31, 1908, the Lord Chancellor said:

‘Let me for a moment point this out—that the privilege of the House of Commons is admittedly somewhat indistinct at its borders. No one can read the history of this question and the various Resolutions which have been arrived at and the various acts which have taken place, without seeing that there is a certain borderland which is indeterminate and to a certain extent indefinite.’

To the same effect, the Marquis of Lansdowne remarked:

‘Whenever the question of privilege arises, there are two entirely distinct points. In the first place, is the House of Lords’ amendment, or is it not, an infringement of privilege? and secondly, if it is an infringement, is it the desire of the House of Commons to insist upon its privilege to the utmost extremity? The first point is, I believe, usually decided by the authority of the Speaker. The other point is one that on the advice of the Government of the day has very often been decided on the side of this House. There is this great difficulty, that nowhere is there anything like a clear and

authoritative description of what is and what is not the privilege of the House of Commons. There is no statute dealing with it. There is no written constitution to which we can appeal. There is no compact even between the two Houses. It is an attempt on the part of one House to limit the opportunities of the other.'

Many other observations were made on the same day, in both Houses, with respect to the Lords' amendments to the above-mentioned Bill—observations which show what conflicting views may be held by members speaking with the greatest authority and the greatest experience of the procedure of either House. The following remarks were made in the House of Commons:

Mr Asquith: 'We are here dealing with a question which in my opinion is of the greatest importance to the procedure and privileges of this House. If the House, whatever may be its opinion on the merits or demerits of a comparatively small change in the Bill, were to allow the precedent—it would be a precedent—to be set of accepting an Amendment of this kind, in my opinion we should very greatly impair the rights and privileges we have always hitherto asserted, and we should be doing so for a price which is not worth exacting.'

Mr Balfour: 'I put the point of order; are there not countless precedents for this House waiving its privileges in these matters and accepting an Amendment from the Lords which technically violates its privileges?'

Mr Speaker: 'I think almost every year, certainly very frequently, this House does not insist on its privileges. It accepts Amendments, and, in sending a message to the other House, the statement is made that this House does not insist upon its privilege.'

With regard to one of the Lords' amendments, by which it was proposed to add certain words to clause 4 of the Bill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer submitted that this amendment was also an infringement of the privileges of the House. The Speaker replied:

'The way it occurs to me is that I think the words of the Lords' amendment are really an explanation of the words "profitable use." . . . I think that it would be the doctrine of privilege run mad were we to insist upon this as being a breach of privilege. It seems to me to be purely a matter of explanation.' ('Times,' August 1, 1908.)

With a question admittedly so indefinite, with interest in the question freshly excited, and with a general expectation of the introduction within a year or two of a most important Bill, that on the reform of the Poor Law, bristling with points on which privilege may undoubtedly be claimed, some enquiry into the subject seems to be desirable—an enquiry dealing not so much with the theory of the privileges of the Commons as with the principles on which they have frequently consented to waive those privileges, and the practical steps which are habitually taken, and taken successfully, to prevent any collision between the two Houses.

For such an enquiry I may fairly claim to have certain special qualifications. For thirty years it was my duty, as Clerk of Public Bills in the House of Lords, to attend to the official communications on the subject between the two Houses; in the course of those duties I collected the precedents which occurred during those years, and had also placed at my disposal the valuable collection of earlier precedents formed by Mr W. Rose, formerly clerk of Public Bills in the House of Commons. Without such assistance it is difficult to deal completely with the subject, for the Commons' Journals contain no record of points decided by the Speaker and not submitted to the House. The principles involved are set forth in Sir T. Erskine May's book, the accepted authority on parliamentary subjects, and more recently in Dr Redlich's remarkable work, in which a foreigner has succeeded in mastering all the peculiarities and complexities of our Constitution and procedure; but the records must be sought in the Journals of the House and often in the diaries of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Andrew Marvell, and others, or in Hatsell's 'Precedents.'

The question of the privileges of the House of Commons is by no means simple; and precedents may be found to support whatever view the enquirer may wish to adopt. For the Commons' privileges, if pushed to an extreme, would almost deprive the House of Lords of all power in matters of legislation; and since, until recently, there has been no desire to achieve such a result, the Journals of the two Houses abound in instances where the Commons have received the Lords' amendments to

their Bills in various and often contradictory ways, now straining out a gnat, now swallowing a camel. The former course has occasionally been met by the Lords with a protest that the same be not drawn into a precedent; the latter is usually accompanied by a 'special entry' in the Journal, whereby the House of Commons as it were apologises to itself for waiving its privileges and states the excuse for such waiver.

What appears to be the popular opinion is entirely incorrect—the opinion, that is, that the House of Commons' privileges are quite indisputable, but that the House of Lords at rare intervals attempts to undermine them, an attempt which, on every constitutional principle, the House of Commons is bound to resist. The real practice is very different from this. Every year, in many Bills, the Lords make proposals which would, strictly speaking, violate the privileges of the Commons, but which, in the ordinary course of procedure, are adopted by that House.

In the debate in the House of Lords on July 31, 1908, Lord Lansdowne said, 'I am going to take the seventeenth century Resolutions as the bed-rock of this controversy.' If by 'bed-rock' the noble lord meant 'origin,' he considerably understated the duration of the claim. May shows (p. 587) that, when the first statute on the subject, 25 Edw. I ('De Tallagio non concedendo'), was passed, the Commons only taxed the laity, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal voting separate subsidies; and that the clergy granted subsidies as a body until the surrender or disuse of their right in the reign of Charles II. He continues as follows (p. 587):

'At length, when the Commons had increased in political influence and the subsidies voted by them had become the principal source of national revenue, they gradually assumed their present position in regard to taxation and supply, and included the Lords as well as themselves in their grants. So far back as 1407, it was stated by King Henry IV, in the ordinance called "The Indempnity of the Lords and Commons," that grants were "granted by the Commons and assented to by the Lords." That this was not a new concession to the Commons is evident from the words that follow, viz., "That the reports of all grants agreed to by the Lords and Commons should be made in manner and form as hath hitherto been

accustomed, that is to say, by the mouth of the Speaker of the House of Commons for the time being.”

This shows the statutory foundation of their privileges; and the famous Resolutions of 1671 and 1678 give the interpretation put by the Commons upon the words. These Resolutions were a great step forward; and the proceedings with respect thereto throw an interesting light on the question, now apparently being raised with respect to the pending Finance Bill, as to the real validity of the axiom ‘the Lords may reject, but cannot amend a Money Bill.’

On March 24, 1671, the Commons

‘considered the Amendments coming from the Lords to the Bill of Brandy, which being for laying an imposition on the People, in breach of the Privilege of this House, where all impositions on the People ought to begin; therefore the House did think fit to lay the said Bill and Amendments aside. So the Bill was lost.’ (9 C.J. p. 224.)

This was apparently a ‘privilege amendment’ to an ordinary Bill; but the Lords soon after sent down amendments to what would now be called a Customs Duties Bill, i.e. strictly a Money Bill. On April 13 the House

‘proceeded to the reading the Amendments and Clauses, sent from the Lords, to the Bill for an Imposition on Foreign Commodities, which were read: and the first Amendments, . . . being for changing the proportion of the Imposition on white sugars from one penny per pound to [one] halfpenny [and] half [a] farthing, was read the second time and debated; Resolved, etc., *nem. con.* That in all aids given to the King by the Commons the rate or tax ought not to be altered by the Lords.’ (9 C.J. 235.)

This is the first of these important Resolutions. The Commons did not lay the Bill aside, as in the previous case, but requested a conference with the Lords on the subject, and several free conferences were held.*

At the first conference Sir Heneage Finch, Attorney-General, communicated the foregoing resolution and continued thus: ‘Your Lordships begin a new thing; we find ourselves possessed of it in all ages, and find not one

* See ‘Parliamentary History,’ p. 481, etc.; 9 C.J. pp. 236-239, etc.

grant of tonnage or poundage that is not barely the gift of the Commons.' He claimed further 'that there is a fundamental right in that House alone, in Bills of rates and impositions on merchandise, as to the matter, the measure and time'; and said that the Commons 'offered neither reason nor precedent to back their resolution, for this was a right so fundamentally settled in the Commons that they could not give reasons for it, for that would be a weakening of the Commons' right and privilege.'

On receiving the report of this conference, their lordships were so little impressed that they passed *nem. con.* the following Resolution:

'That the power exercised by the House of Peers in making Amendments [in the said Bill], . . . both as to the matter, measure and time, concerning the Rates and Impositions on Merchandise, is a fundamental, inherent, and undoubted right of the House of Peers, from which they cannot depart.'

This Resolution was communicated at the second conference (April 20), backed by several reasons and a formidable string of precedents. The principal reasons were as follow:

'3. We find no footsteps in record or history for this new claim of the House of Commons: we would see that charter or contract produced by which the Lords divested themselves of this right, and appropriated it to the Commons with an exclusion of themselves: till then we cannot consent to shake or remove foundations in the laying whereof it will not be denied that the Lords and Grands of the Kingdom had the greatest hand.

'4. If this right should be denied, the Lords have not a negative voice allowed them in Bills of this nature; for if the Lords, who have the power of treating, advising, giving counsel, and applying remedies, cannot amend, abate, or refuse a Bill in part, by what consequence of reason can they enjoy a liberty to reject the whole? When the Commons shall think fit to question it, they may pretend the same grounds for it.'

On receiving the report of this conference, the Commons directed their managers 'to consider of the matter and the reasons and precedents relating thereto, and to report the matter with their opinions thereon to the House.' The managers accordingly presented a volumin-

ous report (9 C.J. 239), citing an equally formidable list of precedents, and disputing the validity of those cited by the Lords; and offering many reasons, answering the Lords' reasons quoted above, to the effect that the Lords were in the same position as the Sovereign, who can reject a Bill but cannot amend it, and comparing the privileges of the Commons in matters of finance with those of the Lords in matters of judicature, which had formerly been open to both Houses, but had now come to be dealt with entirely by one.

But the Lords were not yet convinced, and, on receiving the report of the last conference (12 L.J. 513),

'resolved *nem. con.*, upon serious Debate and Consideration, That this House is not satisfied with the Reasons and Precedents given by the House of Commons at the last Conference; and do much dislike the unusual expressions of the Commons in what they delivered at the Conference.'

On April 22 the dispute was brought to an end for the time by the prorogation of Parliament.*

The proceedings with respect to the Resolution of 1678 (concerning a Bill for disbanding the army), if less exciting, were not less important. They are thus given in the 'Parliamentary History' (iv, 1004, etc.):

'1678, June 22. The Lords, believing it impossible to disband the Army by the days the Commons named in the Bill, changed the last of June to the 27th of July for that part of the Army in England, and for those abroad, they changed the time from the 24th of July to the 24th of August; and the Bill, with these Amendments, being returned to the Commons this day, they were on Debate disagreed to by the House.

'June 25. The Commons at a Conference gave several Reasons for their not agreeing with the Lords in the above Amendments. The main one was, "It being a Bill of Money they cannot allow their Lordships any manner of power to

* A great dispute between the Houses arose in 1677 on the Lords amending a Bill for raising the sum of 584,978*l.* for the speedy building of thirty ships of war (L.J. xiii, 107b-120a), concluding with an address from the Lords to His Majesty and His Majesty's reply. The Lords yielded, but only, as they said, 'out of tenderness that the whole may not suffer by our insisting on that which is our undoubted right.' But the proceedings, though highly interesting, are too long for insertion here, and seem to be superseded by those in the following year.

add or diminish to or from it," etc. And they offered a proviso by way of expedient.

'June 26. The Lords at a Conference gave several Reasons for insisting on their Amendments to the Bill of disbanding, and for rejecting the proviso offered by the Commons. But to all the Amendments but one the Commons disagreed, and adhered to their proviso.

'June 28. The Lords voted that they adhered to their Amendments, and disagreed to the proviso, and the Commons voted *e contra*.

'July 3. The Commons resolved "That all aids and supplies to His Majesty in Parliament are the sole gift of the Commons, and all Bills for the granting of any such aids and supplies ought to begin with the Commons; and that it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such Bills the ends, purposes, considerations, conditions, limitations and qualifications of such grants, which ought not to be changed by the House of Lords." The same day the Commons resolved "That provision be made in the Bill now depending for raising 414,000*l.*, for raising 206,462*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* for disbanding the Army; and that they be tacked together to be engrossed in the same Bill." And this expedient ended the controversy between Lords and Commons about the Lords' alteration of the times of disbanding the Army, etc., in the Bill the Commons sent up.'

It is somewhat surprising that the Commons should have insisted so strictly on the impossibility of the Lords making *any* amendment in a Money Bill, as they had had experience of the inconvenience of so doing. The following incident, in some respects curiously foreshadowing the present crisis, is quoted by Hatsell (iii, 120):

'In Roger North's "Examen" (p. 460) there is an anecdote upon this subject. Another Money Bill' (he says) 'had a shrewd rub from a mistake of the clerk, who had in the ingrossment made the first payment in a year that was passed, as writing 1673 for 1674; and so it was carried up to the House of Lords, where the mistake was found out and observed. And after that the Court party of the Lords, who swayed the House, were at a very great plunge what course to take for setting this error right. The dilemma lay here. *The Lords could not mend the least punctilio in a Money Bill, though they might throw the whole out;** and if they had ordered this

* The italics are as in Hatsell.

Amendment, the Commons had certainly entered upon a quarrel, and the Bill had been lost. And then to send it down to the Commons was running the gauntlet again, for the country party would have taken the advantage, and, if they could, hindered the Bill passing upon the question, which must have been put *de novo*. Here was *dignus vindice nodus*. The matter hung in debate three or four days; and at length a noble Lord moved That the Bill might be read, that the nature of the mistake might be understood; and, oh, wonderful! the Bill was right as any Bill could be; and their Lordships were, it seems, under a mistake and not the Bill. The truth of the matter was, one of the clerks found good reason to lend his under-helping hand, and so all was well.'

The Commons' Resolutions of 1671-8 have never been confirmed by statute, but they have the conclusive authority of acceptance without question for more than two hundred years. It would be a bold thing to dispute the two propositions, viz. (1) that the Lords cannot substantially amend a Money Bill; (2) that they cannot directly alter the amount or conditions of a grant to the Crown; and one extension of the second proposition has also been accepted without reserve. It could scarcely be contended that local rates are 'supplies and aids given to his Majesty'; but the Commons are equally jealous of their privileges in this respect, and their claim is equally admitted by the Lords.

But as to the interpretation of the first proposition many disputes have arisen. What is a Money Bill? Attempts are often made to extend the term to any Bill, e.g. the Old-age Pensions Bill of last year, dealing mainly with financial matters. But this is a complete mistake. A Money Bill, in the strict sense of the term, differs in certain important particulars from any other Bill; it is enacted in different words, and receives the royal assent in a different form. In an ordinary Bill the words of enactment are as follows:

'Be it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:'

and it receives the royal assent in the words, 'Le roi le veult.' Very different is a Money Bill; it distinctly

claims the money granted by the Bill as being the gift of the Commons to his Majesty, thereby complying with the express words of the Resolutions. An ordinary Consolidated Fund Bill reads thus :

'Most Gracious Sovereign, We, Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, towards making good the supply which we have cheerfully granted to Your Majesty in this session of Parliament, have resolved to grant unto Your Majesty the sums hereinafter mentioned; and do therefore most humbly beseech Your Majesty that it may be enacted; and be it enacted,' etc.

Other Money Bills adopt, *mutatis mutandis*, the form :

'Most Gracious Sovereign, We, Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, towards raising the necessary supplies granted to Your Majesty, have resolved that sums not exceeding thirty-five million pounds be raised in manner provided by this Act; and do therefore most humbly beseech Your Majesty that it may be enacted; and be it enacted,' etc.;

and the King, in assenting to it, expresses his gratitude for the gift thus: 'Le roi remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence et ainsi le veult.' The words 'Most Gracious Sovereign, We,' etc., are, as it were, a flag bearing the motto 'Noli me tangere'; and woe to the other House if they presume to meddle with the Bill.

Having established their privileges, so far as possible, in the manner described above (pp. 262-3), the Commons lost no time in attempting to extend them in two directions, successfully in one case, in the other unsuccessfully. The inability of the Lords to amend a Money Bill suggested a means by which the Commons could make themselves complete masters of the situation. Accordingly, when the Lords rejected any legislative proposal of the Commons, these latter inserted it in (or, to use the technical term, 'tacked' it to) a Money Bill, which the Lords could not amend—a device described by May as 'an invasion of the privileges of the Lords, no less than their interference in matters of supply infringes the privileges of the Commons' (p. 585).

This practice was more than the Lords could stand. They resolved, on December 9, 1702,

‘That the annexing any Clause or Clauses to a Bill of aid or supply, the matter of which is foreign to, and different from the matter of the said Bills of aid or supply, is unparliamentary, and tends to the destruction of the constitution of the Government’;

and they also passed a Standing Order* on the subject. Nor was this allowed to become a dead letter; for, on January 9, 1807 (46 L.J. 32), when the Malt Duties Bill stood for Committee of the whole House, it was moved,

‘That the Standing Order No. 25, that no Clause shall be annexed to a Money Bill foreign to the matter, be read; which being read by the Clerk, ordered that the said Bill be rejected.’

A similar fate befell the Customs Fees (Ireland) Bill seven months later. So this attempt of the Commons was checkmated; but the other was completely successful.

The application of the second proposition (p. 264), at first restricted to changes in the amounts, conditions, etc., of aids and supplies to the King, was extended to any provision relating, however remotely or indirectly, to expenditure of money, a change in which could increase or diminish the charge on public funds, whether taxes or rates. Thus, in a penal Bill, where a very severe penalty, either capital punishment or imprisonment for life, was to be enacted, if the Commons preferred one and the Lords the other, the Lords’ amendment might be rejected, not on its merits, but as a breach of privilege, because the one punishment was expensive to the country, while the other was not. The effect of this extension (being that the Lords could neither originate nor amend a Bill, whether public or private, dealing with charges of any kind) might easily produce great inconvenience, if not a deadlock, in legislation. For in those early days, if the Lords sent down a Bill or an amendment constituting a breach of privilege, the indignation of the Commons waxed so strong that the unfortunate Bill was torn up by the Speaker and literally kicked out of the House by the members, thus making it easy for the Lords to secure the failure of a Bill which they disliked,

* Formerly No. 25, now No. 59.

without the responsibility of rejecting it. This might prove inconvenient; and a distinction arose between amendments which would prove fatal to the Bill and others to which the Commons might disagree, when, the Lords not insisting upon them, the Bill would proceed. This may be illustrated by a case that occurred in 1839.

The Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, as it passed the House of Commons, contained clauses giving to the municipal bodies instituted or reformed by the Bill certain powers of taxation, which were till then exercised by Grand Juries in Ireland. The Lords struck out these clauses; whereby those powers were continued to the Grand Juries as they had hitherto by law exercised them. Lord John Russell appealed to the Speaker (Mr Shaw Lefevre) whether this amendment could be discussed. The Speaker said the Commons could not agree to the Lords' amendment.

'It had always been most jealous of any interference on the part of the other House in cases of this description. It did not even allow the House of Lords to change the name of a single trustee in a Turnpike Bill. . . . He apprehended therefore that the Commons, having decided that these powers of taxation were hereafter to be exercised by the new Municipal Councils, and the House of Lords having so amended the Bill as to retransfer those powers to the Grand Juries, the House of Commons could not, consistently with the proper maintenance of its privileges, agree to that Amendment.'

Lord John Russell further begged to know whether, in the opinion of the Chair, that amendment would be at once fatal to the Bill, or whether it was an amendment to which the House could disagree and ask the other House to consent to their disagreement. The Speaker replied that he did not consider it fatal to the Bill, but held it to be such an amendment as the House of Commons might disagree to and signify their intention accordingly to the House of Lords, in the hope that their Lordships might waive their amendment, and allow the clause to stand as before.

When disagreeing to a 'privilege amendment' the Commons append to their reason a certain formula, e.g. in regard to the Old-age Pensions Bill, 1908:

'The Commons disagree to the Amendment made by the

Lords in page 3, line 17, for the following reason: Because the Amendment reduces the number of persons disqualified by the Bill, and may therefore increase the charge; and the Commons consider it unnecessary to offer any further reason, hoping the above reason may be deemed sufficient';

When these words are appended, the amendment has been treated as a 'privilege amendment'; and the Lords do not insist upon it, as they often do in other cases. But the regarding of such an amendment as in itself fatal has now been dropped; and for the last sixty years the general tendency has been to reduce the insistence of the Commons on their privileges, and to devise means whereby questions of privilege may be avoided.

Private Bills led the way. As to these, May remarks:

'The rigid enforcement of this claim proved inconvenient' [a remark which seems equally applicable to Public Bills]; 'and in 1849 the Commons adopted a Standing Order, based on a Resolution passed in 1831, which gave the Lords power to deal, by Bill or Amendment, with pecuniary penalties, forfeitures, or fees (under certain conditions). . . . And the Commons also agreed to another Standing Order, whereby they surrendered their privileges, as far as they affected Private and Provisional Order Bills. . . . The practical result of these Standing Orders is a waiver by the Commons of their privileges with respect to pecuniary penalties in Public and in Private Bills' (p. 580).

Public Bills were not long in following suit. No Standing Order, indeed, has ever been passed for even a partial surrender of the Commons' privileges; but insistence upon them became rare, and in several important cases they have been entirely waived. Thus, in 1834, the Lords made many amendments to the very important Poor Law Amendment Bill, in spite of the fact that it was almost entirely a Rating Bill, and that almost all their amendments might be regarded as breach of privilege. But the Commons raised no objection on the ground of privilege to the Lords' amendments, probably because to do so would have been the same as refusing permission to the Lords to amend the Bill at all; and the Bill was accordingly passed. On this point, May says (pp. 577-8):

'Nor have the Commons . . . refrained from acting on the

principle that, if the Lords' Amendments, both in object and intention, dealt with legislative and not fiscal objects, a rigid adherence on the part of the Commons to their privileges might exclude the Lords from the practical consideration of such Bills. On an occasion of this nature [1838] . . . Mr Speaker Abercromby explained the course which in his judgment should be followed. Speaking as the authorised guardian of the privileges of the House, he remarked, after a reference to a precedent which had occurred in the year 1834, that the Bill affected not only the proprietors of the land, but the great mass of the people of Ireland, and that, "as the principle of rating was necessarily incidental to such a measure, he considered that, if the privileges of this House were strictly pressed in such a case, they would almost tend to prevent the House of Peers from taking such a measure into its consideration in a way that might be, on all grounds, advisable." Influenced by these considerations, as appears by the debates which took place on three occasions in the years 1838, 1847, and 1849, with the expressed sanction, not only of Mr Abercromby, but of Mr Shaw Lefevre, the Commons waived the exercise of their privilege, and considered Amendments made by the Lords, which, not only by the omission of provisions, but by distinct enactment, changed the area, and therefore the burthen, of local taxation, and imposed rates higher than the rates fixed by the House of Commons.'

But the general tendency has been, wisely enough, rather to prevent occasions of dispute arising than to expect the Commons distinctly to waive their privileges; and this has been done in two ways, first by preliminary communications between the two Houses, and secondly, by establishing certain principles to which the question of privilege need not necessarily apply.

The earlier attempts at such negotiations were not entirely successful. When the Lords had in Committee amended a Commons' Bill, and learnt that their amendments would be disagreed to on the ground of privilege, they deferred the further consideration of the Bill for six months, or some period beyond the probable duration of the session. Thereupon the Commons would appoint a committee to inspect the Lords' Journals, and on receiving their report would, if the amendments were acceptable on their merits, introduce a new Bill containing the amendments originally made by the Lords, which of course had to pass through all the usual stages of both Houses.

Similarly, if the amendments, instead of being intercepted in the Lords, were returned to the Commons, the latter would order the Bill to be laid aside, and introduce a new Bill in which the Lords' amendments would be adopted. This was a cumbrous and dilatory proceeding, possible in the leisurely eighteenth century, but quite out of the question in these hurrying days.

The present system is more ingenious. Every Public Bill originating in the Lords is examined by the officers of both Houses, who settle what provisions, if any, would be unacceptable to the Commons on the ground of privilege, the question, in case of disagreement, being referred to the decision of the Speaker. The resulting amendments are marked on a copy of the Bill, and after the third reading the question is put, 'That the privilege amendments be agreed to'—a motion which is invariably adopted without discussion, and probably without any peer, even the one in charge of the measure, being aware what the 'privilege amendments' are. This procedure leads occasionally to a rather grotesque entry in the Lords' Journals, e.g.

'The . . . Bill was, according to order, read a third time. Then it was moved to insert the following Clause. . . . The same was agreed to. Then the said Clause was struck out as affecting the privileges of the House of Commons.'

It is a curious proceeding to insert a clause and immediately strike it out; but the procedure is of undeniable advantage. The words or provisions objected to, having been struck out, do not appear in the 'House Bill' (or official copy of the Bill), which is sent to the Commons; they are printed, however (originally in red ink, now in a different type from the rest of the Bill, and still called technically 'red ink clauses'), in the copies of the Bill which are circulated, and it is suggested that these words or clauses may perhaps be inserted by the Commons as amendments in Committee. Thus the Lords avoid infringing any privilege of the Commons. These amendments of the Commons, whether the same as, or different from, the words suggested by the Lords, are immediately accepted by the latter, who, by the use of 'red ink,' have already admitted that the matter is entirely in the discretion of the Commons; and all goes smoothly.

In the case of Lords' amendments to a Commons' Bill the same process is, so far as possible, adopted; but in many cases a more ingenious manipulation of the amendments is required. For the Lords cannot in this case strike out their own clause and suggest its insertion by the Commons, because the first House is debarred from introducing, at the stage of considering the amendments made by the second, any matter not dealt with by those amendments. Recourse is therefore had to the introduction of an amendment which is harmless, if absurd, in itself, but can be made effective by a further amendment of the Commons. This is done sometimes by a verbal device, such as inserting two negatives, of which the Commons will strike out one; sometimes by assuming the existence of some funds which the Lords have the power to deal with, e.g. by providing that certain expenses may be defrayed 'out of any moneys available for the purpose,' for which words the Commons would substitute 'moneys provided by Parliament,' or else 'the county or borough rate,' as the case may require. Or it may be necessary to insert a special clause or provision to render inoffensive the other amendments. For instance, when the Lords by an amendment extended the Contagious Diseases Prevention Bill, 1846, to Scotland and Ireland, as the Bill contained rating clauses, they inserted a clause providing that the rating power conferred by the Bill should not be thereby extended. To this clause the Commons disagreed; the Lords did not insist thereon; and thus the whole Bill was extended to Scotland and Ireland (May, p. 581).

A recent and well-known instance occurred in the case of the Education Bill, 1902, wherein the Lords inserted the following clause:

'I. (d). The managers of the school shall provide the school house free of any charge, except for the teachers dwelling-house (if any), to the local education authority for use as a public elementary school, and shall, out of funds provided by them, keep the school house in good repair, and make such alterations and improvements in the buildings as may be reasonably required by the local education authority, provided that all damage due to fair wear and tear in the use of any room in the school house for the purpose of a public elementary school shall be made good by the local education

authority, *but this obligation of the local education authority shall throw no additional charge on any public funds,*

where the words italicised would have entailed an impossibility, and were struck out by the Commons, thus leaving the obligation a charge on the rates. By such devices the Lords disclaim any intention of violating the privileges of the Commons, and thus enable that House to consider an amendment on its merits, freed from the difficulty of the privilege question.

Further, certain principles have been settled, on which the Commons may fairly, if they please, waive their privileges, and consider an amendment on its merits.

1. *Where the amendment affects charges on the people incidentally only, and is not made with that object, e.g.*

(a) 1791-2, June. Pawnbrokers Bill. (Hatsell, iii, 155.)

'The Commons had made the Bill perpetual, but the Lords made it for one year, and to the end of the then next session, to which the Commons agreed, the Trade being the object of the Bill, and the penalties consequential. So the duration of the Irish Seditious Meetings Bill shortened, 29th July, 1814.'

(b) 1861. Industrial Schools Bill. The Lords struck out a limitation of the Act and thereby extended the charge, but the Commons agreed to the amendment.

(c) 1868. Sea Fisheries Bill. The Lords struck out clause 46 (power of the Board of Trade to grant licences to lessees of part of shore belonging to her Majesty, and to occupy portion of sea-shore for such time *at such rent*, etc., as they think fit). The Speaker agreed to the amendment, as the licence to occupy the shore was the main object of the clause, and the payment of rent was contingent thereon. The amendment was agreed to on division.

2. *Where a whole clause, or a series of clauses, has been struck out by the Lords, which concerned a special subject.* (See Debate, July 30, 1867. Parliamentary Representation Bill, clause 7, where this principle was maintained by Lord Grey and Lord Eversley.)

(a) 1839. Dublin Police Bill. The Lords desired to amend a clause which authorised the Lord Lieutenant to extend the Dublin Metropolitan Police District so as to limit the power of extending the district. The Speaker (Mr Shaw Lefevre) refused to allow the amendment,

because the power of rating was by a former Act made co-extensive with the police district, but *he consented to the Lords striking out the whole clause*. The Commons then reinstated the clause with the amendment which the Lords had wished to make.

(b) 1888. Roads and Bridges (Scotland) Act 1878 Amendment Bill. The Bill proposed to increase the powers of county and burgh local authorities to borrow for purposes of widening or altering roads, etc. The Lords amended the Bill, restricting its operations to burgh authorities only. The Commons accepted the amendment. It was argued that they might be treated as two distinct subjects, of which the Lords accepted one and refused the other.

3. *Where the amendment can be met by a consequential amendment.*

1865. Courts of Justice (Building) Bill. The Lords struck out the clause transferring Southampton Buildings to the Commissioners of Works. By clause 4 it was provided that 200,000*l.* out of any money which might be appropriated by Parliament was to be considered as a grant towards the erection of new courts, as an equivalent for the buildings surrendered. It was held that the striking-out of the clause transferring the buildings need not be regarded as breach of privilege, since the Commons could, by a consequential amendment, strike out the clause granting the money.*

4. *Where the object of the amendment is merely to carry out the intention of the Commons, or to correct mistakes in the drafting of a Commons' Bill.*

(a) 1874. Chain Cables and Anchors Bill. In this case the special entry in the Commons' Journal is that 'The amendments were necessary for the purpose of carrying out the intentions of the Commons.'

(b) 1882. Metropolitan Board of Works (Money) Bill. The special entry runs thus: 'and it appearing that the said amendments were for the purpose of making the schedule of the Bill consistent with the provisions of the Bill.'

This principle applies to a Rating Bill and even to a Money Bill; for in the National Debt Bill, 1883, the

* This amendment was disagreed to by the Commons and reasons were given; but the reasons did not contain the usual words denoting a breach of privilege.

Commons agreed to the Lords' amendments with the special entry, 'and it appearing that the said amendments were to amend the technical description of certain courts and legal officers in accordance with the provisions of recent Acts of Parliament.'

5. *Where, even in matters of taxation, the amendment is merely a re-enactment of existing law.*

(a) 1864. Naval Agency and Distribution Bill. The Lords amended the clause 'Commencement of Act.' The Bill contained money clauses, 'Exemption from stamp duty,' and 'Payment to Consolidated Fund,' etc.; but, as they were merely re-enactments of existing law and therefore the change of time made no difference, the amendment was allowed to pass.

(b) 1886. Sea Fishing Boats (Scotland) Bill. In this Bill, which originated in the Lords, the Commons inserted a clause exempting instruments under the Act from stamp duty. The Lords disagreed to clause A, 'because the question of stamps is already provided for by the Act of 1870'; and the Commons gave way with a 'special entry.'

6. *Where the object of the amendment is the protection of existing rights.*

Instances of this may be found in Bills of the years 1867, 1868, 1871, and 1873; but the circumstances are special in each case, and are of no general interest.

7. *Where the expenses referred to are payment for work done.*

(a) 1864. Naval Prize Bill. In the clause dealing with 'salvage to re-captors of British ships or goods from enemy,' the Lords increased the rate to be paid when re-capture by any of her Majesty's ships is made in circumstances of exceptional danger; and the amendment was not objected to, as being payment from one private party to another.

(b) On the other hand, in the same year, the Lords proposed to amend a clause in the Railways Construction Facilities Bill ('Powers of Board of Trade to vary Tolls'), and also to amend the rates in the schedule by lowering the scale of charges in certain cases. Lord Redesdale contended strongly that, as the fares were for railways, they would come within the standing order as to tolls and charges in Private Bills, not in the nature of taxes;

that the principle here was precisely the same as if it were in a Private Bill; and that the Lords might make these amendments. But, the standing order being confined to Private Bills, the amendments were given up.

8. *Matters of appeal are not held to come within privilege, being matters of justice and not of taxation.*

Instances of this may be found in two Bills of the year 1864, Valuation of Rateable Property (Ireland), and London (City) Tithes; where the Lords amended the appeal clauses, and the amendments were allowed on this principle.

The conclusion from these and many other precedents appears to be that, while in theory the House of Commons adheres to its most extreme claim to absolute independence in matters however remotely affecting finance, yet in practice, whenever an amendment made by the Lords appears to the Commons desirable in itself, they will find some excuse for waiving their privileges and agreeing thereto. Whenever there is a disagreement, the true cause of it lies in the amendment itself and not in the breach of privilege. But if so, and if, as is the case, it is admitted that the Commons are entitled to the first word and the last word in matters affecting finance, is there any use in keeping up such an antiquated and cumbrous procedure as has been described?

There is still one practical advantage to the Commons in the claim. In all cases where privilege is not concerned, an amendment made by the Second House and disagreed to by the First can be insisted on by the Second; and in such cases, if no agreement is come to, the Bill is lost. But, if the Commons disagree on the ground of privilege, the Lords do not insist, for that would at once wreck the Bill; their only resource then being either to substitute some other amendment acceptable to the Commons, or to lay aside the Bill—which latter process has not been adopted for many years, and is unlikely to be adopted in future. The doctrine of privilege may thus give to the Commons a conclusive authority in many matters of detail to which, except technically, it would hardly seem to apply. In these days of closure by compartments—and the application of the closure is rapidly growing—another consequence seems worth pointing out. When the Speaker describes an amendment as being a breach

of privilege, it is, almost invariably, disagreed to as a matter of course, without the merits of the case receiving any discussion. It may easily happen therefore that proposals which, through the closure, have never been debated in the Commons, and have been condemned in the Lords, may pass into law without the expressed approval of either House.

The long expected report of the Poor Law Commission has now appeared, and a Bill founded upon it must be brought forward before long. It will necessarily involve questions of privilege in almost every clause. How will they be treated? Will the House of Commons follow the precedent of the Poor Law Act of 1834, or that of the Old-age Pensions Act of 1908?

A new phase of the question has recently arisen. It is suggested that the Lords should throw out or amend the Finance Bill; and it is maintained that the second part of the axiom 'The Lords may reject, but cannot amend a Money Bill' has no real validity.* Even Lord Lansdowne, as quoted above (p. 256), held that there is no compact between the two Houses. It is argued, with perfect truth, that no resolution of one House can bind the other, or take away a right which the other House possesses. But England has no written constitution, and is governed by precedents; and the precedents seem conclusive. There can be no doubt that the Finance Bill is a Money Bill; and for centuries the Commons have

* For instance, Mr E. E. Williams ('Fortnightly Review,' April 1909) endeavours to show that, 'constitutionally, the House of Lords is free to amend a Finance Bill in any manner it chooses.' To prove this, he has recourse (1) to medieval precedents; (2) to resolutions, etc., showing that the Lords have never, in theory or by express statement, recognised the legality of the Commons' claim, while, on the contrary, they have repeatedly denied it. But, as to (1), precedents from the thirteenth or fourteenth century, or even from much later times, decide nothing as to post-Restoration theory or practice and it would be easy to prove, by a similar course of reasoning, that the Crown has a right to levy customs without the concurrence of either Lords or Commons. As to (2), Mr Williams is fain to confess that the Lords 'have let the right fall, for the most part, into practical abeyance'; and this is sufficient. The Crown has many rights which have fallen, simply by disuse, 'into practical abeyance'; and no one in his senses would dream of reviving them. A right maintained only by protest, unsupported by action or precedent during more than two centuries, must, in this country, be held to have lapsed. If we had a written constitution, in which such rights were reserved, it might be otherwise; but our constitution rests almost entirely on precedent and custom.

denied the right of the Lords to amend Money Bills. The question was formally disputed and practically settled in 1671-8, when the Lords expressly and strenuously claimed this right, which the Commons with equal persistence denied; and since the latter date the Lords have not exercised it. Their action in the matter of 'tacking' points in the same direction. The only apparent objection to the two Bills rejected in 1807 was their containing extraneous matter; but the Lords rejected the Bills instead of cutting out the extraneous matter, though the latter would have seemed to be the natural course if they had had the power to amend.

Under the present procedure, every Bill or amendment sent down to the Commons with red-ink alterations in the wording, and every Lords' amendment disagreed to by the Commons on the ground of privilege whereon the Lords protest against the action of the Commons without insisting on their amendment, seems to amount to an admission that the Lords are unable to deal with the matter. The last instance of this, the protest moved by Lord Lansdowne against the action of the Commons in dealing with the amendments to the Old-age Pensions Bill, July 31, 1908, is to the point:

'That this House, although not insisting upon its Amendments to the Old-age Pensions Bill, does not accept the reasons offered by the House of Commons, or consent that the said reasons should hereafter be drawn into a precedent. The Bill is, in the opinion of this House, not one for the grant of aids and supplies to His Majesty in Parliament, and involves questions of policy affecting the treatment of necessitous persons, in which both Houses are concerned, and with which this House has in the past been accustomed to deal.'

This seems to admit that, if the Bill were for the grant of aids and supplies to his Majesty, the Lords would have no power over it.

But, if the two propositions of the axiom are each theoretically indisputable, each is practically subject to limitations. The power of the Lords to reject a Money Bill conflicts with the constitutional principle that the Commons alone have the power of the purse, and has apparently been exercised on but few occasions.* In 1860

* See article in the 'Times,' July 5, 1909.

the Lords rejected the Paper Duty Repeal Bill; and the Commons acquiesced with an indignant remonstrance. But, in the following year, the provisions of the rejected measure were inserted in the Finance Bill, and became law in the ordinary course. Moreover, the circumstances of that case were so peculiar that it can only be regarded as the exception which proves the rule.

It is not within the scope of this article to deal with political questions. I refrain therefore from expressing any opinion as to the expediency of the House of Lords amending or rejecting the Finance Bill, or the consequences of such action. But (apart from any claim of inherent rights) the case as settled by precedents may be thus stated:

1. The Lords may reject—i.e. cannot be prevented from rejecting—the Finance Bill;

2. They may not amend it—i.e. the Commons will not accept any substantial amendments—and their disagreement to the amendments would be fatal to the Bill; but

3. The Commons have often accepted amendments 'to carry out the intentions of the Commons' or otherwise improve the drafting of a Money Bill; and

4. It is an established principle that the Lords may, without breach of privilege, omit the whole of a clause which they cannot amend, or the whole of a subject;

5. The Lords have rejected, and may reject, any Finance Bill to which extraneous matter has been tacked.

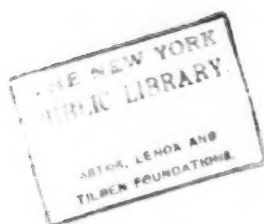
These last two principles have been questioned on the ground that Mr Gladstone settled the point (as we have seen) in 1861. But it has never been proved, or even, to my knowledge, suggested, that any Finance Bill since 1860 has contained provisions which the Lords would have rejected, if they had been sent up in a separate Bill; and, until that is done, this conclusive precedent proves nothing at all.

Whether any clauses in the Finance Bill are 'foreign to the matter,' in the sense of the Lords' Standing Order No. 59, or whether the land clauses, which substitute a Treasury Commission for a court of law, come under the principle that matters of appeal are not held to come within privilege, being matters of justice and not of taxation, is again outside the scope of this article.

H. C. MALKIN.



JOHN MURRAY III.
(From a photograph by Maull and Fox.)



✓ Art. 12.—THE CENTENARY OF 'THE QUARTERLY REVIEW' (II).

1. *The Quarterly Review*. 117 vols. London: Murray, October 1853-January 1909.
2. *Some XVIII Century Men of Letters: Biographical Essays by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, with a Memoir*. Edited by his son, Warwick Elwin. Two vols. London: Murray, 1902.
3. *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*. By John Morley. Three vols. London: Macmillan, 1903.
4. *Gleanings of Past Years (1843-1879)*. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Seven vols. London: Murray, 1879.
5. *Essays by the late Marquess of Salisbury*. Two vols. London: Murray, 1905.
6. *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Sixty-six vols. London: Smith, Elder, 1885-1901.

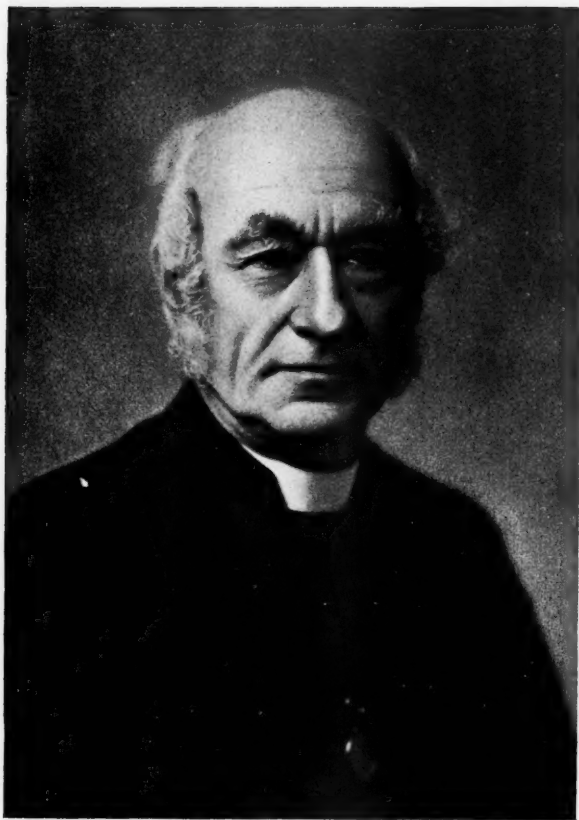
WHEN, in July 1853, ill-health compelled Lockhart to retire from the control of the *Review* which he had conducted with such skill and success for twenty-seven years, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin took his place. The choice was made with Lockhart's full consent, for Elwin had been a contributor to the *Review* since 1843, and his abilities were fully recognised by his chief. It was at first hoped that a temporary intermission of work would enable Lockhart to recover his health; but this was not to be; and on his death in November 1854, Elwin succeeded, somewhat unwillingly, to the full responsibilities of the post.

At this time he was thirty-eight years old. He came of an old Norfolk family, long settled at Booton and Thurning in that county; and among his direct ancestors he counted John Rolfe, who introduced tobacco-planting into Virginia, and married the celebrated Pocahontas. Whitwell Elwin's 'pronounced nose' and 'rich brown eyes' are said to have closely resembled those features of the Indian princess; but tobacco he never touched till some years after he became editor of the '*Quarterly*.' It is never too late to mend; and his biographer tells us that he found his pipe a great solace for tired nerves.

As a boy he lived a healthy outdoor life, and was addicted to fishing. But books were already a joy to him; and he showed an enquiring turn of mind. His mother (after whose family-name he had been christened) said he was 'chiefly remarkable for asking endless questions.' He was educated at North Walsham grammar-school, hard by his home, where he gained a reputation as a tough fighter, and a great reader of the English classics. These he much preferred to Latin and Greek; and he had read Boswell several times before he grew up. Law and science had also some interest for him; but literature was his first and his last love. As an undergraduate at Caius College, Cambridge, he continued the pursuit; and it was here that he gained that familiarity with eighteenth century writers which determined his literary predilections through life. 'Taste in literature' (he afterwards wrote) 'is acquired before twenty'; and his preferences were certainly formed in early youth. He eventually took a pass degree, and was ordained in 1839.

After serving a curacy near Bristol, he became, in 1849, rector of Booton, a family living twelve miles from Norwich. Here he lived for the rest of his life. He began by building, out of his own and his wife's capital, a new rectory house. He was his own architect; and it is characteristic of him that the rectory never, in his lifetime, got itself entirely completed. John Forster, who visited him in 1854, noted in his diary, 'the unfinished house; the windows unprotected by blinds; his utter unconsciousness of it.' When the century was running out, the rooms were still unpainted and unpapered. About 1867 he began to renovate his church, a mean, ill-furnished building in bad repair. 'Repairing soon grew into rebuilding; and the rebuilding of one part necessitated the rebuilding of another. It ended in his constructing an entirely new and splendid church, from chancel to tower.'

This is no mere biographical detail in Elwin's life; his work in Booton church is illustrative of that remarkable revival of ecclesiastical activity which permeated England during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Intimately connected with that revival was the change which gradually became apparent in Elwin's religious views, in the services in his church, and even in his dress and habits. Like Newman, he began as an Evangelical; and



THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN.
(From a photograph by Mayall and Newman.)

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we find him, at Cambridge, discussing the Tracts in an adverse sense with an undergraduate friend. But his Evangelicalism was not of a severe type; and his sense of humour treasured up the extravagances of the religious circle at Bath in which some of his relatives lived. He was fond of telling how one of these worthies, when asked to stay for lunch, always insisted on first 'asking leave of the Lord'; and how his own cousin, who had undergone 'conversion,' grievously offended a blameless maiden lady who kept a girls' school, by leaving at her door a tract entitled 'The Call of the Abandoned.' In short, Elwin was a Moderate in youth; and a Moderate he remained to the end.

The seed sown by the leaders of the Oxford Movement fell, in his case, upon not uncongenial ground, and bore fruit, as in so many other parishes throughout the kingdom. But in Elwin it never led to a Romanising tendency in his teaching or beliefs, or to ritualistic extravagance in his exterior observances. His religion remained quiet and serene; his favourite divines were not the early Fathers, but Baxter and Jeremy Taylor and Tillotson; the public worship which he conducted was marked by decency and order. The condition of his church and its services, when he took charge, is admirably described by his biographer. The locked-up church, the high square pews for the well-to-do, the open benches for the poor, the absence of music, the quarterly 'Sacrament Sunday,' the black bottle of wine on the table—all this and much else was typical of many places of worship about 1850, and will be remembered by not a few persons who are still alive. Elwin was in no hurry for rapid or violent change; but, as he gradually rebuilt the fabric of his church, so he slowly altered its ceremonial. In the end he adopted, says his son, 'ideas and practices which he would formerly have repudiated'—weekly Eucharists, daily morning service, even the eastward position. 'The change extended to his personal attire.' His week-day dress had been 'indistinguishable from that of a sober layman'—an ordinary frock-coat, check trousers, 'Gladstone' collars, and a black tie. From this he passed, through a white-neck-cloth period of transition, to the clerical stock; and the rest of the orthodox ecclesiastical garb followed.

Elwin's politics were of the same moderate stamp as his religion. In 1832 he had supported the Reform Bill. Afterwards he became a Tory; but his Toryism always retained—no bad thing—a certain Whiggish taint. 'I have not a drop of party feeling in me' (he wrote in 1854), 'nor an antipathy to any one political personage in existence, except so far as the want of principle in particular individuals may compel me to disown them.' His conception of the principles to be followed by the Review is expressed in a letter to Murray written in 1857.

'My notion is briefly this—that the Review must represent the Conservative party of *our* generation, and not of the *past* generation. No individual is entirely consistent . . . still less are parties entirely consistent. An attentive observation of them shows that they are obliged to modify their views, even within comparatively short periods, to suit varying events. Now a Review which exists from generation to generation must move with its party; and it will, like the party, vary in some respects from its former self. The Q.R. has done so already. . . . That it must again introduce some modifications into its policy, or rather maintain those which have been introduced already, if it is to represent the Conservatives of our time, is the point which I feel strongly.'

Holding these views, his guidance of the 'Quarterly' was distinguished by an impartiality and by a careful avoidance of misrepresentation which had not always marked it, especially during the time when it was the political mouthpiece of J. W. Croker. But it had for some time been apparent to all except Croker himself that it would be better for the Review that his connexion with it should cease; and Elwin, almost immediately on his accession to office, found it necessary to 'bell the cat.' To deal firmly with a contributor who, whatever his mistakes and shortcomings, had done yeoman's service to the Review for more than forty years, was no easy task; but Elwin faced it at once manfully and tactfully.

As already mentioned in the last number, it was the question of the policy to be pursued by this country in regard to Turkey and Russia which caused the first breach. The Anglo-French alliance was hanging in the balance. Croker was to write on the crisis. 'Give him

what books you please' (said Elwin to Murray), 'his article will wear two colours—hostility to France, and approbation of Russia.' And so it turned out; when the article was produced, it was inadmissible except on the hypothesis that concessions to the Tsar were preferable to an alliance with Napoleon. A battle royal in Albemarle Street ensued. Croker fought hard for his opinion; for hours the debate continued; and so loud waxed the discussion that the voices echoed through the house, and Mrs Murray sat listening in terror of the possible consequences. But, in the end, Croker had to give way; and the article was withdrawn. The same fate met a paper on another subject which he prepared to fill the gap. In April there were similar disputes over an article on Lord J. Russell's Reform Bill; and Croker, coming to the conclusion that he was 'out of date,' offered to cancel the very lucrative arrangement which he had made with the elder Murray some forty years before. To his credit it should be added that he bore no grudge, and remained on friendly terms with Elwin to the end.

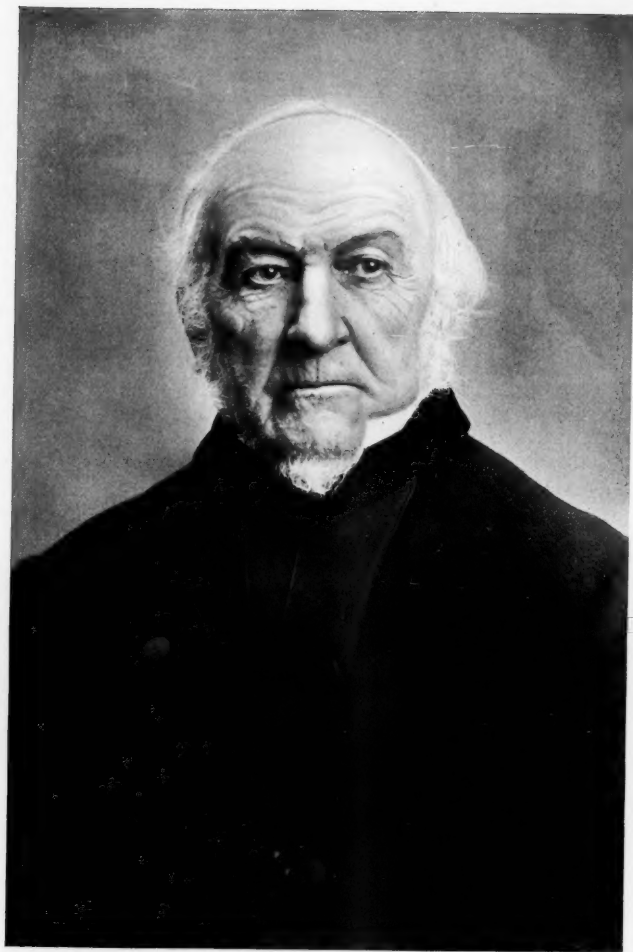
Henceforward Elwin was free to take his own line; and that line was, as we have already remarked, a moderate and comparatively impartial one. On the subject of the Crimean war, however, he felt and wrote strongly. He had supported the Aberdeen Ministry at the outset; but the want of preparation and the incompetence of management which were disclosed during the first months of the struggle forced him to join in the general demand for a change of Government.

When Palmerston, early in the next year, came into power, Elwin gave him a cautious but somewhat lukewarm and ineffective support. More important was his defence of Lord Raglan, which was published in January 1857. In the preparation of this article he had the assistance of Lady Raglan and other members of the family, and was able to draw on sources otherwise inaccessible. It took the form of a complete biographical sketch of Raglan's life and character, and 'entirely fulfilled its purpose as a vindication of its hero.' The 'Times' altered its tone towards the dead man whose conduct of the campaign had been subjected to such unfair criticism; and the article was read with such avidity that a second edition of the number was required.

During the rest of the period covered by Elwin's editorship, political questions of importance, in this country at least, were scarce; and the want of a leader to whom the Conservative party could look with confidence or enthusiasm would have made it difficult even for a far less impartial editor than Elwin to take a strong line. In regard to the Church and to religious questions he preserved the same tone of moderation. Religious controversy was distasteful to him; and he shrank instinctively from the discussion of theological topics in the pages of the Review. Moreover, Elwin was by nature tolerant of diversity in matters of opinion, while his reason convinced him that breadth was necessary to an Established Church. 'There must' (he wrote) 'be a toleration of different opinions within the Establishment, or there could be no Establishment at all.' But he knew also that 'a line must be drawn somewhere,' and he drew it when Dean Stanley wished to propagate his latitudinarianism in the pages of the Review.

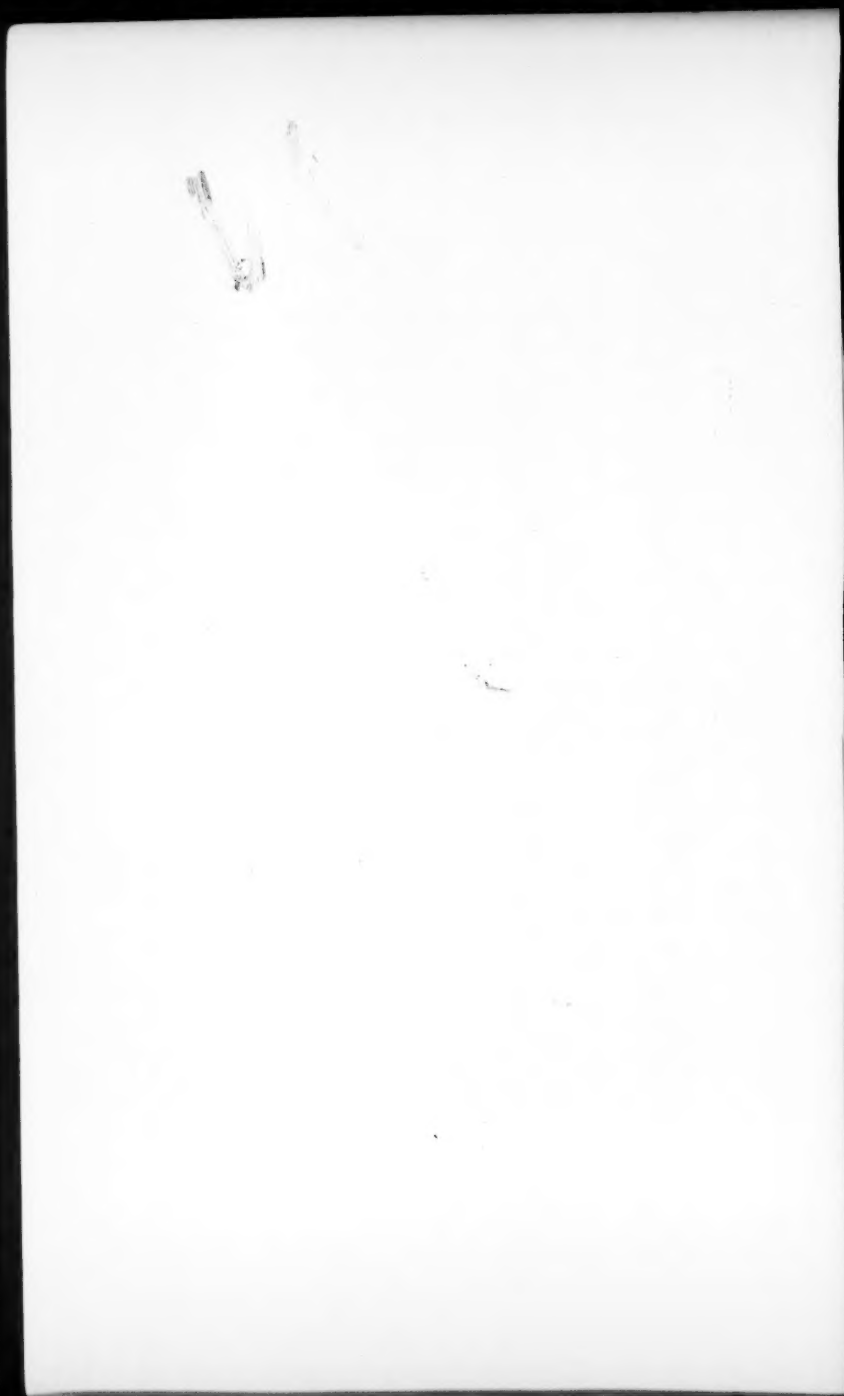
He drew the line also at ultra-Tractarians and ritualists, and declined to truckle with any practices tending, as he thought, towards Rome. He even admitted, in January 1858, an article which definitely charged the authorities of the theological college at Cuddesdon with 'ostentatious playing at Romanism.' This attack made a considerable stir; and the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) appointed his three archdeacons as a commission of enquiry into the charges made. Their report exonerated the Cuddesdon authorities of any Romanising tendency. Thereupon Gladstone and Bishop Phillpotts intervened to procure some sort of retractation; and Elwin convinced himself that the most damaging charges could not be substantiated. They were withdrawn in the next number of the Review. It should be added that Elwin entered soon after this into friendly relations with Bishop Wilberforce, who became a contributor to the Review; and that he subsequently sent two of his sons to Cuddesdon—another sign of that gradual change in his theological views to which reference has already been made.

Of Elwin's intimacy with Gladstone we have already seen several indications; and among the contributors to the Review during his editorship, it is needless to say



THE RT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
(From a photograph.)

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that none was more brilliant than the great leader whom the Conservative party, till towards the end of that period, still hoped to retain. In our previous article we had occasion to mention Gladstone's first contribution to the 'Quarterly'—that on Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church' (Dec. 1844); as well as his last—that on the 'Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay' (July 1876). During this period of some thirty years he contributed a score of articles* to the Review. About half of these fall within Elwin's period—a time when politics still left leisure for other studies, and during a large part of which (Feb. 1855–June 1859) Gladstone himself was free from the trammels of office. Of the four or five political articles, perhaps the most interesting and important is that on 'The Declining Efficiency of Parliament' (Sept. 1856). That parliamentary life was feeble at that time, it was not difficult to prove; and Gladstone spares neither sarcasm nor invective in exposing the contrast between the present and the past. It is interesting to note, in connexion with his later career, that he insists on 'success in legislation' as 'an essential condition of the right to hold office.' He points out that, 'before the great break-up of 1846,' much first-class legislation was achieved, not only under, but actually by means of, that system of party-government which it had been erroneously supposed the Reform Bill would bring to an end. But after 1846 this legislative activity slackened; and the six-years' premiership of Lord John Russell (1846–52) produced no first-class measure 'except the repeal of the Navigation Laws,' which itself was 'a necessary postscript' of corn-law repeal. 'We know not' (writes Gladstone) 'to what this marked decline in Whig administration can justly be ascribed, except to that disorganisation of party which followed upon the events of 1846'—a disorganisation in which, it will be remembered, Gladstone and his Peelite friends had a principal share. The legislative record of Lord Derby's first two years showed some improvement; that of 1854, a marked falling-off. 'Yet even this feeble year is strong in com-

* Seven of these are republished in 'Gleanings of Past Years.' Gladstone, in his preface, states that he has excluded controversial essays, and those on classical subjects. All, or almost all, the 'Quarterly' articles are referred to by Lord Morley in his 'Life.'

parison with those which have succeeded it.' In short, 'the signs of this demoralisation of Parliament, with respect to its high duties, are becoming manifest to the country.' And what, or who, is chiefly to blame? The 'main cause of the evil' is not to be found in the Cabinet, but 'one of the causes, and that no inconsiderable one,' is—the influence of Lord Palmerston!

'Lord Palmerston' (writes Gladstone) 'has the obvious advantages of an unusually prolonged service rendered to the State, great adroitness and facility of speech, admirable temper, high birth, and a frank and manly bearing altogether answerable to his extraction. . . . On the other hand, if our estimate of Lord Palmerston be correct, he labours under two radical and incurable defects, which must inevitably prevent his ever taking rank among the great ministers of England; his knowledge of public business, and his interest in it, appear to be alike limited to the Foreign Department. . . . In regard to the infinitely multiplied and diversified subjects, administrative and legislative, which continually solicit the mind of a Prime Minister if he is in earnest, and which prematurely exhausted the immense energies of Peel, his conceptions are vague, flat, bald, and shallow, in an unprecedented degree. The lesson which he was set too late to learn, he has not learned at all; there is scarcely an idea, good, bad, or indifferent, to be extracted from his speeches upon the general business and legislation of the country. . . . More than this, the people feel that the business of the senate is handled in the spirit of the nursery; and the worst of all is that they feel it justly; for there lies at the root a want of cordial interest, and a marked absence of earnestness of purpose, and of the sense of any other sort of responsibility than the simple risk of being placed in a parliamentary minority.'

If legislative inertness and administrative failure were the main themes of this trenchant attack on Palmerston's Government, the fickle and dangerous character—at one time provocative, at another subservient—of that minister's foreign policy supplied the motive for another vigorous article, entitled 'France and the Late Ministry,' which Gladstone contributed to the 'Quarterly' in April 1858. It will be remembered that, in the interval, Palmerston had been defeated on his Chinese policy, had appealed to the country, and had retained

power with a largely increased majority. But a strange reverse of fortune was in store for him. In January 1858 occurred the Orsini attempt on Napoleon's life, which led to a violent explosion of feeling on the other side of the Channel, and to the demand that our laws should be modified so as to provide for the detection and the expulsion or punishment of such murderous conspirators. In order to assuage the feeling of irritation in France, Palmerston introduced a Bill by which conspiracy to murder was to be made felony. But the sense of the country revolted against what was regarded as a surrender to foreign dictation; and the Prime Minister, beaten on a division, resigned. Gladstone improved the occasion by pointing out how flimsy was the evidence on which the French demand was based, how serious was the proposal to restrict the right of asylum—a right of which the Emperor himself had, in the days of his exile, made the fullest use—and how natural was the indignation of the country. He went further, and charged the late Ministry with having encouraged the French Government to take up a position which exposed them to a serious rebuff, and of having set an example of pusillanimity which Cavour was almost constrained to follow.

'It was natural that Sardinia should conceive the necessity [of concession] to be dire indeed, when she saw bending before the storm a minister who had proved his prowess by quarrelling at different times with every state in the civilised world, and with most of them several times over. She did not understand . . . the incurable levity of character, the want of all solid appreciation of right, as it is contra-distinguished from might and from convenience, which made one and the same British minister at once the most likely to trespass upon the just claims of foreign countries, and to abandon those of his own.'

On Palmerston's resignation, Lord Derby took office; and, in an article entitled 'The Past and Present Administrations' (Oct. 1858), Gladstone drew a contrast between them, highly favourable to the party then in power. There have been, as he points out, few more eccentric periods in our parliamentary history than that which witnessed 'the regular, the undisputed, let us add the generally successful administration of public affairs

by a Government which is, or is supposed to be, politically opposed to the large majority of the House of Commons.' For upwards of twelve months Derby and Disraeli retained office in spite of the fact that their followers composed 'hardly two-fifths' of the Lower House. Gladstone was twice offered a place in the Government, and twice declined. But he gave the Conservative party his support, not only in the House, but also in the pages of the 'Quarterly.' Not content with having actively contributed to Palmerston's downfall, he now renewed his attack upon one who, according to his assailant, 'had scarcely one of the higher qualities which were necessary for a Prime Minister of England.' The policy of the late Ministry 'was once said to have been a policy of vigour tempered with conciliation; it is now seen to have been a policy of arrogance dashed and variegated with timidity.' But this wretched system has received its *coup de grâce*.

'In common with the brightest day, the darkest also has an end; and there is an end of the day of that disastrous policy which is associated with the name, with the famous but ill-omened name, of Lord Palmerston. That sun has set, and has set, if we read the times aright, not to rise again. . . . The proscription is no personal proscription. It is the determination of a great and serious issue, too long neglected and misunderstood, but now at last deliberately handled, and to all appearance finally disposed of.'

Within eight months of the publication of this forecast Palmerston was again in power, not to relinquish it until his death six years later. So much for political prophecy! So much also for political consistency! The veteran leader offered the man who had thus bitterly and contemptuously assailed him a place in his Cabinet, and it was accepted. So lately as October 1858, Gladstone had declared Palmerston, whether regarded from the financial, the legislative, or the administrative point of view, to be utterly unfit to rule. In June 1859, he took office under Palmerston as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Such a *volte-face* as this, in view of the publicity of his opposition to Palmerston in the House of Commons, required some explanation; and Gladstone attempted it in his letter to the Provost of Oriel. But,

if his public conduct occasioned surprise, how much would that surprise have been heightened had people been generally aware that in the anonymous pages of a Review he had used language against his new chief which, if known to be his, would have stretched to the breaking point even the tolerance and good temper of Palmerston?

Another series of papers throws light on Gladstone's religious views. In an article headed 'From Oxford to Rome' (June 1847), and based upon a recent work of fiction which, under that title, purported to explain the numerous conversions of that time, Gladstone gives eloquent expression to some of his deepest convictions concerning the English Church, and its superiority to that of Rome. Recognising the fact that these conversions give good cause for anxious thought, though not for any feeling approaching despondency, he avers that the temper of the nation and the character of the Roman Church alike preclude the possibility of any general desertion. For what are the attractions which that Church holds out?

'She offers us a sealed Bible; a mutilated Eucharist; an arbitrarily expanded modern creed; a casuistry that "sows pillows to all arm-holes," and is still open to the reproach of Pascal, that, while it aspires to the service of virtue, it does not disdain that of vice; a scheme of worship involving constant peril of polytheistic idolatry; a doctrinal system disparaging Scripture, and driving her acutest champions upon the most dangerous and desperate theories; and a rule of individual discipline which offends against duty even more than against liberty, by placing the reins of the inward and outward life, given by God to conscience, in the hands of an extraneous person under the name of a Director.'

But, though there is no fear that Rome will again dominate the English people, she may inflict much harm on the English Church. How shall we ward off the danger? There is undoubtedly much to be done. The people have to be won back to their old allegiance. As things are, 'we have not churches for the people but neither have we people for the churches.' This lamentable falling away is due to the lethargy and the want of high spiritual aim which for so long a time has marked the leaders of Anglicanism. But a reaction is becoming

apparent; our 'drowsy consciences' are slowly waking up; 'devotion begins to rekindle her ancient fires.' And, though the struggle may be long and arduous, it is not too late. The Church has but to bestir herself in order to recover the lost ground; for

'the peculiar characteristics which she combines, her balanced regards to stability and progress, to truth and freedom, to the visible and the unseen, to corporate and individual development, seem to fit the conditions of the problem, by which it is required to harmonise the fixed and dogmatic religion of the Church with the spirit and the movement of modern society.'

The fierce and deep-rooted hostility to the extreme pretensions of the Papacy, which appears incidentally in the last-mentioned paper, as well as in that on 'War in Italy,' and which long afterwards blazed up in the famous pamphlet on 'The Vatican Decrees,' forms the chief motive of three other powerful articles. In one of these, a critique of Montalembert's '*Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX^{me} Siècle*' (Dec. 1852), while giving the author full credit for the truth of his convictions and the eloquence with which he supports, in theory, the cause of liberty, Gladstone asks how much real love of liberty there is in him—how much, indeed, there can be in any whole-hearted adherent of the Church of Rome. Little enough, is the reply.

'The portrait which that Church has drawn and is drawing of herself in continental Europe at this moment, to say nothing of Ireland, is one whose lineaments cannot be forgotten—tyranny, fraud, base adulation, total insensibility not only to the worth of human freedom, but to the majesty of law and the sacredness of public and private right—these are the malignant and deadly features which we see stamped upon the conduct of the Roman hierarchy, and which have generated in the English mind a profound revulsion from them and all that seems to resemble them.'

Montalembert (says the writer) calls himself '*vieux soldat du Catholicisme et de la Liberté*'; but liberty counts for little in comparison. He is 'for Rome indeed a veteran, but for liberty only a cripple.' He is, in short, the champion of Ultramontanism; and Ultramontanism Gladstone defines as follows:

'We do not mean the mere opinion of the Pope's power in temporals *in ordine ad spiritualia*, nor even that opinion which holds his authority to be paramount to that of the Councils of the Church. We mean, along with these opinions, many others of like tendency—we mean, above all, a frame of mind, a tone and direction of thought, which, continually exalting the hierarchical elements of the Christian system, and the mystical next to them, and, on the other hand, continually depressing those counterbalancing ingredients which are so fully exhibited in Holy Scripture and in the early history of the Church—namely, the doctrine of inward freedom, the rights and responsibilities of individuality, the mixed and tempered organisation of ecclesiastical government—has at length well-nigh reduced the latter elements of the Christian system to zero, and installed the first in exclusive possession of the sacred domain.'

In the second article to which we have referred, that entitled 'Sardinia and Rome' (June 1855), Gladstone strongly supports the Government of Cavour in its struggle for independence as against Papal control. He is intent upon preserving the 'libero Stato' rather than the 'libera Chiesa,' which Cavour sought to combine. For the moment, it was certainly the pretensions of the Papacy, expressed in the Allocution of Jan. 1855, rather than those of Sardinia, which it was necessary to combat.

Finally, in almost the last paper which he contributed to the 'Quarterly,' one on 'The Speeches of Pope Pius IX' (Jan. 1875), he dwells at length on the character of papal oratory, and the increasing hostility to some of the best elements in modern civilisation to which it bears evidence. From the various addresses of Pio Nono he culls an astonishing list of epithets lavished on the Italian Government and its followers. They are reviled as 'wolves, Pharisees, Philistines, thieves, Jacobins, sectarians, liars, hypocrites, dropsical, impious, perfidious, children of Satan, of perdition, of sin and corruption, enemies of God, satellites of Satan, monsters of hell, demons incarnate, and stinking corpses.' It was, however, easy for the writer to refute the charge that the condition of Italy, and of Rome in particular, had deteriorated since 1861 and 1870. Had he written thirty years later, this part of his argument would have been infinitely strengthened, even though the transfer of control was

accompanied by much that was objectionable, and the state of things still leaves much to be desired. The conclusion of the article, touching the character and career of 'the Liberal Pope,' is worth quoting.

'A provincial prelate, of a regular and simple life, endowed with devotional susceptibilities, wholly above the love of money, and with a genial and tender side to his nature, but without any depth of learning, without wide information or experience of the world, without original and masculine vigour of mind, without political insight, without the stern discipline that chastens human vanity, and without mastery over an inflammable temper, is placed, contrary to the general expectation, on the pinnacle—and it is still a lofty pinnacle—of ecclesiastical power. . . . Having essayed the method of governing by Liberal ideas and promises, and having, by a sad incompetency to control the chargers he had harnessed to his car, become (to say the least) one of the main causes of the European convulsions of 1848, he rushed from the North Pole of politics to the South, and grew to be the partisan of Legitimacy, the champion of the most corrupt and perjured Sovereignities of Italy, that is to say, of the whole world. . . . As the age grows on one side enlightened, and on another sceptical, he encounters the scepticism with denunciation, and the enlightenment with retrogression. As he rises higher and higher into the regions of transcendental obscurantism, he departs by wider and wider spaces from the living intellect of man; he loses Province after Province; he quarrels with Government after Government; he generates Schism after Schism.'

Gladstone's love of the English Church, one of the strongest passions of, at least, his earlier life—though it did not prevent him disestablishing her in Ireland, and contemplating her disestablishment in Wales—displays itself in an article (December 1849)* on the so-called 'Clergy Relief Bill,' introduced by Mr Bouverie shortly before, the object of which was to relieve 'persons in Holy Orders of the United Church of England and Ireland, declaring their dissent therefrom,' of certain pains and penalties, or at least inconveniences, to which, under the existing law, their change of profession rendered them

* The name of no author is entered against this article in Albemarle Street; but Lord Morley, in his 'Life,' attributes it to Gladstone, and the style justifies the attribution.

liable. The article is a strong plea for ecclesiastical discipline, combined with toleration, on the ground that 'the Church is a religious society, and cannot subsist without law and order, of which law and order the Faith she is commissioned to teach must be the rule.' The same interest in Church questions appears in an article on 'Scottish Ecclesiastical Affairs' (December 1845), and still more strongly in a fascinating study of Bishop Patteson (October 1874). Finally, in this connexion, we may refer to a closely-reasoned article on the Divorce Bill (July 1857), in which Gladstone protests, with all the resources of his scriptural learning and his experience of human society, against the loosening of the ties of marriage, the inequality between men and women, and the inroad upon the rights and doctrines of the Church, which appeared to him the inevitable results of that measure. The article, controversial as it is, was reprinted in 'Gleanings,' with a note in the following words. 'I record with regret, after twenty-one years, my conviction that the general soundness of these arguments and anticipations has been too sadly illustrated by the mischievous effect of the measure on the conjugal morality of the country.'

We cannot close our account of Gladstone's connexion with the 'Quarterly Review' without reference to the articles which, with his wonderful versatility of interest he contributed on literary matters. He refrained (as already stated) from reprinting those on classical subjects. With regard to one at least of these—on Lachmann's Homer (September 1847)—we can hardly regret this decision, for the attitude of uncompromising opposition to the views of that great scholar as to the unity of the Iliad and the Odyssey was generally abandoned even before 1879. So too the article on 'Phœnicia and Greece' (January 1868), which deals chiefly with the mythological connexion of the two countries, and especially with the worship of Poseidon, must be regarded as antiquated in the light of recent research. But another essay, on 'Homeric Characters in and out of Homer' (July 1857), deserves more permanent recognition, for in this interesting analysis of the motives and actions of Achilles and Hector, of Paris and Helen, of Ulysses and Agamemnon, and their friends and foes, the writer's broad and

sympathetic scholarship stands him in good stead ; while he is not misled by the want of accurate learning and of archæological knowledge, which render the crude assumptions and fantastic speculations of his 'Homer and the Homeric Age' a mere literary curiosity. Particularly suggestive and stimulating are the passages in which he traces the metamorphoses undergone by the personages of Homer in the hands of later writers—of the Greek tragedians, of Pindar, of Catullus and Horace and other Latins ; even in those of Ariosto and Tasso, Shakespeare and Dryden, Racine and Goethe.

It cannot be said, however, that in this essay, or in those on Leopardi (March 1850) and Tennyson (Oct. 1859), Gladstone displays real critical acumen or any subtlety of discrimination from the strictly literary point of view. To produce work of this kind requires not only special gifts, which Gladstone did not possess, but prolonged study and reflection, which, it need hardly be said, were practically impossible in his case. Nevertheless, it is interesting and instructive, if only with the object of understanding the writer, to note his preferences, and his reasons for them. On Leopardi's work, with which he was evidently thoroughly conversant, Gladstone set the highest value. Of the poet's short and melancholy life, his detachment from home and friends, the constant agony of mind which his scepticism inflicted on him, and the pessimistic views which it engendered, he writes with sympathy and understanding. 'When' (he says) 'we regard Leopardi in his character as a poet . . . it is not difficult to perceive that he was endowed in a peculiar degree with most of the faculties which belong to the highest excellence.' But he notes two exceptions. The first of these—and it is characteristic of Gladstone's point of view as a poetical critic—is that Leopardi had no faith in 'the Gospel revelation.' Without this, 'even while we feel the poet to be an enchanter, we cannot accept and trust him as a guide' ; and he compares him unfavourably with Wordsworth in this respect. We cannot help asking, if the greatest poets must be Christian, what about Homer ? Is poetry inseparable from Christian faith ? The 'other point in which Leopardi fails as compared with the highest poets'—and here we may be more in agreement with the critic—is that 'he is stronger in the reflective

than in the perceptive, or, at any rate, than in the more strictly creative powers.'

'But he is surely a very great subjective poet . . . he has choice and flowing diction, a profound harmony, intense pathos; he unites to very peculiar grace a masculine energy and even majesty of expression which is not surpassed, so far as we know, in the whole range of poetry or of eloquence'; and 'his gift of compression is one which seems, not borrowed, for such things no man can borrow, but descended or inherited from the greatest of all masters of compression, from Dante himself.'

In writing of Tennyson, Gladstone reviews the whole *corpus* of the poems published down to 1859, but pays special attention to 'The Princess,' 'In Memoriam,' 'Maud,' and 'Idylls of the King.' Of 'The Princess,' he says, 'It may be doubted whether the idea is well suited to exhibition in a quasi-dramatic form. Certainly the mode of embodying it, so far as it is dramatic, is not successful.' The observations which he makes on 'In Memoriam,' which one would have expected to appeal to Gladstone with special force, are brief, trite, and obvious. 'Maud' is depreciated as 'the least popular, and probably the least worthy of popularity of Mr Tennyson's more considerable works; . . . and the effort required to dispel the darkness of the general scheme is not repaid when we discover what it hides.' The insanity expressed in 'ravings of the homicide lover . . . may be good frenzy, but we doubt its being as good poetry.' There follows a lengthy discussion on the evils of war, which not even the 'eulogies of the frantic hero' can render palatable to the critic. 'We have, however, this solid consolation, that Mr Tennyson's war poetry is not comparable to his poetry of peace.' (Neither the 'Ballad of the Revenge' nor 'The Siege of Lucknow' had been written then.) All this seems to us somewhat beside the mark in a criticism of a semi-dramatic poem; and we have ourselves heard Tennyson protest with his usual vigour of diction against the critics who forced into his own mouth the views and expressions of his characters. That Gladstone himself felt, in later days, the inadequacy of his criticism, is clear from a note which he appended to the reprint of this article in 'Gleanings.'

'I can now see, and I at once confess, that a feeling which had reference to the growth of the war-spirit in the outer world at the date of this article, dislocated my frame of mind, and disabled me from dealing even tolerably with the work as a work of imagination . . . I have neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power.'

The same feeling appears in a passage from his diary ('Life,' ii, 581), which does credit to his magnanimity and real humility. 'Read *Maud* once more, and, aided by Doyle's criticism, wrote my note of apology and partial retractation. The fact is I am wanting in that higher poetical sense which distinguishes the true artist.' For the 'Idylls' he reserves his warmest praise. The title, indeed, is condemned on the ground that 'no diminutive (*εἰδύλλιον*) can be adequate to the breadth, vigour, and majesty which belong to the subjects, as well as to the execution of this volume'; but in the book itself Tennyson has reached his climax.

'From his first appearance he has had the form and fashion of a true poet; the insight into beauty, the perception of harmony, the faculty of suggestion, the eye, both in the physical and the moral world, for motion, light and colour, the sympathetic and close observation of nature, the dominance of the constructive faculty, and that rare gift, the thorough mastery and loving use of his native tongue. . . . His turn for metaphysical analysis is closely associated with a deep ethical insight. . . . But the grand poetical quality, in which this volume gives to its author a new rank and standing, is the dramatic power, the power of drawing character and reproducing action.'

It is to be feared that remarks like these may have encouraged Tennyson to venture on to the stage, and to produce those dramas which, whatever may be their merits, cannot be reckoned among his best works.

We have dwelt at considerable length on Gladstone's connexion with the 'Quarterly Review,' partly because this department of his many-sided activity has not hitherto, so far as we are aware, been dealt with as a whole; and partly because the discussion may serve as a tribute on our part to the memory of the statesman, the centenary of whose birth will be celebrated on Dec. 29

in this year of many centenaries. But it is time to turn to other matters and other persons. Among the contributors whom Lockhart had enlisted, and who continued to write for the 'Quarterly' under Elwin's editorship, may be mentioned, besides Gladstone, Dean Stanley, Lord Brougham, Lady Eastlake, Herman Merivale, M. Guizot, Richard Ford, Dean Milman, and Henry Reeve (afterwards editor of the 'Edinburgh'). To these Elwin added a good many distinguished names—Mark Pattison, Sir Henry Layard, Bulwer Lytton, John Forster (the biographer of Dickens), Thackeray, E. A. Freeman, Dean Merivale, Miss Martineau, Bishop Wilberforce, and, most important of all, Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Marquess of Salisbury). Among these and many others space will allow us to notice individually but a few.

The first article contributed by Mark Pattison was an essay (September 1853), at once learned and brilliant, on a subject which he afterwards, in a famous biography, made his own—the life of Casaubon. The essay is enlivened by entertaining remarks on the society of the time, and piquant sketches of other scholars. With regard to his main subject, he concludes as follows :

'The life of Casaubon is justly considered one of the most tranquil and prosperous of any scholar of his day—the proper meed of his extraordinary learning, uprightness, and moderation. . . . Yet the moment we come to take a closer view, we discover that the brow which looked smooth at a distance is wrinkled with care. If we go with Casaubon into his study we find him beset with difficulties and groaning with weariness; if we follow him into his family, we see him pinched at the present and anxious for the future; if we behold him in his professorial chair, we perceive that the outward honour is associated with endless and almost insupportable mortifications; if we accompany him to the French capital, a history is unfolded to us of hopes deferred, of humiliating attendances to extort the payment of his pittance, of harassing discussions with Catholics, and injurious suspicions from Protestants; if we cross the Channel with him, and attend him to the Court of James, we observe that though a richer, he is not a happier man. . . . Those whose lives have been a greater struggle, and who have worked more unremittingly, for a smaller reward, may complain that their lot has been cast upon stony ground; but the majority of men of letters will rather have reason to gather courage and cheerfulness from the example,

and be thankful that, with all the hardships of our time, it is at least an improvement on the generation of Casaubon.'

In a later essay on an equally congenial subject, entitled 'New Biographies of Montaigne' (Sept. 1856), Mark Pattison remarks on the curious oscillations of that author's literary fame. Five editions of his 'Essais' were published during his life. Thirty-one editions appeared between 1580 and 1650. 'But, as the growth of the "Siècle" literature gave a new direction to thought and taste, the credit of Montaigne declined.' Bossuet mentions him only once, as 'un Montaigne.' Fénelon reproaches him with writing Gasconese. Between 1659 and 1724 not a single edition of his book appeared. But 'later times have made abundant atonement for this temporary neglect,' which is further explained in the following luminous generalisation respecting French literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries:

'It would, we conceive, be more than individual error, it would be a fundamental misconception of the character of French literature, to lose sight of the following general distinction. The literature of the "Siècle" is the literature of a court circle. It is fashionably drest, it is modish, Parisian. It comes not from the study, but from the world; from a world, however, of etiquette and polished intrigue, a world with all its license, yet circumscribed by conventional morals. Thought and judgment are there, but they are conformed to a certain superficial standard of good society. In a word, it is the literature of the *salons* of Paris and Versailles. In contrast with this, the few great pieces of literature of the previous age, from Rabelais down to Pascal, were the offspring of the cloister, the château, or the wayside. They are the "*Vox clamantis in deserto*." Their superior force and originality derive directly from the rude independence of character which was generated by that free and informal life. In Montaigne especially, it is the force of individual character, coming out on us in every page of his book, that charms. He stands in awe of no Café Procope, has heard of no rules of writing; he is not composing. He has the hardy and fearless spirit of a man who has no one to please but himself. "*J'ay une ame libre et tout sienne, accoustumée a se conduire a sa mode*."'

Lady Eastlake's contributions, some thirty-five in number, extend over a period of nearly fifty years,

from 1842 to 1891. Though mainly concerned with the criticism of art, and especially with that of painting, her versatile pen touched on a large variety of subjects—dress, children's books, lady travellers, as well as social matters, such as drink and pauperism. In March 1854 she reviewed Waagen's 'Treasures of Art in Great Britain,' a book that first revealed to the world the artistic wealth which this country possessed in the middle of the last century, and which the last generation has seen so lamentably diminished.

In another article, published two years later (March 1856), Lady Eastlake had the courage to attack the views of art put forward by Ruskin in his 'Modern Painters,' the third volume of which had just been published. It was high game that she flew at; but the attack is conducted with a force of argument, a wealth of illustration, and a correctness of insight into the principles of art-criticism, which command our admiration. She fails to do justice to Ruskin's powers of observation and description, to his mastery of what may be called the phenomenology of nature, while she seems impervious to the beauties of his style; she even charges him with coldness, callousness, want of enthusiasm, and strangely asserts that, though his 'intellectual powers are of the most brilliant description, there is not one single great moral quality in their application.' But, when she declares that his 'principles, as applied to art, are unsound from the outset; and that, the foundation having a radical defect, the structure he has raised upon it, however showy, is untenable,' she is merely saying what the educated art-criticism of the present day, without going the lengths involved in the phrase 'Art for art's sake,' would deliberately affirm.

The 'first fundamental false principle' which she attacks is the assertion 'that painting, or art generally, . . . is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing'; and that the man who has mastered this language has done no more towards making himself a great painter than the man who has learnt to express himself grammatically and melodiously has done towards becoming a great poet. Here we have, in the words quoted, 'an erroneous statement'; and, in the 'comparison of two unanalogous things,' viz. the language of the painter and

that of the poet, 'wrong reasoning.' Lady Eastlake has little difficulty in showing that

'the subjects of the finest pictures existing embody the simplest, the least original, or even the least consistent thoughts; and that it is, on the contrary, the language itself which, far from being an inferior attribute, can alone exalt the commonest, or recommend the most mistaken subject a painter may choose.' . . . 'What' (she continues) 'distinguishes the ideas of a great painter from those of his feeble follower? . . . what but the difference in their language? What indeed makes the difference between the original and the copy, so that the idea you delight in in the first, you find all enfeebled or utterly gone in the last—but the difference in the language?'

Another unfortunate statement of Ruskin's, which permeates all his criticism, is a consequence of the first. 'He who pronounces the painter's thought to be everything, and his language nothing, must of course next attempt to force upon art a moral and not a pictorial responsibility.' To this the writer answers:

'Whether sacred or historical, landscape or domestic, art was *not* given to man to teach him either religion or morality; and wherever he is found professing to learn one or the other from her, something worse than that spiritual indifference which Mr Ruskin laments—namely, false and morbid fervours—and something worse than that human interest he despises—namely, cold and selfish abstractions—will be found.'

The transition from this serious and suggestive talk about Raphael and Leonardo and their fellows to Thackeray's rollicking enjoyment of the 'Pictures of Life and Character' of John Leech (December 1854) is a step, not quite in the ordinary sense, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Thackeray's childhood was badly off, it appears, for picture-books. 'Our story-books' (he says) 'had no pictures in them for the most part.' Of funny pictures there was indeed no lack, but

'there were none especially intended for us children. There was Rowlandson's Dr Syntax: Doctor Syntax in a fuzz-wig, on a horse with legs like sausages, riding races, making love, frolicking with rosy, exuberant damsels. . . . After Doctor Syntax, the apparition of Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorne, and the facetious Bob Logic must be recorded—a wondrous history indeed theirs was! When the future student of our

manners comes to look over the pictures and the writing of these queer volumes, what will he think of our society, customs, and language in the consulship of Plancus? . . . How savage the satire was—how fierce the assault—what garbage hurled at opponents! what foul blows were hit, what language of Billingsgate flung!

But all this has passed away. Manners are changed. Tom and Jerry have made their exit from fiction, as Mr Creevey and his like have from real life. Even George Cruikshank is out of date. But there is no need for regret, for have we not Leech and his 'Pictures of Life and Character,' in the collection of Mr Punch?

'There is no blinking the fact that in Mr Punch's cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of "Punch" without Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? . . . The truth, the strength, the true vigour, the kind humour, the John Bull pluck and spirit of that hand are approached by no competitor. With what dexterity he draws a horse, a woman, a child! He feels them all, so to speak, like a man.'

There certainly was no one like Leech in his day; and we may be permitted to doubt if, in his own line, he has been surpassed. But this is not to say that Thackeray would not have found equal cause for delight in his admirable successors. To the would-be critics who remark, with the sniff of superiority, that 'Mr Punch is not what he used to be,' the only reply is—and it is a sufficient one—'No, he never was.'

The article from which we have taken the foregoing extracts seems to have been Thackeray's only contribution to the 'Quarterly.' He was busy enough in other directions, and probably consented this once only out of compliment to his 'dear Dr Primrose,' as he used to call Elwin. Another novelist of the time—of a very different stamp, it is true—Bulwer Lytton, was a fairly frequent contributor, writing chiefly on political questions. One of his articles, entitled 'Lord Lyndhurst and the War (June 1854), is remarkable as one of the earliest declarations in favour of following up the successes of the Turks on the Danube by an attack on the Crimea.

'We should have been satisfied' (he writes), 'before drawing the sword, with the evacuation of the provinces; now our

aim is to destroy both the pretext and the facilities for converting those provinces into a Russian camp of occupation. . . . The constitution of the Wallachian provinces must be freed from the elements of revolt; the Russians must no longer be guardians of the mouth of the Danube; Sebastopol must no longer exist as the stronghold of terror to the freedom of Circassia and the sovereignty of Constantinople. . . . No territorial arrangement that enables Russia to command and garrison the entrances into the Ottoman Empire, much less, as at Sebastopol, threaten the capital itself, should be permitted. *This is the object of the war.*

Bulwer Lytton may have been in the secrets of the Cabinet. At all events, at the moment when this article was published, Palmerston informed his colleagues that the policy of invading the Crimea, proposed some time previously by Napoleon and rejected by Great Britain, must now be adopted; and, a fortnight later, public measures were taken to that effect. In another notable article, that on 'The Disputes with America' (June 1856), Bulwer Lytton narrates the history of that difficulty with the United States which grew out of the treaty of 1850, 'made for the purpose of facilitating the construction of a canal and other inter-oceanic communications across Central America,' and especially out of our claim to the Mosquito protectorate, which was expressly resigned only, comparatively speaking, the other day. That Lord Clarendon had made mistakes, he allows; but he describes clearly the object and nature of the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty, and acquits the British Government of the 'violated engagements and perfidious usurpation' charged against it by the States. As a chapter on the early history of the policy which has ended in a practical occupation of the isthmus, and in the making of the great canal by the Government of the United States, the article still possesses value.

An eminent foreign historian, who was also a statesman of the first rank in his day, M. Guizot, began to write for the 'Quarterly' under Lockhart, and contributed two important articles on 'French Religions' and 'Public Education' (June and December 1848), subjects on which he could speak with the highest authority. In March 1855 he surveyed the life and character of the Emperor Nicholas. The late Tsar, autocrat as he was

in his vast dominions, renounced the despot in his family circle. Affectionate at home, benevolent abroad, his industry and his devotion to what he regarded as the interests of his country were untiring. Unlike his brother Constantine, who used to say that 'learning to read made people stupid,' his mind was cultivated by extensive reading. He was 'endowed with rare qualities,' physical and mental, and was 'without doubt an extraordinary man.' While developing the material resources of his empire, he sternly 'closed Russia to liberal ideas' and prohibited 'the faintest discussion and criticism of the acts of authority.' But it is clear that in this policy he did no great violence to the feelings of the bulk of his people. 'It is difficult in a country like ours to comprehend the extent of the subserviency to the Tsar.' We may note that Guizot attributes this attitude largely to the confident belief of Russians that ultimately 'all the tribes of Slavonic race are to be united under Muscovite rule; and that for this purpose an autocratic government is indispensable.' 'The nation, almost to a man, are firm, we may say fanatical, believers in this destiny.' The faith in unlimited autocracy is fading, but Pan-Slavism, clearly no new thing, remains; and a sentiment so inveterate in the heart of a great nation may yet be a force to move the world.

We must pass over many papers of permanent interest on which we should gladly have lingered, but we cannot conclude our account of Elwin's editorship without referring to his own admirable contributions. As editor, he maintained the tradition established by Lockhart, and wrote frequently himself. In all, he contributed no less than forty-two articles to the Review, of which more than half fall within the seven years of his reign. He wrote on many different subjects, including politics; but the bulk of his papers are literary, consisting especially of that combination of biography and criticism in which he peculiarly excelled. Perhaps the most remarkable of all are his two papers on Boswell (April 1858) and Johnson (Jan. 1859), of which it is surely not too much to say that they will bear comparison with anything else that has been written on these well-worn subjects. But, as specimens of his style and manner, the two following passages must suffice. One is from

his article on Sterne (March 1854); the other from that on Cowper (Jan. 1860).

'No novelist has surpassed Sterne in the vividness of his descriptions, in the skill with which he selects and groups the details of his finished scenes. And yet, next to Shakespeare, he is the author who leaves the most to the imagination. . . . It is a kindred merit that he shines in painting by single strokes. "I have left Trim my bowling-green, cried my Uncle Toby"—to give one instance out of a hundred. "My father smiled. I have left him, moreover, a pension, continued my Uncle Toby. My father looked grave." But, whatever rare quality Sterne possesses, he is sure to be conspicuous for the opposite defect. Excelling often in conciseness, he is still more often minute to prolixity. . . . With a rare power of delineation by slight and easy touches, he yet ushers in his telling incidents with boastful pomp, and repels us by the ostentation with which he performs his feats and challenges our admiration. There is the same admixture of good and bad in his style. It is frequently deformed by insufferable affectation; and then again is remarkable for its purity, its ease, its simplicity, and its elegance.'

'The execution of the delightful design ["The Task"] is for the most part nearly perfect. He has displayed one quality in a stronger degree than it was ever possessed by any other describer of nature—the capacity of painting scenes with a distinctness which makes them like visible objects to the mind. They are not more vivid than true; and he has blended the accuracy of the topographer with the picturesqueness of the poet. His modes of expression are according to the rules afterwards upheld by Wordsworth. All stiff, pedantic, conventional forms are rejected. His verse is pure, straightforward, unaffected English throughout. The language is no longer of the common-place character which is so often found in his previous works, but is as choice as it is simple. Nothing in "The Task" is more remarkable than the skill with which he constantly picks out the one felicitous word in the tongue which conveys his meaning with the happiest effect. . . . Like all works of consummate excellence, the impression of its greatness increases with prolonged acquaintance. The beauties are of the tranquil and not of the exciting kind, and the exquisiteness of the workmanship is easily overlooked by hasty eyes. . . . His reprobation of the vices and follies of his age is sometimes admirable, but sometimes declamatory, flat, and tedious; and where he aspires to be sublime, as in the description of the earthquake in Sicily, he is grandilo-

quent without true force or spirit. His ear for blank verse was much finer than for the heroic measure; and though it has not the swelling fulness nor the variety of Milton, it is limpid and harmonious, and suited to the subjects of which he treats.'

Elwin possessed a competent knowledge of Shakespeare and the seventeenth century classics, but he lived almost entirely in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; and his familiarity with the period not only determined his taste and coloured his method of expression, but influenced strongly his whole habit of mind. It gave him, on the one hand, a rare distinction of style, evenness, lucidity, and repose, a certain reserve, and a shrinking from extravagance of thought and diction, which may strike the fretful and jaded modern ear as dull, but are characteristic of much that is best in English prose. On the other hand, as we must allow, it limited his perceptions, rendered him somewhat impervious to new ideas and methods, and left him eventually out of sympathy with the younger generation. He loved Scott and Thackeray, but he could not read Browning or George Eliot, and thought little of Tennyson. Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and Rossetti were mere names to him. He 'knew little and read less' of modern French and German authors, and he disliked the Preraphaelite school of painting. He considered Darwinism a wild and discredited hypothesis; he believed in Paley, condemned 'Ecce Homo' ('Quarterly Review,' April 1866), and dismissed the 'Higher Criticism' with scorn. But these opinions did not hinder him from becoming, and remaining, the intimate friend of Dickens and Forster, of Carlyle and Browning, of Guizot and Brougham, of Gladstone, Lord Lytton, and Prof. Owen, and of many others prominent in the politics (on both sides), the literature, and the science of the day.

In the mechanical business of editing the Review it must be confessed that he left much to be desired. He continued to live at Booton; and this was in itself a difficulty enhanced by the defective communications of those days. His procrastination equalled, if it did not exceed, that of Gifford; but this was no doubt due partly to his practice (another of Gifford's traditions) of largely altering and even rewriting other men's articles, and

partly to the labour entailed in composing his own. In actual composition he was very rapid, and he had an amazing power of work on occasion. But he was dilatory and unmethodical; articles were sometimes lost; his table groaned beneath the accumulations of unanswered letters. Worried and overworked, he more than once offered to resign; and in the summer of 1860 his resignation was accepted. One of his motives was the desire to complete the great edition of Pope, for which Croker had made extensive collections, and which Elwin undertook after Croker's death. Released from editorial labours, he could now devote himself to this task; but the work was somewhat against the grain, for, except in regard to four or five pieces, which he acknowledged to be first-rate, he had but a mediocre opinion of his author as a poet. Of his character he formed a lower estimate still; and in his Introduction he exposed Pope's 'malpractices' without mercy, for he did not 'pretend to think that genius is an extenuation of rascality.' It was not till 1870, after ten years of work, that the first four volumes appeared. Subsequently he published a fifth; but in 1878 he gave up the task, which was then taken up and brought to a successful conclusion by Mr Courthope. Elwin continued to write occasionally for the 'Quarterly' till 1885. In 1900 he died in his rectory at Booton, where he had lived, for more than half a century, a life of unobtrusive benevolence and utility.

He was succeeded in the editorial chair by William Macpherson. It is unfortunate that we can give our readers but little personal information about this gentleman, and that we have been unable to obtain a portrait of him to complete our series. He belonged to a family of some note, for he was a son of Hugh Macpherson, Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen, and a nephew of Maria Edgeworth. Two of his brothers, Samuel and John, attained distinction, the former as political agent at Bhopal, Gwalior, and elsewhere; the latter as a surgeon and ultimately as inspector-general of hospitals in India. William was born in 1812, was educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge, and, after practising some time at the English Bar, followed his elder brothers to the East. In 1848 he became Master of Equity in the Supreme Court at Calcutta. On Indian law he was a recognised authority, and wrote several works,

one of which, a treatise on 'The Procedure of the Civil Courts of India,' attained a fifth edition. Leaving India in 1859, he became, in the following year, editor of the 'Quarterly,' with which he had had no previous connexion. While editor he wrote several articles for the Review; but, becoming secretary of the Indian Law Commission, which was intended to draw up a code for India, he resigned his post in Albemarle Street in 1867. On the dissolution of the Commission soon afterwards, he returned to the Bar, and was appointed, in 1874, legal adviser to the India Office. He died in 1893.

Among the most notable writers for the 'Quarterly' during Macpherson's period were Bulwer Lytton (who had joined the Conservatives about 1851, and was raised to the peerage in 1866), Sir Henry Layard (the excavator of Nineveh), Samuel Wilberforce (Bishop of Oxford from 1845 to 1869), Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Francis Turner Palgrave (compiler of 'The Golden Treasury'), George Borrow, William Smith (afterwards editor of the 'Quarterly'), and Lord Robert Cecil.

Layard, who had written frequently for Elwin, especially on the Crimean War, but also on Eastern affairs generally, as well as on art and archæology, contributed (July 1861) an article on Cavour, shortly after the death of that great man, which is noteworthy as showing, even before the results of his policy were fully apparent, not only a warm appreciation of his work, but remarkable insight into the difficulties under which that work was accomplished. The writer is careful to point out what Cavour owed to England, not indeed for active assistance, but for moral support, and still more through the study of our political system and our industrial development, and the firm faith, engendered by that study, in the benefits which constitutional government and economic reform would confer upon his country. Layard, while censuring Napoleon for his greed, not only approves the cession of Savoy and Nice on the ground of political necessity, but defends the subsequent conduct of Cavour in the annexation of the kingdom of Naples and the Papal States, on the sufficient plea that reasons of State, in the attainment of so great an object as the unification of Italy, justify shifts which, in matters of private morality, society would rightly condemn.

The publication of Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea' called forth from Layard (April 1863) a forcible and damaging attack upon that voluminous book. 'We had a right' (he says) 'to expect from the author either the truthful narrative of the conscientious historian or the broad views of the statesman. We find neither in this work; his hate and his theories render both impossible.' Kinglake lays the whole blame of the war upon Napoleon III. 'He pursues the Emperor and those about him with a rancorous animosity which savours more of the unforgiving vengeance of one who has experienced some great personal wrong, than of the calm judgment of the historian.' This is seen in his remarks upon Napoleon's early career; his enormous exaggeration of the slaughter on the Boulevards on December 4, 1851—bad enough in its naked truth; and in his unfair misinterpretation of Napoleon's policy throughout. The injustice extends to all who followed the Emperor, even to Marshal St Arnaud, the loyal colleague of Raglan, and to the gallant French army, whom he depreciates at every opportunity. His eulogy of Raglan, whose conduct had been chivalrously and adequately defended by Elwin in the 'Quarterly' (Jan. 1857), is characterised as 'silly bombast and inflated rhodomontade'; while, in his account of the battle of the Alma, Layard, who was himself an eye-witness, finds numberless inaccuracies. His conclusion is as follows:

'Whether, therefore, as inflicting unnecessary pain upon the living or as wantonly damaging the reputation of the dead, whether as injurious to the fame of English literature or as hurtful to our national character, we feel ourselves compelled to coincide in the verdict that has been almost unanimously pronounced on Mr Kinglake's work—that it is, in every sense of the word, a mischievous book.'

To one notable article by Bishop Wilberforce, his review of Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' adequate attention is paid elsewhere in this number. He was more within his province in criticising (Jan. 1861) 'Essays and Reviews,' a book which, in its day—such are the ironies of literature—created more disturbance than the epoch-making 'Origin.' During the last fifty years we have travelled a long way from the views and arguments

of both the Essayists and their opponents. Much that was then written by Dr Temple and his colleagues has gone the same way as the arithmetical objections of Dr Colenso, superseded by (we may hope) a better-equipped scholarship and deeper views of history and religion, which, far from destroying, have rather altered the nature and diverted the aim of our beliefs and our reverence. Much, on the other hand, has become, or at least paved the way for, the accepted or implied doctrine of latter-day theology; and in looking back, for instance, at the essays of Temple and Rowland Williams, we are surprised that they should have raised such a storm. The bishop's article, hostile as it is, is written with admirable temper, great literary skill, and much argumentative power; and his opponents could not, at all events, complain of the tone of his criticism. But it is probably fortunate for the Church, and for its hold upon the developing mind of the nation, that the authors did not accept the critic's advice contained in the words, 'We have felt bound to express distinctly our conviction that, holding their views, they cannot, consistently with moral honesty, maintain their posts as clergymen of the Established Church.'

The Bishop of Oxford's kindly and sympathetic spirit shows itself in a generous review of Newman's 'Apologia' (Oct. 1864), in which he finds

'an absolute revealing of the hidden life in its acting and its processes, which at times is almost startling, and is everywhere of the deepest interest. Of all those' (he continues) 'who, in these late years, have quitted the Church of England for the Roman communion—esteemed, honoured, beloved as are many of them—no one save Dr Newman appears to us to possess the rare gift of undoubted genius.'

While emphasising, though in an uncontroversial spirit, the fundamental differences which separated Newman from men of his earlier creed, the bishop does full justice to his honesty of purpose, and his superiority to most of his assailants. 'Professor Kingsley' (he remarks) 'has added nothing here to his literary reputation. Indeed his pamphlet can only hope to live as the embedded fly in the clear amber of his antagonist's Apology.' Analysing Newman's religious attitude, he discovers two

leading characteristics—that his mind is ‘eminently subjective,’ and that ‘he is haunted by an ever-recurring tendency to scepticism.’ The conclusion is worth recalling.

‘Some lessons there are, and those great ones, which this book is calculated to instil into members of our own communion. Pre-eminently it shows the rottenness of that mere Act-of-Parliament foundation on which some nowadays would rest our Church. . . . The great practical question seems to be . . . how the Supreme Court of Appeal can be made fitter for the due discharge of its momentous functions. We cannot enter here upon this great question; but solved it must be, and solved upon the principles of the great Reformation statutes.’

These maintain at once the supremacy of the Crown and the national independence, ‘and the spirituality of the land, as the guardian under God of the great deposit of the Faith.’ The solution he desires has not yet been found, but it is constantly demanded by a section of the Church far stronger now than it was when the bishop penned these words.

Wilberforce continued to write for the ‘Quarterly’ till the year before his death (1872); and several other of his articles, as those on ‘The Church of England and her Bishops’ (October 1863), on ‘The Church and her Curates’ (July 1867), and on Coleridge’s ‘Life of Keble’ (July 1869), will still repay perusal; but we cannot pause on them now. Nor can we linger on the work of that excellent critic, F. T. Palgrave, whose ‘Golden Treasury’ proves the correctness of his taste and the width of his sympathies. He contributed, among other papers, illuminating studies of poets so remote as Blake and Præd (January and October 1865), and a striking chapter of literary history in his survey of ‘English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper’ (1862). Borrow’s paper on ‘The Welsh and their Literature’ (January 1861), though disfigured by some wild philology, and by the vanity of references to his own works, is remarkable as an early example of that interest in Celtic literature which has since borne such remarkable fruits. We must pass on from these minor matters to one of more importance—the work which Lord Salisbury did for the ‘Quarterly.’

It was certainly not the least of Elwin’s services that he discerned the literary abilities of Lord Robert Cecil, and secured them for the Review. His contributions



LORD ROBERT CECIL.
(From a drawing by George Richmond, R.A.)



amount in all to more than thirty, covering the period 1860-1884; but two-thirds of them were published during the editorship of Macpherson. As his writings were pretty fully dealt with in a special article published shortly after his death (January 1904), it will be unnecessary to discuss them at much length now; but some notice of his work, especially of those portions of it on which the author of that article touched but slightly, we cannot altogether omit.

In his first article, entitled 'The Budget and the Reform Bill' (April 1860), Lord Robert, after dwelling with generous enthusiasm on the oratorical merits of the four hours' speech in which Gladstone introduced his financial proposals, proceeds to dissect the proposals themselves. Much of what he says is strikingly applicable to the present day. Gladstone had begun by lauding the Cobden Treaty. When we get beyond this, 'we bid good-bye to the simple City virtues of slow security, of safe investments, and well-balanced ledgers . . . Everything is on a colossal scale of grandeur—all-embracing Free-trade, abysses of deficit, mountains of income tax, remissions too numerous to count.' After indicating the principles on which Sir R. Peel acted in reducing duties—namely, that a lowered duty will mean increased demand and therefore higher returns, and that the cheapening of some articles will lead to larger expenditure on others, and hence to a general improvement of the customs revenue—he points out that there is a limit to the efficacy of these principles. 'It is obvious that, though you may have too many taxes for the purposes of the revenue, it is also easy to have too few. It is obvious that there must be a point in the process of reduction at which all benefit to the Exchequer will cease.' The vital difference between the reductions of Peel and Gladstone was that Peel, while reducing duties generally, suppressed them absolutely on raw materials only, because the free import of these will stimulate industry; whereas there is no stimulus to industry in Gladstone's abolitions, e.g. on gloves and *objets de Paris*. 'The duties swept away by Mr Gladstone are remissions for mere remission's sake, blindly made in obedience to a formula of financial reform.' Lord Robert deprecates also the substitution of direct for indirect taxation.

'Once admit that a direct tax may be laid on for the purpose of taking off an indirect tax which presses hard, or is much complained of, and there is no reason that the process should not be repeated *ad infinitum*. Inasmuch as all classes alike pay indirect taxation, while only those who do not receive weekly wages pay the income tax, this change is a direct and simple transfer of taxes from one class of the community to another. We have now entered upon the descent of the smooth, easy, sloping path of popular finance, on which there is no halting-place to check our career short of confiscation.'

But the writer indicates another and a still more fatal reason for this policy. 'Reduce your estimates,' is Gladstone's financial panacea. The martial temper of the nation must be checked, or its alarms allayed; and for this purpose there is nothing like piling up the income tax. 'If tenpence in the pound does not damp the nation's ardour, a shilling will; or, if a shilling fails, the desired effect will be produced by fifteenpence.' And this in face of a national danger. The danger that then threatened came from France and Napoleon III. 'A short but eventful experience has given us an obscure and doubtful insight into some few of the secrets of his restless policy. We know that he is never so silent as when he means to act. *We know that he fawns up to the last moment before he springs.*' Lord Robert is speaking of the Emperor of his day; but history strangely repeats itself; and it is as true now as it was then, that 'a chronic alarm of war is almost as fatal to the operations of trade as the panic of revolution.' Yet there is only too good reason for this alarm. Take first the menace to European equilibrium.

'What' (asks Lord Robert) 'is the policy of England to be when next the Empire gives a practical proof that "it is peace"? [We cannot help thinking of another Empire whose ruler is never tired of uttering the same refrain.] . . . England had once a traditional policy which was not very difficult to fathom or apply. She did not meddle with other nations' doings when they concerned her not. But she recognised the necessity of an equilibrium and the value of a public law among the states of Europe.'

But a yet nearer danger is to be feared. 'That an invasion is no absolute impossibility, this Review has

already demonstrated. . . . The responsibility of so appalling a calamity, if ever it should occur, will be exclusively on those who shall have persuaded the tempting prey to lay aside her armour as too burdensome to wear.' These words of warning may well be brought to mind in a situation which, both at home and abroad, recalls that of 1860. That, owing to causes which could not be foreseen, the storm then dreaded ultimately blew over, is no reason for shutting our eyes to a yet greater danger now.

That Lord Robert could err in the matter of political prophecy must be allowed. A forecast contained in a paper headed 'The Conservative Reaction' (July 1860), in which, while over-estimating the strength of Conservative feeling at the time, he rashly remarks that 'it is not likely that Mr Gladstone can ever again occupy the political position he once held,' reminds us of the equally mistaken prophecy made by Gladstone himself respecting Palmerston only two years before (above, p. 288).

The optimism of youth which marks this article, and tinges several of the papers he contributed during the next seven years, turns into pessimism in an essay which perhaps attracted more attention than any other of his writings—the famous article on 'The Conservative Surrender' (October 1867). Two years earlier he had expressed a strong belief that the cause of Reform was dead, and a confidence in Conservatism which was strengthened by the defeat of Lord Russell's Reform Bill in 1866. These hopes were doomed to bitter disappointment; and in the article to which we have referred he expressed his feelings with a force of invective and a bitterness of sarcasm which he never surpassed. The attack is levelled not so much against the measure itself, as against the treachery and political immorality—as it seemed to him—by which it had been brought to pass. On Disraeli in particular, the author of the Bill, and his future leader, he poured out the vials of his indignation. But, while blaming the leader, he showed no intention of deserting the party; and the support which, in several subsequent articles, he gave to Conservative principles was ultimately rewarded in the general election of 1874. A year before, he had vigorously attacked Mr Chamberlain's Radical programme (October 1873); but he made

two mistakes, one in thinking that Disraeli would not know where to stop, the other (and the greater one) in believing that reform would lead to anarchy. He got to know Disraeli better when he came to serve under him; and the hopes of a 'Conservative reaction,' which he had expressed in 1860, were realised after fourteen years. In one of his latest articles, that on 'Disintegration' (October 1883), which is mainly devoted to Irish affairs, he made the remarkable prognostication, this time verified to the full, that Home Rule would be accepted by the Liberal leaders, but that it would be rejected by the great majority of the English people.

During the American Civil War, Lord Robert took what turned out to be the wrong side; but it should be remembered that expediency was not his first principle, and that he took that side along with the bulk of our political leaders. Even Gladstone himself, in a phrase of which he afterwards publicly repented, believed at one time that Jefferson Davis had 'made a nation.' These and other forecasts are worth recording, if only as proofs of the vanity of political prophecy. That 'it is always the unexpected which happens' was never more fully verified than in the case of the great struggle in America. In an article entitled 'Democracy on its Trial' (July 1861), Lord Robert traces the war to the natural defects of democratic government. That system, as exemplified in America, has, he says,

'united in a fatal combination the maximum power of arousing discontent and the minimum power of repressing it. . . . The omnipotence of the majority, imperious as any king, has bred the revolution; the feeble, changeable, and corrupt executive has reared it to its present menacing stature. . . . That this ideal Republic has collapsed is a fact which few are bold enough to contradict. Few people doubt that this war must end either in a division of its territory or a change in its form of government.'

In another paper on 'The Confederate Struggle and Recognition' (October 1862), after remarking that British opinion, slightly with the North at the outset, had now veered round, he finds the chief reason of this change in the conviction that the effort to maintain the Union is hopeless. 'There can be but one issue to this contest—the

Southern States must form an independent nation.' He justifies, on the ground of international law and evident necessity, the recognition of the South as a belligerent; but he also looks forward to the time when this country may 'join with other European Powers in recognising an independence which is already an accomplished fact.'

A little later, taking 'the United States as an Example' (January 1864), he is less confident of the future. He notes the falsification of many prophecies—that the North would not fight; that, if war should break out, the slaves would rise; that the North would win easily, and so forth. All this had turned out wrong; but still, he says, 'we incline to the belief that the Northern population will not persevere in its infatuation long enough to break down the fighting power of the South.' The main intention of this series of articles is, however, not to foretell the future, but to point the lesson of the war for democrats at home; and if, in the course of his trenchant criticism, we may regret the utterance of some unfriendly and over-depreciative remarks, it must be remembered that (as he says), 'during the Russian War and the Indian Mutiny, American comments upon English conduct were not restrained or weakened by any false tenderness for our susceptibilities.' Had he written during the war with the South African Republics—our Secession War—he would have had to regret an unpleasant survival of the same spirit.

But it is in his articles on foreign affairs, and especially on the national duty in regard to our policy abroad, that we find the highest qualities of the minister who, more than any other of our time, embodied in this respect the great traditions of the race. In an article on 'Poland,' written during the revolt (April 1863), he reviews Polish history, and shows how the Poles brought partition on themselves. But (he continues) 'from the year 1815 the strength of the Polish cause begins.' It was the Russian Government which had changed for the worse; and, without taking that Government unduly to task, he displays an evident sympathy with some at least of the objects for which the Poles had taken up arms. He hopes that the mediation of the Powers will lead to the restoration of 'some such securities for freedom as were contained in the Charter of 1885.' He hoped too

much; the failure of that mediation, and its causes, are matters of history.

A year later, a still more ignominious failure had to be recorded. In an article on 'The Danish Duchies' (January 1864), Lord Robert remarks, 'No one who has followed the Schleswig-Holstein controversy carefully and impartially can entertain even a momentary doubt that he is reading over again, in a more tedious form, the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb.' After noting various utterances of German statesmen and publicists, pointing towards the fact that, as Dr Löwe put it, 'since the time of the Great Elector, Prussian policy has always been rightly directed towards gaining the North German peninsula,' he asks, 'What will England do?' Our true policy is to prevent the Sound from falling 'into hands that may close it'; but, apart from self-interest, we are pledged to the support of Denmark. It is much to be feared, however, that, whatever may be said, nothing will be done. 'Lord Russell's fierce notes and pacific measures form an endless theme for the taunts of those who would gladly see the influence of England in the councils of Europe destroyed.' His forebodings came true; the policy which he advocated was laid aside; and it only remained for him, in an article on 'The Foreign Policy of England' (April 1864), to raise a bitter lament over a lost opportunity and a national disgrace. From this eloquent paper we take the following passages:

'Whatever differences may exist as to the policy which this country ought to have pursued in the various conflicts by which Europe and America have been recently disturbed, few will be found to dispute that she occupies a position in the eyes of foreign Powers which she has never occupied before during the memory of any man now living. . . . Those who remembered the Great War refused to believe that England could not make good her threats or her promises if she thought fit; and, therefore, her representations in many negotiations of deep European moment were listened to with respect. . . . But this condition of things has lamentably changed. No one can be in the least degree conversant with the political literature of foreign countries, or hear ever so little of the common talk of foreign society, without being painfully aware that an active revolution has taken place in the tone of foreign thought in regard to the position of England. Her

influence in the councils of Europe has passed away. . . . Our diplomatists are at least as active as they were at any former time. Their vigilance is as keen; their interference is as incessant; their language is bolder and far more insolent than it was in better times. But the impulse is gone which gave it force. . . .

'The estimate of the English character that is felt in every circle and class of society abroad, and expressed without reserve by the press, may be summed up in one phrase, as a portentous mixture of bounce and baseness. . . . The defence of a high reputation is, after all, a cheap one. A nation which is known to be willing as well as able to defend itself will probably escape attack. Where the disposition to fight in case of need is wanting, or is dependent upon some casual and fleeting gust of passion, the political gamblers who speculate in war will naturally be inclined to invest in the venture of aggression. The policy which invites contempt seldom fails to earn a more substantial punishment. . . . Indifference to reputation seems the cheapest and easiest policy while it is being pursued; but it only deserves that character until the limit of tameness has been reached. The time must come at last when aggression must be resisted; and then, when it is too late, the expensiveness of a name for cowardice forces itself upon every apprehension. . . . We fervently desire peace, but we desire it in the only way in which it can be had. Peace without honour is not only a disgrace, but, except as a temporary respite, it is a chimera.'

The Franco-German War and its consequences called forth several powerful and far-seeing articles from his pen. In the first of these, that headed 'The Terms of Peace' (Oct. 1870), he pleaded hard against the imposition of humiliating terms on France. At a time when public opinion in this country was still, generally speaking, in favour of Germany, as a Power upon which Napoleon III had made unprovoked war, he pointed out the force of the suspicions and fears which Prussia's conduct in 1864 and 1866 had aroused, and the danger which the Hohenzollern candidature really implied. 'It does not,' he writes, 'necessarily follow that, because they [the French] were the challengers, therefore they were the aggressors.' He hints that the unification of Germany was the original object of war; for 'war is the mother's milk of infant empires.' We are now aware that these remarks contained more truth than even Lord Salisbury could have

known at the time. He argues especially against the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine on the ground that it will leave in the national mind of France an undying sore, and imperil the peace of Europe for many a year to come. 'A ceded territory would be a constant memorial of humiliation. No Frenchman could forget it if he would.' And such sentiments will mean the ever-recurring risk of war. 'Until the population that have been wrested from her return under her flag, France will bide her time, as Italy did, never moving in her own cause, but ever ready to act with any ally, in any cause that shall procure her the restoration of what she has lost.' A peace on such terms will be no peace at all.

'We have been wont to talk of the burden of an armed peace; but the peace with which we are threatened will more resemble the quiet of an ambushade. . . . Is there no neutral that will make one effort to rescue Europe from such a future of chronic war?'

Three months later he discussed 'The Political Lessons of the War' (Jan. 1871), and followed this up by a paper on 'The Commune and the Internationale' (April 1871). In the first of these essays the inevitable insecurity of a government founded on revolution, the fatal consequences of a usurpation, form his opening theme; but he is lenient to the fallen usurper. 'It was a system of government which could not last; but the responsibility of it hardly lies with Napoleon III. He was what the temper and the history of his people made him.' With the Second Empire the contrast of the Prussian monarchy, broad-based on national support, with its bold and independent executive, is sufficiently obvious. But the contrast between the strong and able Government of Prussia and the growing weakness and administrative incapacity of British Ministries is little less marked and far more painful to observe. 'The result of our system is that the Minister in England, like the Emperor in France, is too apt to live from hand to mouth.' As was natural at the moment, it is the effect of this upon our military organisation which the writer is particularly anxious to bring out. 'Of all the evils which are due to this cause, the inefficiency of our defensive preparations is far the

gravest.' And in words to which recent events have given renewed force, he utters his warning.

'We know now, by experiments worked out upon others, that a large, well-trained, well-supplied army is the one condition of national safety. It will be well for us if we suffer no official procrastination, no empty commonplace about British valour, to leave us to face the coming danger undefended—unprepared.'

This was written nearly forty years ago. But prophets have little honour in their own country, and, if they happen to be Cassandra's, are no more likely to get a hearing than they did in the days of Troy.

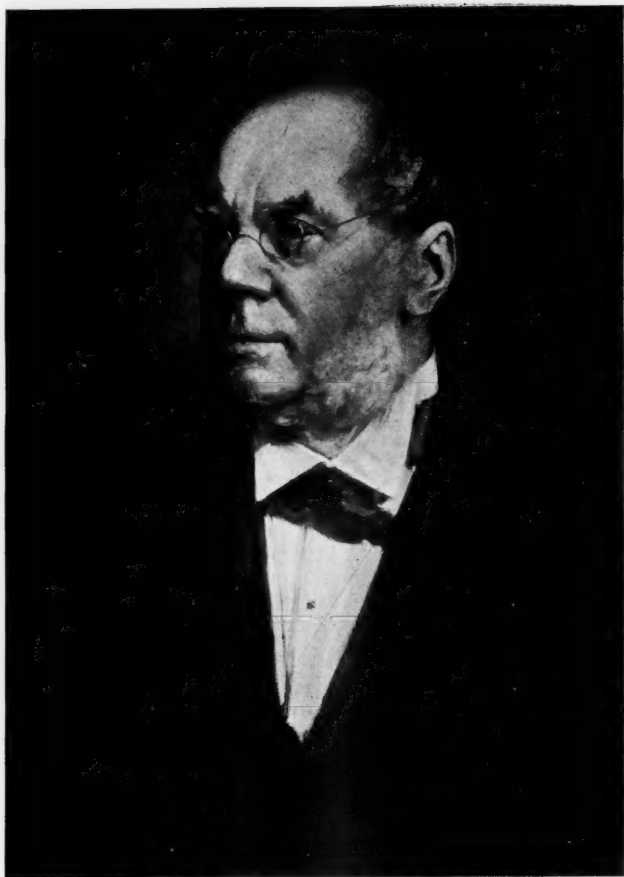
Finally, as noble examples of Lord Salisbury's style, and as showing his admiration for the patriotism and devotion to duty which distinguished the two men whom, in their conduct of that department of affairs with which his own name will ever be associated, he most revered, let us cite the following extracts from his studies of Castlereagh and Pitt (January and April 1862).

'This effect of his [Castlereagh's] calm, cold, self-contained temperament has, in the first instance, been damaging to his fame. . . . No school for political thinkers have charged themselves in his case with the duty of sweeping away the detraction that gathers upon great men's tombs. But the time has come when these causes should cease to operate. . . . We are only concerned to recognise with gratitude the great results of his life—the triumphs that he won, and the peace-loving policy of which those triumphs were made the base. As the events in which he acted recede into the past, the pettier details in his character, by which some of his leading contemporaries were repelled, disappear altogether from our sight. From the point where we stand now, nothing is visible but the splendid outlines of the courage, the patience, and the faultless sagacity which contributed so much to liberate Europe and to save England in the crisis of her fate.'

'Though it has hitherto rested on no very distinct authority, it has always been the popular belief that Pitt died with the exclamation, "Oh, my country!" upon his lips. . . . It was mournfully in character with a life devoted to his country as few lives have been. Since his first entry into the world he had been absolutely hers. For her he had for-gone the enjoyments of youth, the ties of family, the hope of fortune. For three and twenty years his mind had moulded

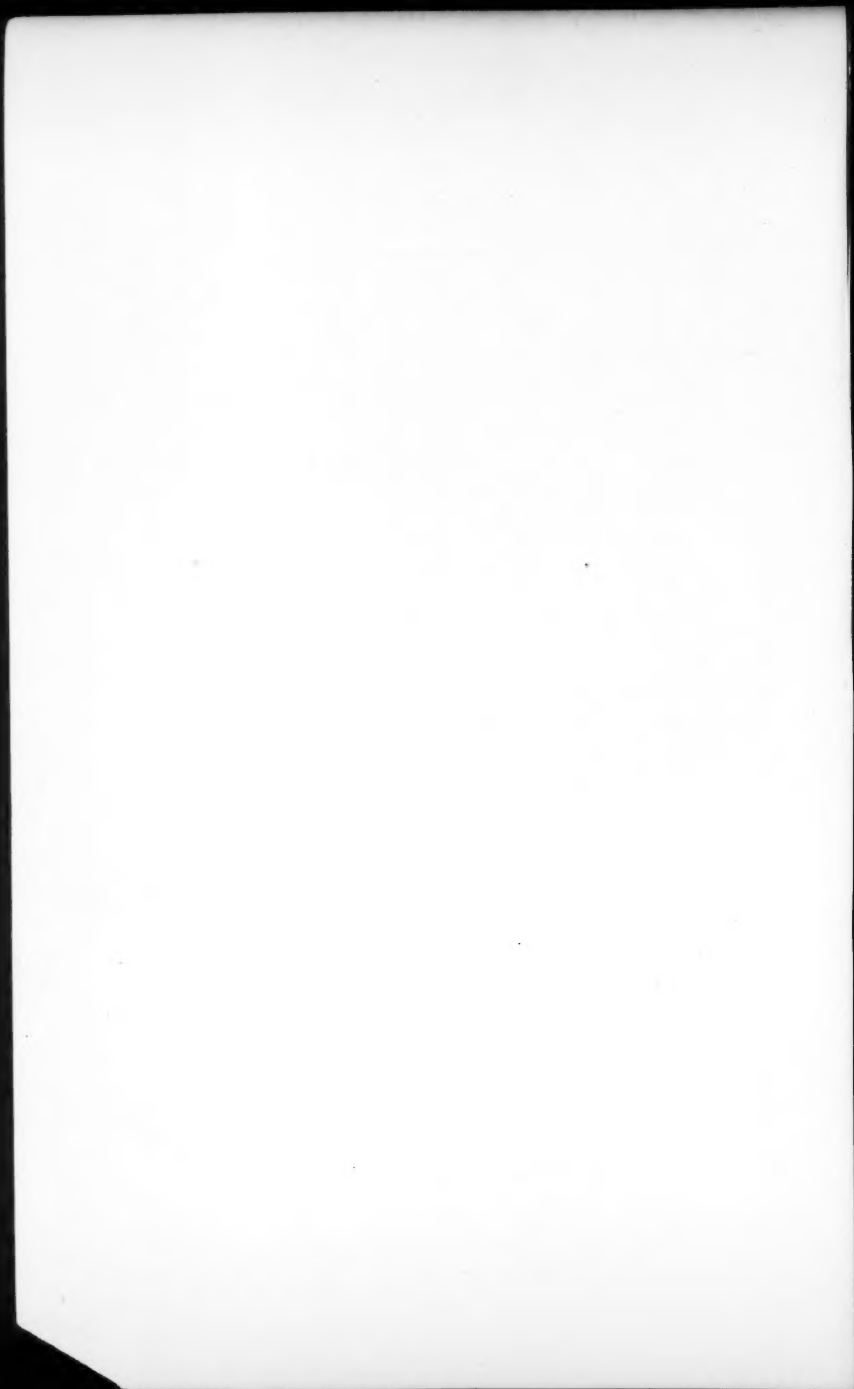
her institutions and had shaped her destiny. . . . At his bidding the most appalling sacrifices had been made in vain ; and now he was leaving her in the darkest hour of a terrible reverse, and in the presence of the most fearful foe whom she had ever been called upon to confront. Such thoughts might well wring from him a cry of mental anguish, even in the convulsions of death. It was not given to him to know how much he had contributed to the final triumph. Long after his feeble frame had been laid near his father's grave, his policy continued to animate the councils of English statesmen, and the memory of his lofty and inflexible spirit encouraged them to endure. After eleven more years of suffering, Europe was rescued from her oppressor by the measures which Pitt had advised ; and the long peace was based upon the foundations which he had laid. But no such consoling vision cheered his death-bed. His fading powers could trace no ray of light across the dark and troubled future. The leaders had not yet arisen, who, through unexampled constancy and courage, were to attain at last to the glorious deliverance towards which he had pointed the way, but which his eyes were never permitted even in distant prospect to behold.'

In discussing Lord Salisbury's connexion with the 'Quarterly' we have somewhat anticipated, and must now return. Macpherson resigned the editorship early in 1867, and was succeeded by William Smith, whose dictionaries and school-books were well known to a whole generation of students, and in some departments still hold the field. He came of East Anglian stock ; and his grandfather may be described as a working yeoman, holding land near Ely and Newmarket. His father migrated to London and set up in business in the City. Both his parents were Congregationalists ; but the son eventually joined the Established Church. Born in Watling Street in 1813, and educated in London, William Smith could remember, as a boy, hearing the bell of St Paul's tolling for the death of George the Third. He first studied theology, but subsequently took to the law, and was articled to a firm of solicitors. Scholarship, however, presented stronger attractions than the Bar or the Church. His mother, a strong Nonconformist, put a veto on his going to Cambridge—a loss he always regretted—and he studied at University College instead. As assistant in University College School he learnt from



SIR WILLIAM SMITH.
(By Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., in the possession of John Murray.)

[To face page 320]



his headmaster, Dr Key, much that was afterwards useful to him in the main work of his life.

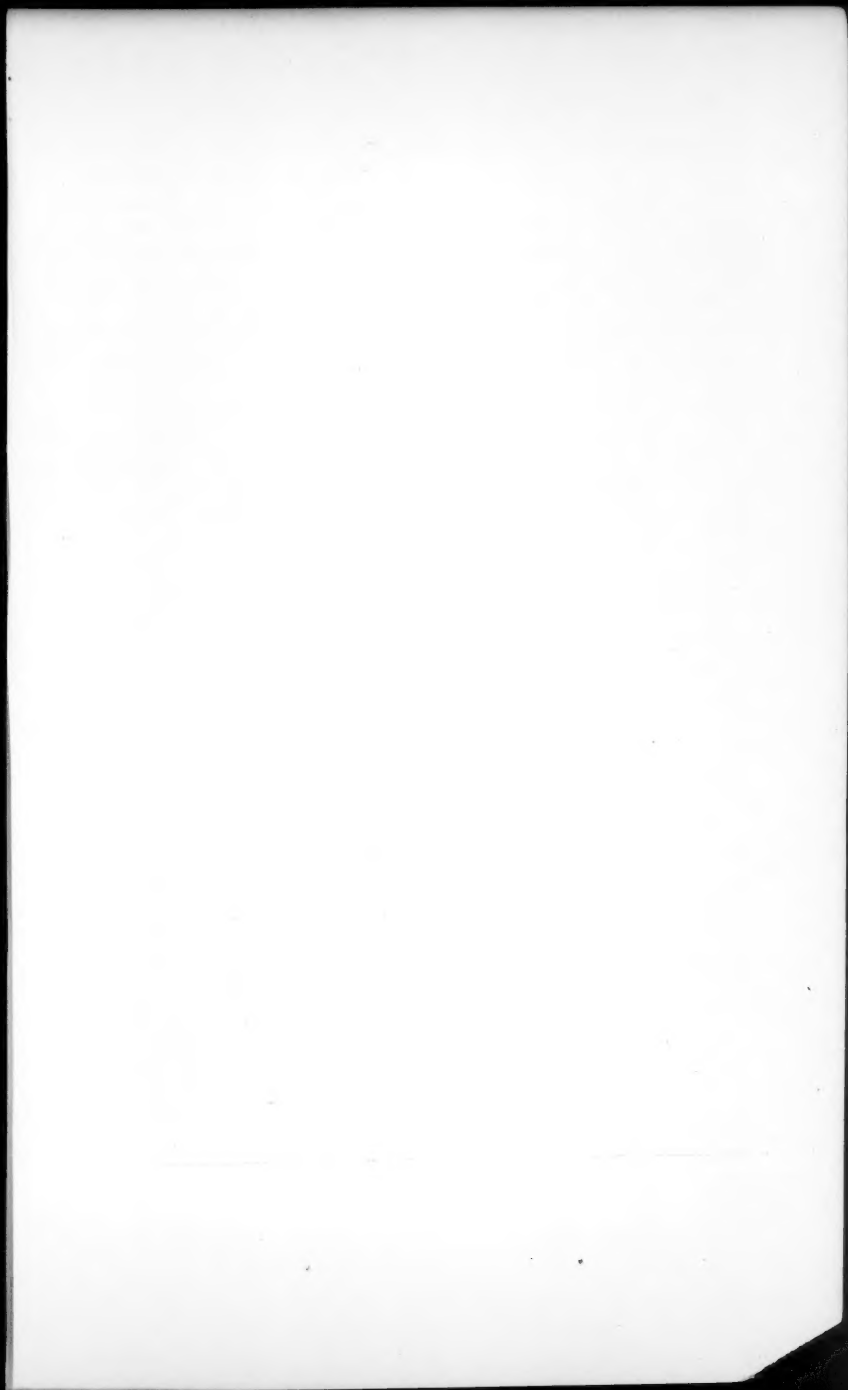
His first notable production was the 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities' (1842), which was followed by similar works on Greek and Roman biography and geography (1849 and 1857). In 1853 he started his well-known 'Principia' series and the series of 'Student's Manuals' with John Murray. Turning his attention from classics to divinity, he published in 1860-5 his 'Bible Dictionary.' Some years later he edited (with Archdeacon Cheetham) the 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities,' and (with Dr Wace) the 'Dictionary of Christian Biography.' He also published an annotated edition of Gibbon, not to mention many minor works. This life of continuous and scholarly labour not only won for him a high reputation, marked by several honorary degrees and eventually by a knighthood, but was also rewarded by great financial success. He had taught himself German as a youth, and had intimate German friends, notably Prof. Ihne of Heidelberg, the historian of ancient Rome. In middle life he saw much of Gladstone, who would often walk across Regent's Park to talk about Homer and kindred subjects, until the friendship was disturbed by the inroad of Home Rule. Among other personal friends were George Grote, Dean Stanley, Lord Salisbury, Lecky, Browning, Matthew Arnold, J. A. Froude and many other men of distinction in politics and letters. His success as an editor was due not only to the width of his scholarship and his immense industry, but to his power of organisation, his discernment of ability, his tact, courtesy, and geniality of temper. He was a good talker and a trusty friend. In literature he had a special love for the Waverley Novels, which he contrived to read through every year; and he was deeply versed in the literature of the French Revolution. But his tastes were catholic; and when he died, in harness, in 1893, the books found lying by his bedside were the Bible, the 'Inferno,' and 'Pickwick.'

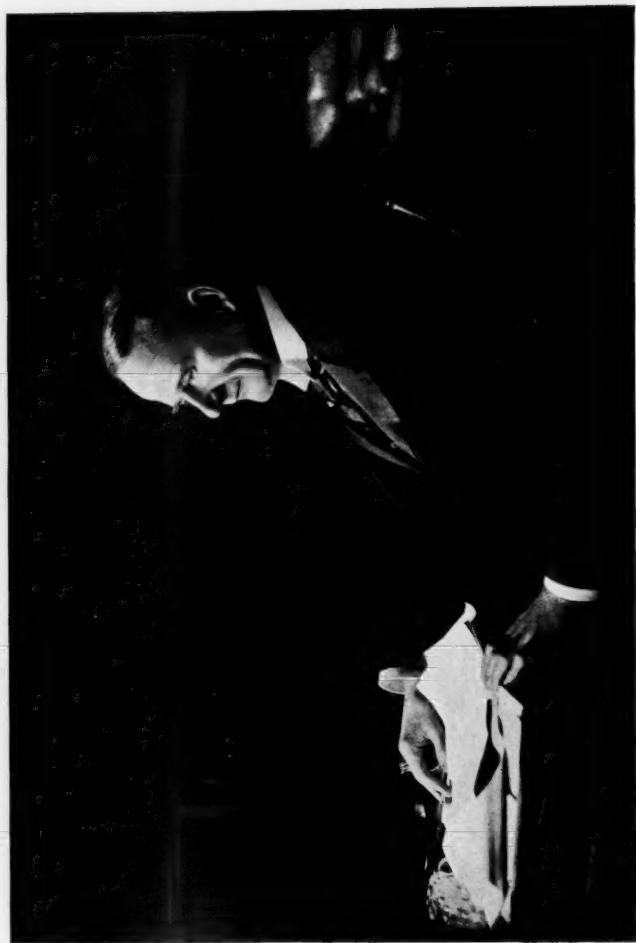
His twenty-six years' tenure of the editorship was marked by no departure from the traditions of the Review, to which he had been a pretty frequent contributor since 1856. One of his earliest numbers (No. 246) was a remarkable success, attaining even to a fifth

edition. This was due principally to Lord Cranborne's article on 'The Conservative Surrender,' and to that by Emmanuel Deutsch on 'The Talmud'; but it was a very strong number throughout. The Bishop of Oxford wrote on the Prince Consort, Lord Stanhope on the Retreat from Moscow, Robert Lowe on Trade Unions, Baring Gould on the Portraits of Christ, General Napier on the Abyssinian Expedition; and other papers were worth reading. Among the contributors to later numbers (besides several of those mentioned before, p. 307), perhaps the most frequent were Abraham Hayward, one of the best-known men in London in his day, the translator of 'Faust' and author of 'The Art of Dining' and many other works; J. L. Jennings, a personal friend of Lord Randolph Churchill and of other leaders, who contributed most of the political articles after Lord Salisbury's official duties had put a stop to his writing; and W. R. Greg, author of 'The Creed of Christendom,' who wrote especially on Ireland and on social and economic problems, to the solution of which he brought a striking combination of conservatism and independent thought. Of occasional contributors under Smith's editorship the most notable were Lord Acton, Sir Bartle Frere, J. A. Froude, Dr Burgon, J. Addington Symonds, Colonel Yule, Sir Arthur Helps, Dean Church, Matthew Arnold, Sir Henry Maine, Lord John Manners, R. C. Christie, S. R. Gardiner, J. Churton Collins, besides others who, being yet among us, must be passed over in silence.

From the mass of interesting and valuable articles which these writers contributed, we have room to quote from only one. It shall be from Lord Acton's review of Sir Erskine May's 'Democracy in Europe' (January 1878), which has a special value, for it contains a sketch of the history of liberty—the central study of Lord Acton's life—drawn with that wealth of learning and width of vision which distinguished him above all his contemporaries.

'The effective distinction between liberty and democracy, which has occupied much of the author's thoughts, cannot be too strongly drawn. Slavery has been so often associated with democracy, that a very able writer pronounced it long ago essential to a democratic state; and the philosophers of the Southern Confederation have urged the theory with extreme fervour. For slavery operates like a restricted fran-





ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.
(From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

[To face page 322]

chise, attaches power to property, and hinders socialism, the infirmity that attends mature democracies. . . . From the best days of Athens, the days of Anaxagoras, Protagoras, and Socrates, a strange affinity has subsisted between democracy and religious persecution. . . . The aristocratic colonies in America defended toleration against their democratic neighbours; and its triumph in Rhode Island and Pennsylvania was the work not of policy, but of religion. The French Republic came to ruin because it found the lesson of religious liberty too hard to learn. . . .

'Modern democracy presents many problems, too various and too obscure to be solved without a larger range of materials than Tocqueville obtained from his American authorities or his own observation. To understand why the hopes and the fears that it excites have been always inseparable, to determine under what conditions it advances or retards the progress of the people and the welfare of free states, there is no better course than to follow Sir Erskine May upon the road which he has been the first to open. . . . If some things are missed from the design, if the execution is not equal in every part, the praise remains to Sir Erskine May, that he is the only writer who has ever brought together the materials for a comparative study of democracy, that he has avoided the temper of party, that he has shown a hearty sympathy for the progress and improvement of mankind, and a steadfast faith in the wisdom and the power that guide it.'

On many other of these contributions we would gladly linger. But we are drawing near our own times; the articles in question may be familiar to some, at least, of our subscribers; and, what is more, we have exhausted our space and (we fear) our readers' patience.

On Sir W. Smith's sudden death in 1893 Mr John Murray filled the vacancy for a couple of numbers, until, in April 1894, Mr R. E. Prothero accepted the editorship, handing it over, on his resignation early in 1899, to the present editor. Of these periods it would be unbecoming to speak, for the principal actors are still alive. A few changes of a minor sort have been made in recent times. Illustrations have been more frequently used, but they are no new thing, having occurred in the 'Quarterly' at least as far back as 1860 and 1865. The length of articles has been diminished. During the middle period of last century the average number in one issue was about seven; now it is twelve or thirteen. More important is the

partial abandonment of the old tradition of anonymity. Whatever may have been thought of this innovation—if such a title can be given to a practice now almost universal at home and abroad—our readers will at least allow that it has enabled us to give them some information which is not only, we hope, of interest, but may even be of permanent value.

As for the contents of this Review, it must suffice to remark that in discussing the principal questions of these later days, the 'Quarterly' has endeavoured to stand upon the ancient lines traced for it by its original founders. In politics it has eschewed reactionary as well as radical teaching. It has advocated or welcomed not a few reforms in our political and administrative system; it has condemned hasty or revolutionary proposals. In literary matters it may be claimed that it has shown itself not impervious to modern ideas and novel methods; and, without scrupling to condemn where necessary, it has long ago abandoned that trenchant and sometimes brutal style of criticism which pleased our ancestors. It has had to meet, at considerable disadvantage in some respects, and in a hurried and impatient age, the competition of many active and occasionally brilliant rivals. Time has gained wings in the last hundred years. Events move fast; and much more than of old is crowded into a brief space. Books and questions become obsolete in three months which would have occupied the thoughts of our grandfathers for a year. The area of our knowledge is so widened, the variety of our interests, political and other, is so enlarged, that it is increasingly difficult to keep pace with the advance. Specialisation tends more and more to take the place of general culture; and the man who would speak with authority on any one subject finds it ever harder to keep in mind its bearings on many others. In such circumstances the day of general Quarterlies might seem to have passed; nevertheless, we believe that durable opinion is still slow to form itself, and that with the more thoughtful of our generation there is a place for us still. At all events, we have lived and continue to live; and perhaps, who knows? a hundred years hence, in conditions whose nature, could we foresee it, would be unintelligible to us, our successors may celebrate the bicentenary of the 'Quarterly Review.'

Art. 13—THE LORDS AND THE BUDGET.

THE House of Lords will presently be face to face with a dilemma in some respects more serious than any that has confronted it since 1832. More serious, because neither in 1884 nor in 1893 was the action of the Upper House likely to involve it in any real danger. In 1832 such a danger undoubtedly existed. Not only was a constitutional change of the greatest moment proposed, but the passions and the numbers of its supporters were such that, in all probability, a third rejection of the Reform Bill would have led to an outbreak of violence, in which the very existence, or at least the essential powers, of the Second Chamber might have been destroyed. Such a conjunction has not recurred.

The Franchise Bill of 1884 was a measure only second in importance to that of 1832; but the dispute between the two Houses turned, not on the principles of the Bill—which, however reluctantly, were accepted by the Lords—but on the question whether or not it should be linked with a Redistribution Bill, acknowledged by the Liberal leaders to be a necessary accompaniment of the larger measure. Narrowed to this issue, the conflict was not one which was likely to involve very serious consequences for the House of Lords, especially as the Parliament was then in its fourth year, and the position of the Government—as the next session showed—was by no means secure.

In 1893 the measure proposed was one of a revolutionary nature, but it was put forward by a Government whose tenure of office had always been precarious, and it was carried by a small majority, which obviously failed to represent the opinions of the predominant partner in the State. Moreover, a similar measure had been rejected, only eight years before, by the House of Commons itself; and this decision had been confirmed, on appeal, by an overwhelming majority of the nation. Lastly, it was clear that a hostile vote in the Upper House would not necessarily involve—as actually it did not involve—either the resignation of the Ministry or a dissolution of Parliament. In these circumstances, not only could the Lords reject without anxiety a measure like the second Home Rule Bill, but it was their obvious duty to do so.

Very different are the conditions under which the Finance Bill of 1909 will be presented to the House of Lords. In the first place, whatever may be the defects of the measure, whatever may be its ultimate tendencies, especially those of the land taxation clauses, it would be an exaggeration to call it a revolutionary measure in the sense in which the Reform Bill of 1832, and the Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893, were revolutionary; still less does it entail such a revolution as would result from the overthrow of the Upper House or from a serious diminution of its powers. The new land taxes, the heightened income tax and death duties, the enhanced charges on the liquor trade, and other items, are (as we have shown elsewhere) open to the gravest objections, and indicate a class hostility which is much to be deprecated. But, after all, with the possible exception of the taxes on land, they only carry further, if to a dangerous extent, principles applied in previous Budgets. The policy of substituting direct for indirect taxation is no new thing. The selection of particular articles or particular kinds of property for special taxation is a practice which has appeared in many successive Finance Bills; and these special taxes have frequently been increased. The machinery which places the assessment of the land taxes in the hands of commissioners acting without appeal, and the abolition of those independent General Commissioners who have hitherto formed a court of appeal for aggrieved payers of income tax, are innovations which may possibly be dropped in committee. If not, the Lords would have a good case in demanding the revocation of changes in the law which savour strongly of 'tacking,' and can fairly be separated from the imposition of taxes, properly so called. At any rate, the Bill which imposes them is an annual Bill; and another year, under another Government, most, if not all, of the objectionable charges may be reduced, the old methods of assessment revived, and the bases of taxation broadened so as to modify, or even remove, the unfairness of their incidence. There seems indeed to be a possibility, if not a probability, that the clauses relating to land may be considerably modified, or even dropped, before the Bill leaves the Lower House. In any case, the mischief done, even if great, will not be wholly irremediable.

In the second place, the Finance Bill of this year resembles the Reform Bill of 1832, and differs from the Home Rule Bill of 1893, in having the support of a large majority of the House of Commons. It is not indeed a freshly-elected House, or a House elected *ad hoc*, as in 1832; there are signs of a 'cave'; and the majorities are not what they were two or three years ago. Recent by-elections and other symptoms may give good ground for the belief that the country no longer supports the Government as it did in 1906, still less as it supported Lord Grey in 1832; but the fact remains, that a very large majority of the popular chamber is in favour of the Bill as a whole.

Thirdly, the Bill in question is a Finance Bill, that is, it concerns a matter which is recognised to be the special province of the Lower House, and in regard to which the practice of centuries has given that House, if not an entirely unrestricted, yet certainly an enormously preponderant influence. The field, therefore, on which the conflict—if conflict there is to be—will be fought out, is one extremely unfavourable to the House of Lords. In the other cases to which we have referred, whatever might be the dictates of expediency, there could be no doubt that, according to the theory and practice of the constitution, the Lords were strictly within their rights in opposing the will of the Commons. In the present case, the constitutional rights of the Upper House are, to say the least, obscure and doubtful.

We have dealt with this question in another article, and need say little more about it here. According to the letter of the law—if the word 'law' may be used where there is no statute, and not much applicable precedent—the House of Lords may reject a Finance Bill, as it may reject any other Bill. The consent of both Houses, and of the Crown, is required for any act of legislation. But, as regards financial legislation, the veto of the House of Lords has lapsed for almost, if not quite, as long a time as the veto of the Crown with regard to legislation in general. The precedent of 1860—the rejection of the Bill to repeal the Paper Duty—only served to show the way to a practical extinction of the right by the method adopted in 1861, and employed ever since. It was a simple application of the fable of the bundle of sticks.

The Lords could break the sticks singly ; they could not break the whole faggot. The method itself was an innovation ; but it was an innovation which it cannot be denied that the House of Commons had the power to introduce ; and it has been practically successful. To reject the financial proposals of a whole year is a very different thing from rejecting a Bill which imposes, or repeals, a single tax.

Nor did the consequences of this momentous change stop here. It affected the right of amendment as well as that of rejection. So long as Tax Bills came up singly or in small batches from the Lower House, they could be, and were occasionally, rejected. This amounted to a power of amending, not indeed a single Bill, but the finance of the year. When all the financial proposals were grouped in a single Bill, the rejection of an item became a 'privilege amendment' to that Bill, and was accordingly refused. Thus the policy of 1861 practically took away, not indeed the right, but the power of exercising the right, of amendment which the Lords had hitherto possessed, however sparingly it might be used. We may, and do, regret this ; but we can hardly evade the fact.

It might have seemed that the right of rejection implied that of amendment, as the greater contains the less. But in politics we are nothing if not illogical. The constitutional right of rejection is, at least in theory, acknowledged ; that of amendment, at all events of substantial amendment, is denied. It is obvious indeed that, while one party can reject, it takes two to pass an amendment. Either House has the power of rejection ; an amendment requires the consent of both. Thus the Lower House, while it cannot prevent the Lords from rejecting a Bill, can, by refusing their amendments, prevent them from amending it ; and it does. An insistence on amendment on the part of the Upper House is therefore practically equivalent to rejection. It is obvious that nothing short of substantial amendments are worth considering in the present case ; and these it is certain the Government will not allow. Even if it were willing to accept a compromise in some particulars, it could not accept one from the Lords ; precedent and the necessity of maintaining the Commons' privileges stand in the way.

Nor can it, returning to an old practice, drop the Bill and bring in another which should include the acceptable amendments; if there were no other objection to this course, there is no time.

The question then resolves itself into a simple choice between acceptance and rejection. Is rejection likely to be for the good of the State? So far as we can judge at this stage, it is not. Granted—which is by no means certain—that the Bill cannot be appreciably improved in committee, granted, for the sake of argument, that it is a revolutionary measure, the consequence of its rejection may be—we do not say it will be—a revolution of far greater moment than is contained or implied in the Bill. The inevitable consequence of rejection must be an appeal to the country; and the Lords would be staking their own existence, and with it the welfare of the country, on the result of that appeal. It would be a dangerous experiment. Are we to hazard the chief safeguard of all that is stable, and much that is admirable, in our political system on a single throw?

In the first place, there is an enormous majority to be wiped out. By-elections point, no doubt, to a change of feeling in the electorate; but by-elections are apt to be deceptive. The change is not all in favour of Conservatism. In a good many cases Unionist principles have won, or the prospects of Tariff Reform; in others, the results point to an increase of strength or to better organisation in the Labour party, even to a growth of socialism. Hostility to a Liberal Government by no means necessarily implies adhesion to its chief opponents. The Irish party may be relied on, in a question of this kind, to take sides against the House which is the firmest bulwark against Home Rule. Further, we have only too often had occasion to note the electioneering value of a good cry; and what better cry could the Radical party desire than the cry that the Lords are claiming to control taxation, that they are leading a reactionary attack upon the constitution, that they are shielding the rich at the expense of the poor? We can easily guess the variety of mendacious shapes which such a cry would assume, the variety of interests to which it might be made to appeal. It would be shouted from a thousand platforms, and echoed by millions of throats. In such circumstances, all

that has hitherto been gained might be lost; and the Radicals might sweep the country a second time.

It is, of course, not impossible that the result of a general election might be to reverse the verdict of the last, or at least to reduce the Liberal majority to a point at which a serious campaign against the House of Lords would be out of the question. But, supposing a dissolution to take place on the Budget, is such a result probable? It is, at best, but a chance—we cannot but think, a remote chance. If things fell out the other way—and he would be a rash prophet who would assert that they will not—what would be the consequence? It is a comparatively small matter that a Budget far more revolutionary than the present would be forced down our throats; and that a Home Rule Bill would follow—for such a Bill would be the prearranged price of Irish support. There would be worse to fear. A determined attempt, with all the prestige of recent victory, and victory gained on this very issue, would be made to abolish the veto of the House of Lords. The pledge given in 1907 would be redeemed. It must be remembered that the resolution then passed was a resolution in favour, not of the reform of the House of Lords, but of the abolition of the veto, which in grave cases enables it to appeal to the country against a casual majority in the House of Commons. Its passing into action would reduce the Upper House to impotence, and would give us practically a one-chamber constitution. That it was only a resolution is true. But *litera scripta manet*; it is on record that a huge majority of the House of Commons signed the pledge. This in itself was a great step, a revolutionary step, which a House elected under conditions such as we have sketched would be bound to follow up. No doubt action upon that resolution would require another appeal to the nation, perhaps more than one appeal; but think of the turmoil that would ensue! And in what conditions of external danger might not that disturbance find the country? The question of so great a constitutional change would take precedence of all other questions, even of that of the national defences; and these would suffer at a time when the national existence might depend upon their full and immediate consideration.

It may be urged that this is the occasion to make a

stand ; that, unless this Bill is resisted, the Radical party, carrying further and further the use of finance as a lever of political change, will introduce all sorts of revolutionary measures under cover of the Budget. But there is surely a limit to so violent a perversion of a constitutional understanding ; the sound sense of the nation would rebel against such crooked and illegitimate methods ; it would become as impossible to maintain such an abuse of legislative forms as it was to maintain the trick of 'tacking.' All financial legislation has, and always has had, indirect political effects of one kind or another. We see no reason to suppose that these will be greater in the future than they have been in the past.

Nor, again, can it be said that, in a case like this, we are urging the Lords '*propter vitam vitai perdere causas*.' They are asked to abandon none of the principles that make life worth living. The abandonment, in the seventeenth century, of control over taxation diminished the power of the House of Lords ; it did not destroy its reputation or its utility. Political morality is not in question. There are no pledges to be redeemed, no interests to be protected so sacred as the welfare of the State. It is a question of expediency, the higher expediency. Is it good for the country at large that, in existing circumstances, such a conflict should ensue ? Granted that the mischief of the Budget cannot be wholly undone, granted that capital, the life-blood of industry and commerce, will be straitened, granted that certain classes will permanently suffer, these evils are less than those which a defeat at the polls next winter would entail. An injustice to a class, a gross injustice it may be, is preferable to a fatal blow dealt at the foundations of the State. Nor is it an argument to say that, if the Upper House were swept away, a Second Chamber would still be recognised as indispensable ; and we might get a better Second Chamber than we have. Who knows ? What we do know is that what the Radicals desire is not a better Second Chamber, but the present House reduced to impotence ; which would be worse than none at all.

Suppose, on the other hand, that resistance is not pressed to rejection, what then ? How much harm is done ? The damage may be serious ; most part, at least, is not irretrievable. Suppose the Bill passed ; it will be

some time before its full effects are felt. We assert that the industrial and commercial interests of the country at large, not those of a particular class, will suffer by the legislation proposed; and we make this assertion in good faith. But it is an assertion the truth of which cannot be brought home to the masses save by experience; and experience, if sure, is slow. The time is not yet ripe; let us have faith in our own predictions. A year hence, or it may be two years, the new taxes will have had time to work, and their general effects may be perceptible. *Then* we may go to the country with the tangible proof that all classes are suffering; *now* we can only assert that they will suffer, and assert it on grounds which we can hardly expect the masses to understand. We are doubtless at a certain disadvantage in attempting to judge the question at this moment. During the next two months many things may happen. On the one hand, the complexion of the Bill may undergo a considerable change. On the other hand, events may indicate so great a massing of opinion hostile to the Bill as to make resistance not only feasible but even obligatory. But, with nothing but present facts before us, we are driven to the conclusion that, for the sake of the Conservative and Unionist party, as well as for the good of the State, a Fabian policy is the wisest policy.

The choice, as we began by saying, is a hard one; a harder was never laid on the leaders of the Conservative party. That great pressure will be applied to force them into an attitude of stubborn resistance we cannot doubt. To renounce that attitude will give rise to great dissatisfaction in certain sections; it will require courage to decline battle. Lord Lansdowne and Mr Balfour are at once courageous and cautious men; and we have the fullest trust in their judgment. We would not appear to advance a confident opinion; nevertheless, with such lights as we have, we cannot avoid expressing the hope that, unless circumstances are very different two months hence from what they are now, they will prefer discretion to defiance, and a continuance of useful and vigorous life to the risk of irretrievable disaster.

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